Collier's

Beginning a new series

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

APRIL 27, 1956 · FIFTEEN CENTS

Free Public Library
Iola, Kansas

In this issue

LINCOLN AT RICHMOND

A 03245 20617
0138
IOLA KANS
IOLA FREE PUB LIBRARY

April 27-1956-

Madam! Suppose you traded jobs with your husband?

You can just bet the first thing he'd ask for would be a telephone in the kitchen.

You wouldn't catch him dashing to another room every time the telephone rang, or he had to make a call.

He doesn't have to do it in his office in town. It would be mighty helpful if you didn't have to do it in your "office" at home.

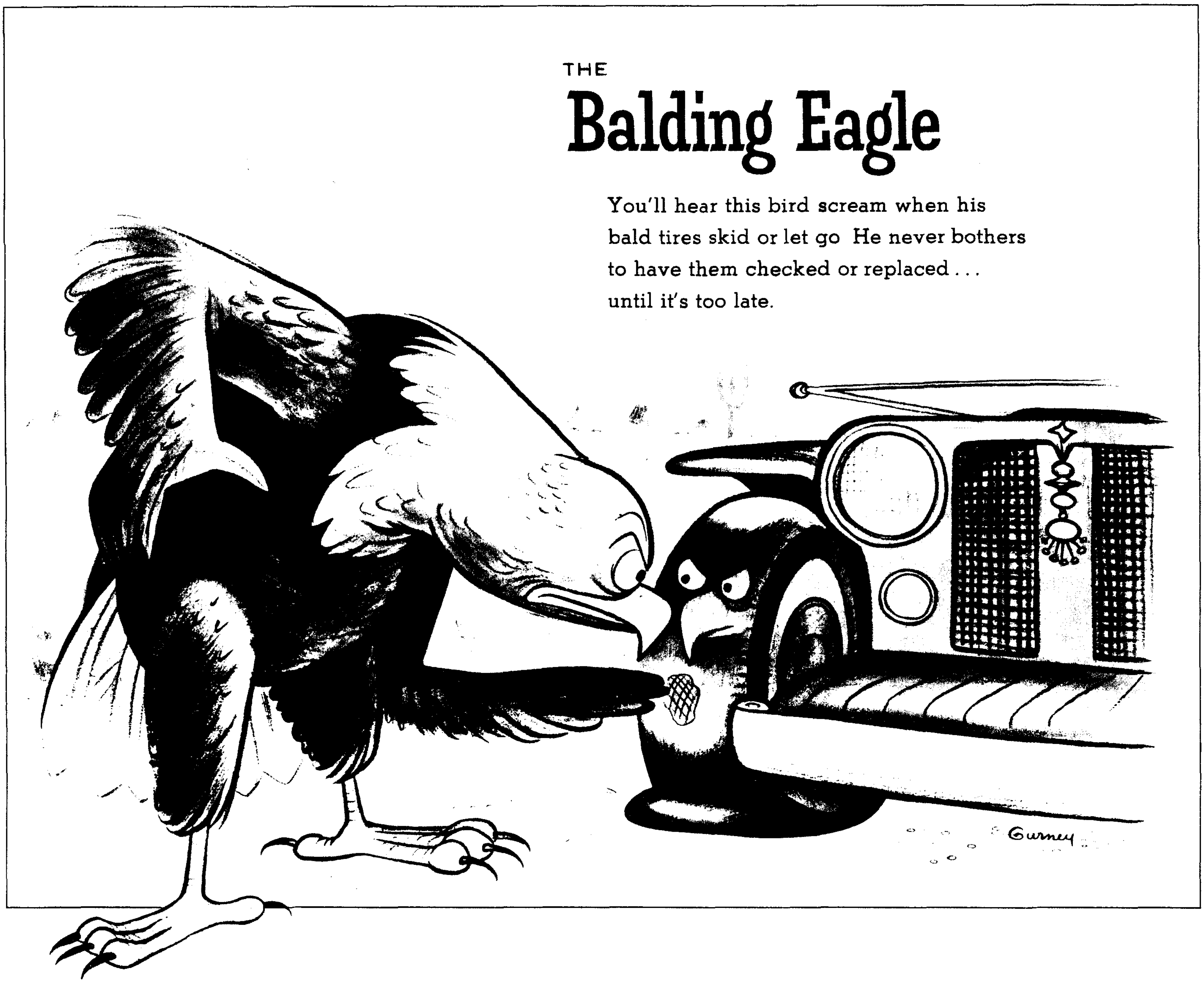
That's in the kitchen where you do so much of your work. And it's right there that an additional telephone comes in so handy for so many things.

Along with a lot of convenience is that nice feeling of pride in having the best of everything—especially if it is one of those attractive new telephones in color.

P.S. *Additional telephones in kitchen, bedroom and other convenient places around the house cost little. The service charge is just pennies a day.*

Bell Telephone System

ROAD BIRDS... *a series by Ethyl Corporation*



THE

Balding Eagle

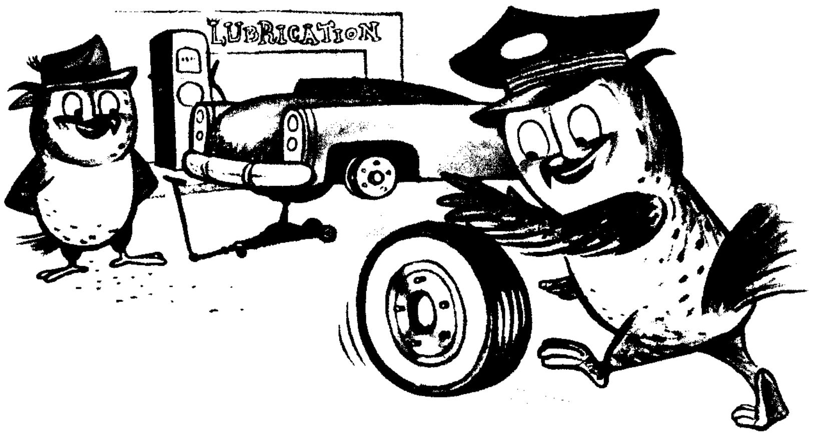
You'll hear this bird scream when his bald tires skid or let go He never bothers to have them checked or replaced... until it's too late.

THE

Smart Bird

knows his tires give best service when he gives them good care. He makes sure they're properly inflated at all times and replaces them when the tread wears thin.

The Smart Bird gets best service from his engine, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. It lets modern engines deliver top power... top mileage... top driving pleasure.



It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

DRIVE MORE
...it gets cheaper by the mile!

ETHYL
CORPORATION

Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN
CINEMASCOPE

What makes this gay and sometimes giddy world go 'round? What makes the sun beam, the stars wink, the moon so popular? Love, of course. And that's exactly, excitingly, what M-G-M's glowing drama "Gaby" is all about. Young love, first love; sudden, surging, undeniable love!

Enchanting Leslie Caron, of lilting "Lili" memory, and John Kerr, brilliant discovery of the stage "Tea and Sympathy," are the special two who make this passionate journey, in Color and CinemaScope, to the very roots of romance. She is "Gaby," an adorable French dancer caught between dreams in war-time London. He is Greg Wendell, a shy but quite unpredictable Yank paratrooper who manages to land in the no-man's-land of Gaby's zealously guarded affections just a few hours before his leave is cancelled for D-Day.

It takes some doing, this hectic wooing. Greg tries to act the role of experienced man-about-women. And she's explosively unwilling to accommodate herself to his quaint notion that every girl born in Paris is born a flirt. But one jitterbug lesson, one lovers' lane, one bomb shelter later, she puts him at his ease and holds out her arms for the kiss that must last until his return, no matter when.

Then the *telegram* that said Greg was missing! Unaware that Greg is still alive, she takes to consoling a succession of soldiers. With a fervor never granted Greg, she yearns to blot out not only the short day they had together, but the wedding-night they didn't have... What happens on Greg's dramatic return happens in Gaby's heart and yours.

You'll want to join with us in praise of producer Edwin H. Knopf, director Curtis Bernhardt, writers Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett and Charles Lederer. With "Gaby" they've truly and triumphantly caught the tempo and all the intimate nuances of two hearts beating in war-time.

* * *

M-G-M presents "GABY" in CinemaScope and Color starring LESLIE CARON and JOHN KERR. With SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE, TAINA ELG. Screen Play by Albert Hackett & Frances Goodrich and Charles Lederer. Based on a Screen Play by S. N. Behrman, Paul H. Rameau and George Froeschel. From the Play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert Sherwood. Photographed in Eastman Color. Print by Technicolor. Directed by Curtis Bernhardt. Produced by Edwin H. Knopf. An M-G-M Picture.

Collier's

April 27, 1956 Vol. 137 No. 9

ARTICLES

THE AMERICAN TRADITION . . . . Henry Steele Commager 21
A great American historian introduces Collier's new series of articles

A NATION DIES, A NATION IS REBORN . . Philip Van Doren Stern 22
Lincoln visits the capital of the rebels as a great war draws toward a close

"BELLY IT IN!" . . . . Joseph Stocker 32
Gravely injured, a pilot gropes homeward, guided by a stranger at his wing tip

THE YOUNG IN ART . . . . Robert O'Brien 34
In San Francisco, fine paintings leave the museum and enter the classroom

THE RED ATOM . . . . Lin Root 36
An exclusive inside story on where the Russians stand in atomic research

WISE MAN . . . . Leonard Gross 42
Some words from New England poet Robert Frost, as recorded for posterity

MELBOURNE—THE OLYMPICS CITY . . . . Fred Flowers 54
From down under comes an introduction to the site of the '56 games

BEANS, U.S.A. . . . . Helen Evans Brown and James A. Beard 64
An article in high praise of the lowly legume—complete with recipes

TINA 90
Television's latest sultry siren is a New York ex-deb named Tina Louise

SHORT STORIES

AT HER AGE (The Short Short Story) . . . . Paz van Matre 10
Ann knew if she lost this battle, she would lose everything

SAM'S WORLD-RECORD ALIBI . . . . B. M. Atkinson, Jr. 46
The biggest fish story since Jonah and the whale

THE FOUR-WAY KISS . . . . Colin G. Jameson 58
Lee was a nice girl—she just kept forgetting she was married

A CONDENSED NOVEL

WITH BOTH EYES OPEN . . . . Paul Hyde Bonner 76
By the author of such best sellers as SPQR and Excelsior!

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
COLLIER'S CREDITS . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 8
LETTERS 12
LAND HO! . . . . John Gallagher 14
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 18
COLLIER'S COMMENT 94

COPYRIGHT, © 1956, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio, publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. Printed in U.S.A.

COLLIER'S, title Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., is published every other week and sold simultaneously in the U.S. and Canada. Entered at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter. *Authorized as second-class mail,* Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada.
EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Paul C. Smith, President; Vance Johnson, Peter J. Dennerlein, E. P. Seymour, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, William D. Phelan, John R. Reiss, Robert N. Woodruff, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.
MANUSCRIPTS OR ART submitted to Collier's editors should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.
SUBSCRIPTIONS in the U.S. and Possessions, and Canada, are priced at 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. *Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must* be in U.S. funds. Address all subscription correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Subscription Department, 204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Please give both old and new addresses.
CHARACTERS in all fiction stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary.

PAUL C. SMITH
Editor in Chief

KENNETH McARDLE
Editor

GORDON MANNING
Managing Editor

LEONARD JOSSEL
Art Editor

DAVID MANESS
Assistant Managing Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
PIERS ANDERTON
JEROME BEATTY, JR.
WARREN BROWN
GREGORY BRUNO
HOWARD COHN
GENE COOK
BARBARA HEWSON
DIANA HIRSH
EDWIN HOYT
HOMER JENKS
PENN KIMBALL
JERRY KORN
JOHN C. PELLEW
EUGENE RACHLIS
CORNELIUS RYAN
LOUIS SARDELLA

PHOTO EDITORS
BILL STAPLETON, *Chief*
JAMES A. QUIGNEY

STAFF CONTRIBUTORS
WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON
BILL FAY
JAMES J. HAGGERTY, JR.
PETER KALISCHER
TOM MEANY
FRANCIS WALLACE
THEODORE H. WHITE

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES
PETER D. ALBERTSON
BARBARA BLAKEMORE
ROBERT BLINN
LEE CAMPBELL
CHRISTOPHER CARTER
LONNIE COLEMAN
LEONARD GROSS
ROBERT HINES
PETER MAAS
RONALD OLIPHANT
JANET SHEPS
CHARLES SMITH
NAOME WALSH
MARTHA WEINMAN

EDITORIAL RESEARCH
ROSANNE McVAY, *Research Chief*
MADELIN ALK
ANN BERNSTEIN
MICHAEL BLOW
JOHN A. JACOBY
THOMAS C. RYAN
FRANKLIN C. LORANGER, *Proofroom Chief*
MARTIN IMER
FRANKLIN C. REILEY

●

ASSISTANTS TO THE EDITOR IN CHIEF
THEODORE STRAUSS, *Editorial Direction*
JAMES B. DeVRIES, *Art Direction*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Production*

●

REGIONAL EDITORIAL OFFICES

WASHINGTON
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Senior Editor*
WILLIAM J. KELLY
JOHN NEWHOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO
ROBERT de ROOS, *Senior Editor*
PIERRE SALINGER

LOS ANGELES
ROBERT CAHN, *Senior Editor*
DWIGHT WHITNEY
ADELINE MARSHACK

DETROIT
SILER FREEMAN

LONDON
COLLIE SMALL

PARIS
MARGARET THOMPSON BIDDLE

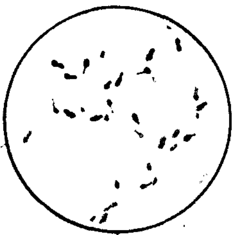
"Here's the way to go after INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF!"

NOT WITH HAIR SHAMPOOS —EVEN LANOLIN— THAT DON'T KILL GERMS

NOT WITH HAIR DRESSINGS THAT DON'T KILL GERMS

NOT WITH HAIR CREAMS THAT DON'T KILL GERMS

Germs associated with infectious dandruff. The stubborn "bottle bacillus"—Listerine Antiseptic kills germs like these by millions.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

kills "Bottle Bacillus" germs by millions

BRINGS REAL RELIEF WHERE OTHER METHODS FAIL

Don't be one of those people who make the mistake of thinking that persistent flakes and scales are harmless "shedding" when actually they may be symptoms of infectious dandruff. This condition can mean real trouble. Start today with full-strength Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Many leading skin specialists have long believed that much dandruff is an infectious condition accompanied by germs. And intensive research gives impressive supporting evidence . . . helps explain why superficial non-antiseptic products fail to get results in such cases.

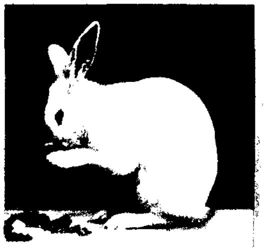
Scientists Showed Germs Produced Dandruff Symptoms

Scientists have actually developed dandruff symptoms artificially by infecting people and test animals with germs (see picture, right). When test animals were treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic, dandruff symptoms disappeared. When they were not treated with Listerine Antiseptic, the dandruff symptoms remained.

Listerine Kills Germs by Millions— Ordinary Non-Antiseptic Products Do Not

Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics, lanolin don't kill germs the way Listerine does. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions . . . instantly. So if you have any of the symptoms of infectious dandruff—whether or not you use shampoos or tonics—remember, you should have *antiseptic* action to kill germs. Start . . . and continue . . . with the tested germ-killing Listerine Antiseptic treatment and massage.

Non-antiseptic shampoos, tonics, even lanolin can't kill germs like Listerine does. Listerine really gets down to work at the point where these non-antiseptic "remedies" stop. It gets after germs themselves . . . kills them by millions.



Rabbits, infected with dandruff, were treated daily with Listerine on one side only.

In two weeks on the average, the sides treated with Listerine were free of dandruff symptoms; the untreated sides retained the symptoms.

Make Listerine a "must" every time you wash your hair!

RAIN TOPCOAT MAGIC BY RAINFAIR

Sunshine for Your Rainy Days!

RAINFAIR RAIN TOPCOATS
Topcoat Smartness — Raincoat Protection

Choose from 3 flyweight, topcoat-styled waterproofs!

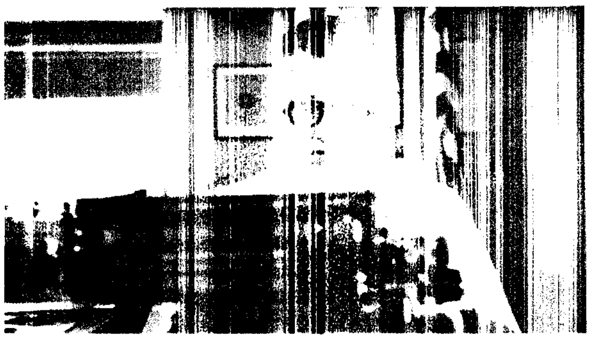
Whatever price range you prefer, there's a Rainfair waterproof for you—a featherlight, flattering raincoat that sheds water like a tile roof, protects you even in a deluge!

The NYLONAIR The nation's favorite of pure nylon, 100% waterproofed. Weighs only 15 oz. In handy pocket-size pouch. UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED. Greytan, $14.95.

The ZEPHYR Light as a breeze, 100% nylon, 100% waterproofed. Rugged protection in handy pocket-size pouch. UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED. Green or black, $11.50.

The WEATHERAIN Tailored of a 100% waterproofed cotton fabric. Lightweight with exceptional wearing qualities. Attractively packaged. Greytan, $9.95.

Write for FREE Style Booklet
RAINFAIR, INC. • RACINE 4, WIS.
Makers of Smartair Leisure Wear



Appointment with O'HARA

AS A MEMBER of Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic fraternity, I am sworn to do what I can to raise and keep raised the standards of journalism, and not merely to raise the eyebrows of members of Kappa Alpha, a much older, much smaller fraternity that has a key like ours. (Or, we have a key like theirs.)

I have a hard enough time maintaining what I like to call my own high standards without taking over the job of reforming the newspaper-magazine business; but journalism is my first love, if not my deepest, and there are things that happen to my first love that sometimes cause me, an insider for 31 years, to wonder about their effect on outsiders.

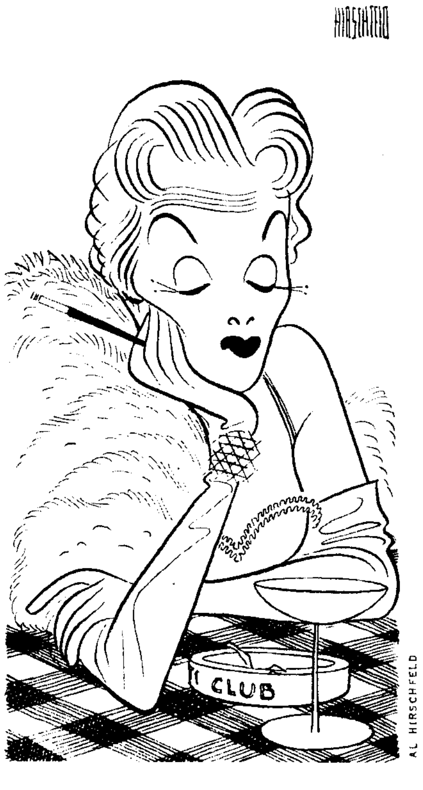
I am not terribly embarrassed to confess that I have been a picture-stealer, not the Hollywood kind but the type that borrows without permission a family photograph that will appear in tomorrow's newspaper. I have been a tabloid rewrite man and telephoned the A.P. for information that my tabloid, not an A.P. member, was not entitled to. I have frequently impersonated an officer, especially in New York City where it was easy because there used to be a detective named Gallagher who looked like me, and cops would call me Gallagher before I had any chance to identify myself. (Of course they wouldn't have called me Gallagher if I'd been wearing my police card in my hatband, but am I my double's keeper?)

I have pretended to be a doctor and a Polish officer and, once, a member of the Irish team from the Horse Show, and I also masqueraded as a Chicago hood. In the latter case I was not operating professionally: I got tangled up in a bar with a friend of Linky Mitch, and somehow or other my acquaintance, after an alcoholic study of my honest face, had convinced himself that I was a gang lawyer who was asking too many questions about Mickey Coll. That is one of those memories that I prefer to keep obscured because I don't like to remind myself too often how lucky I am to be alive. For five hours I could not shake the suspicious stranger, until we ended up in a Greenwich Village speak-easy where he was at home but where I also knew a bartender, and the bartender squared me. My companion was a bad drunk and he was carrying a .38 and he did not like me and I got out of there before he also decided he did not like the bartender.

Well, I didn't mean to recite a list of my acting performances, including forced roles, but only to concede that in my journalistic past there was plenty of room for reform. Now that I am less agile, and slightly more solvent, I have a different point of view. I am not quite holy, but possibly like an old-time sheriff who got his star over quite a few dead bodies, possibly even a better sheriff for having known sin.

At the moment I am not righteously wrathful, but I am more than a little annoyed at the photographers for the newspapers and magazines. Contrary to the layman's impression, reporters and photographers never were friends. About the only thing they ever had in common was that cops would bop them indiscriminately, never bothering to inquire whether a man used a pencil or a Graflex. If you arrived at the scene of a story a little late it was almost as easy to get a civil answer from a rookie cop as from a photographer, and that's saying something. (The one class of citizen a rookie cop feels free to use his hands on is the man or woman who displays a police card. No cop likes anybody from the press, and reporters are well advised to avoid any New York cop who hasn't got at least one black-braid stripe on his sleeve. It usually takes five years for a cop to learn that a reporter's person is not a punching bag or a pushball, and, of course, some never do learn it.)

My annoyance, therefore, is at a separate craft from that of reporter, and specifically it is at the practice of taking unnecessary pictures. There are too many photographers taking too many pictures of Ava Gardner getting in or out of an airplane. Even in a high wind at Idlewild Ava Gardner is not at her *photogénique* best. There are more than enough pictures in the files showing Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds holding hands or not holding hands. If there is an insistent demand for another picture of Marlene Dietrich at a night-club table, I have not heard it, and I think we all know now that Marlon Brando has gone through his blue-jean period and wears suits just like people.



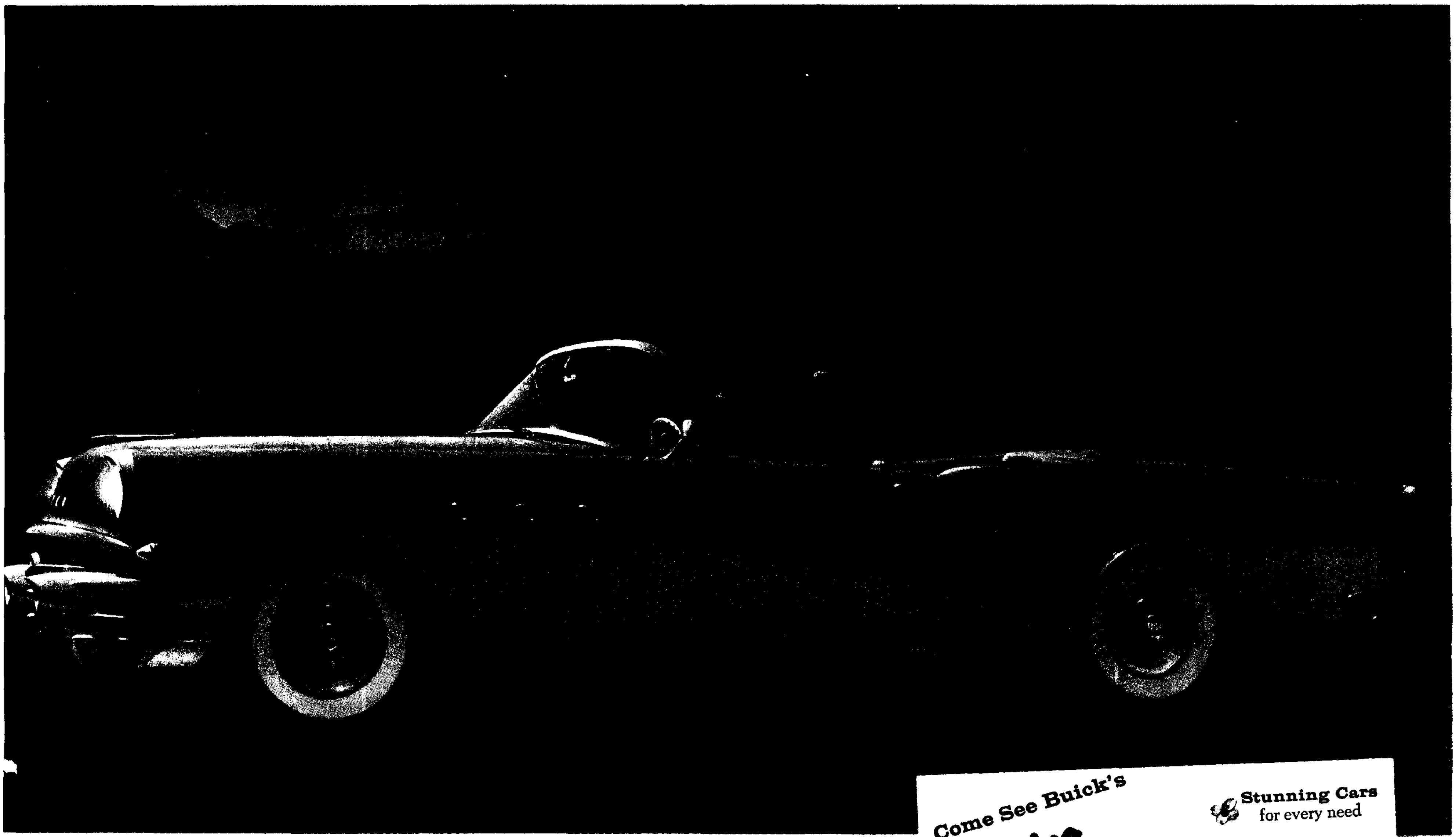
There's no demand for another shot of Marlene sitting at a night-club table

An actress standing in front of an airplane or sitting in a night club with or without her husband is just another shot of Ava or Debbie or Marlene, and the more conscientious photo editors are careful to crop out the free advertising on the airplane landing steps or the night-club ash trays, so the picture might just as well be taken in Los Angeles as New York, at Chicago as at Washington. It's all right to have one photograph of a society woman in the anonymity of her mink coat, but you don't need any more than one until you catch her standing beside Charley Luciano. There is no need to flash-blind people for a photograph of Gregory Peck in a shawl-collar dinner jacket, and the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young go out together is taken for granted and not photographically remarkable.

Nevertheless, if Peck and the Youngs and 300 other movie celebrities attend a *première,* they will get their pictures taken, notwithstanding the fact that they could be pictures taken at any *première* or, for that matter, the celebrities on their own front porches. You have to read the captions to know that the occasion was Sol Glutz's *première* of Strange Virgin. I am all for taking a picture of Marilyn Monroe at a *première* if she has attended it in a bikini suit and accompanied by, say, an ambassador wearing an old busby that belonged to the Duke of Windsor. But just a picture of Marilyn Monroe at a movie opening is just that: just a picture of M. M. at an m.o. Any enterprising photographer could get more interesting pictures of the lady, although there is some question that his editor would run them.

All these are merely annoyances. I will not go into such matters as the outrageous performances that attended President Eisenhower's hospitalization. It could happen that in such circumstances a photographer might be shot and killed, and do you know what would happen then? The American people would not give a damn about "freedom of the press." And by the time they started giving a damn again the press would have lost some of its freedom. —JOHN O'HARA

Gorgeous way to go Special



Come See Buick's
Spring Fashion Festival
Now At Your Buick Dealer's

Stunning Cars for every need
Great-Buy Prices for every budget
Gay Colors for every fashion

When better automobiles are built
Buick will build them

Somewhere deep inside you, haven't you always yearned for a rakish Convertible like this one?

And if you could justify your purchase on purely practical grounds, wouldn't you give it real consideration?

Well, good sir, we have news for you.

This spirited sweep of gorgeous automobile is a Buick Special—the suave Convertible in Buick's lowest-priced Series.

And that means it can be yours for just a few dollars more than similar models of the well-known smaller cars.

But right there is where the resemblance reaches an abrupt end.

For this is a thoroughbred Buick—blithe in spirit, and big in every sense of the word.

You have only to stand up close to know its ample breadth of dimension from bumper to bumper, from door to door.

You have only to put it in motion to sense, on the instant, that here is a true big-car ride—smooth, level, solid against the road—and advantaged by a host of engineering gems.

Yet even that isn't all.

For it's when you bring this beauty from a standing start to full cruise that you learn of the thrills to be had in a '56 Buick.

There's the soaring lift of mighty power from Buick's 322-cubic-inch V8 engine to wing you along with almost effortless ease.

And there's the new wonder of an advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow* —now with new instant response at only *part* throttle—and still with that spectacular switch-pitch action for a real safety-surge when you floor the pedal.

So why not let yourself go?

Why not look into this high-spirited beauty with the low price tag? It's sheer sport, pure luxury—and it makes uncommonly good sense. Man to see is your Buick dealer, and the time is now.

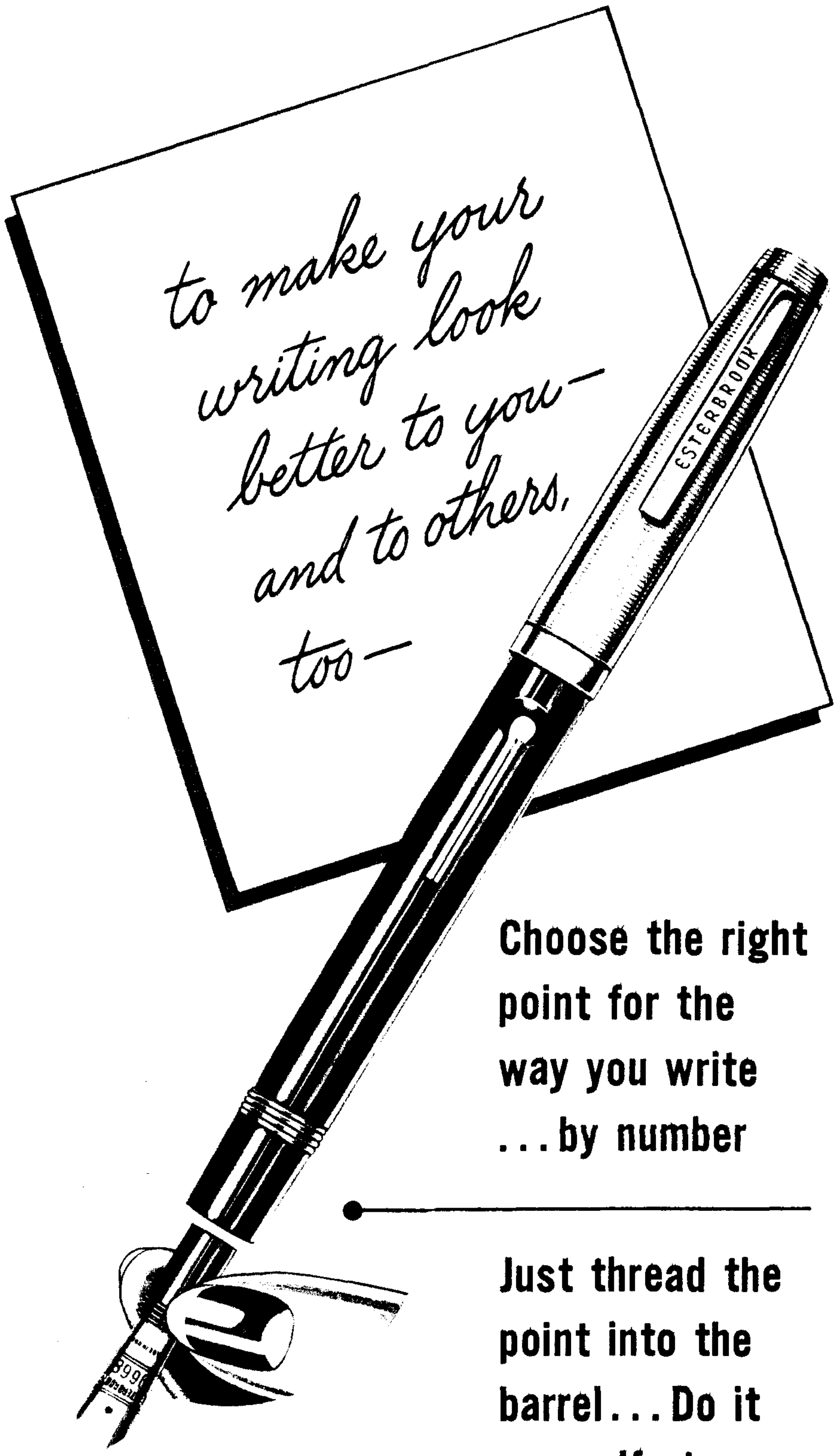
BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

**New Advanced Variable Pitch Dynaflow is the only Dynaflow Buick builds today. It is standard on Roadmaster, Super and Century—optional at modest extra cost on the Special.*

SEE JACKIE GLEASON ON TV Every Saturday Evening

Best Buick yet

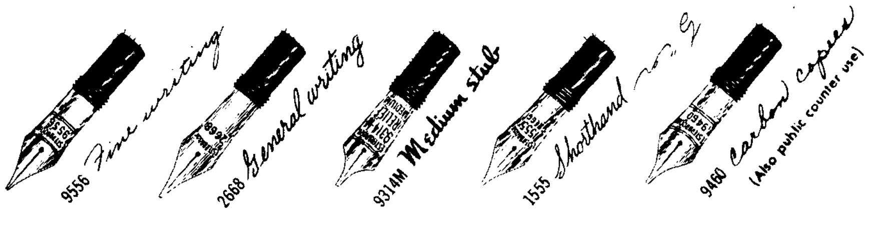
Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN


to make your writing look better to you—and to others, too—
ESTERBROOK

Choose the right point for the way you write ...by number

Just thread the point into the barrel... Do it yourself at any pen counter

Only Esterbrook gives you real point selection—More than 30 styles



THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY
COPYRIGHT, 1956—THE ESTERBROOK PEN COMPANY

COLLIER'S CREDITS

MARVIN KONER

Professor Commager wrote introduction to the new series, The American Tradition

THE STORIES in our history series, The American Tradition, associate editors Eugene Rachlis and Jerry Korn inform us, won't run in any particular chronological order. "The period just before Lincoln's assassination has been inadequately reported," Rachlis says, "and that's one reason it was decided to lead off with his trip to Richmond a few days before his death."

One of the consequences of our choosing this inadequately reported period for inquiry is that on pages 24-25 you can see reproduced a painting by Thomas Nast that some historians thought didn't exist.

Nast was a war artist (he later became famous as a political cartoonist) who sketched the President's visit to the Southern capital, but it was strictly an idle rumor that he had later developed it into a painting. No one had ever seen such a painting, picture editor Bill Stapleton was told.

But some judicious international sleuthing by researcher Ann Bernstein turned up the painting. The reason the historians haven't run across it: it is in the private collection of Oscar B. Cintas—former Cuban ambassador to the United States and a collector of Lincolniana—in Havana.

Henry Steele Commager, who introduces you to The American Tradition on page 21, is one of our most distinguished historians. He has taught or lectured at many of the foremost universities in this country and Europe, and is currently Fulbright professor of American history at the University of Copenhagen. In the fall he will move to Amherst College to become professor of history and American studies. He will continue to be adjunct professor at Columbia University, where he has been on the faculty since 1939.

Commager's book The Blue and The Gray, published in 1950, is considered to have been one of the sparks that set off the current boom in Civil War literature. Fitting it is, then, that he prefaces our history series, in which the first article is Philip Van Doren Stern's story of Lincoln at Richmond.

Thomas Vroman, the artist who will do a decorative painting for each of the articles in The American Tradition, says, "For the painting of Lincoln, I had to do a lot of research to find accurate material on such matters as the burning of Richmond, the Capitol building, Fort Brady, Generals Lee and Grant, uniforms and ordnance of the time and John Wilkes Booth, who was left-handed, you know."

No, we didn't know, and on studying his painting, we can see how much history Vroman had to learn.

Author Stern did some detective work, too. He located the logs of the Malvern and of the Bat. The Malvern was Admiral David Dixon Porter's flagship, which figured so much in the James River activities when Lincoln and the others cruised up to Richmond. The Bat was the escorting vessel.

"I knew these logs *had* existed," Stern recalls, "so it was natural for me to look for them on the chance they were still around. They were deep in the National Archives and no historian had ever made use of their invaluable information before."

The logs gave the exact schedule of times, places and events—even daily weather reports—along the river during this important period, with dozens of helpful entries such as this one on April 4th, the day in question: *"Fired a salute of 35 guns at 4:45."* Lincoln, riding about the Confederate capital, heard the salute.

Stern's research of the events of the closing days of the war has led to a book contract with Houghton Mifflin, and when he writes it maybe he'll find a place to include this entry from the March 29th entry in the Malvern log: *"The U.S. Steamer Glance came alongside with oysters for the Admiral."*

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

CARL BAKAL

From left to right, editor Korn, artist Vroman, author Stern, editor Rachlis. This is crew that did the major work on the opening feature in the new Collier's series

Even the "rocks" taste better!

SEE THOSE two drinks of Old Taylor "on the rocks"?

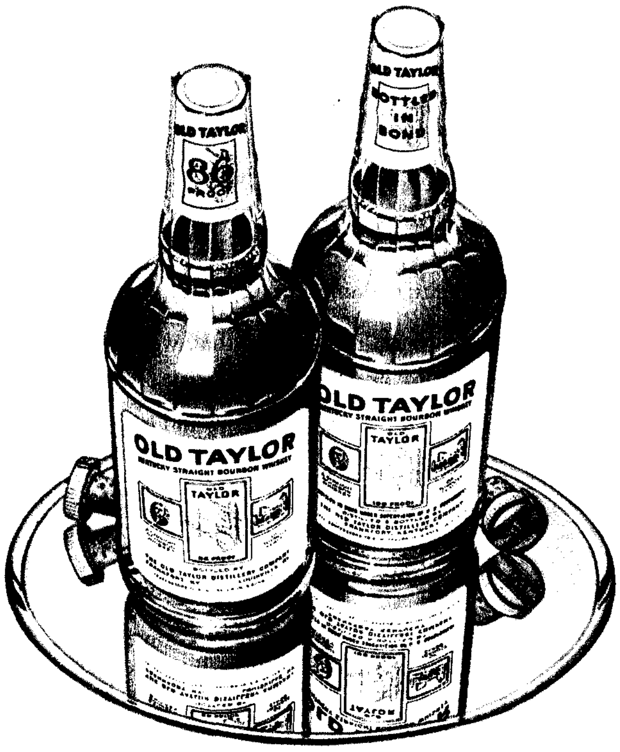
Which one will *you* have?

The one on the left is our world-famous 100 proof bonded Old Taylor—most richly flavorsome bourbon there is.

On the right is lighter, milder, lower-priced Old Taylor 86—*one* straight bourbon that *retains* its true-bourbon flavor in 86 proof.

Choose either proof—or both. The quality is the same. But be sure to try Old Taylor 86—the *lightest* fine bourbon made. You'll sip it right down to the bourbon-dew on the ice!

Keep in mind—the tastiest drinks are Old Taylor-Made!



86 PROOF
Lighter, lower-priced

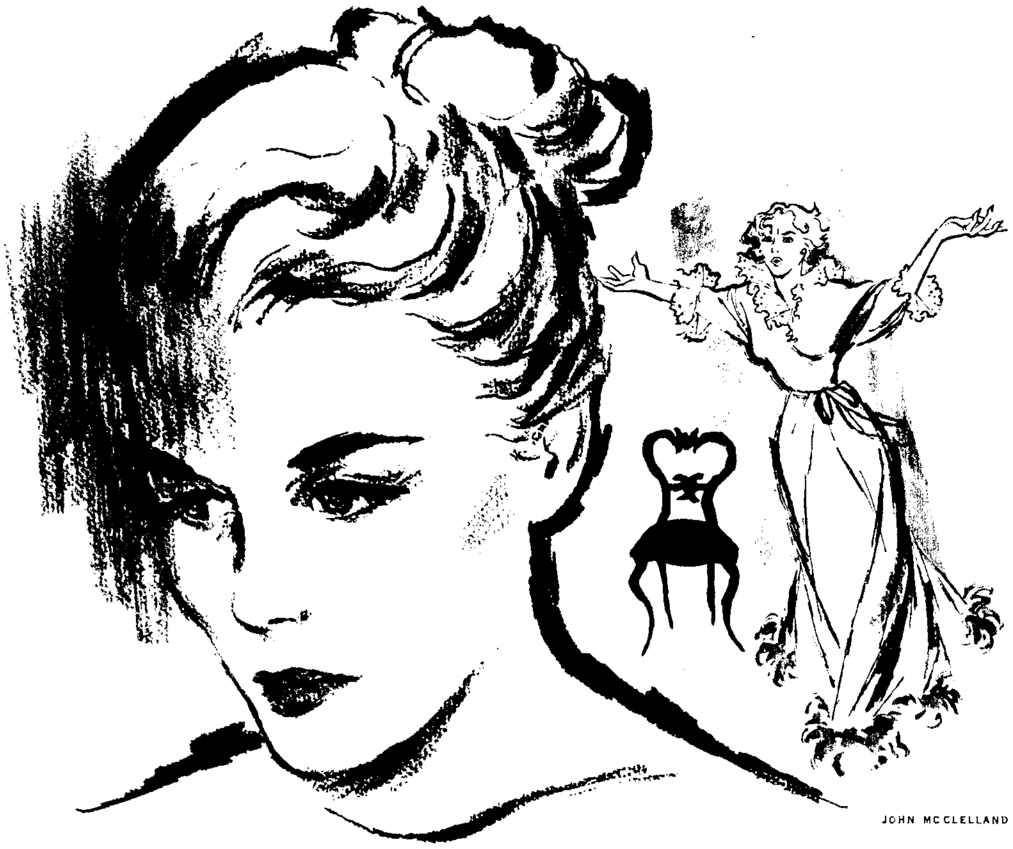
100 PROOF
Bottled in Bond

OLD TAYLOR

"The Noblest Bourbon of Them All"

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES · THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KY. · DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.



"Ann," Peter had said, "you're not doing anything *for* Betty. You're spoiling her"

AT HER AGE

By PAZ VAN MATRE

ANN sat waiting with Billy beside her on one of the benches at the airport. The plane was forty minutes late and she was glad of the short respite, which had given her time to straighten her blouse, put on fresh lipstick and readjust her hat. Even such added touches had done little to improve what she considered her "plain Jane" appearance, but at least they gave her a little extra courage to face what she knew would be a momentous issue.

She wondered if every mother-daughter relationship contained this strange, tenuous element of fear. Their very understanding of each other seemed to be the thing that kept them apart. I know she's spoiled, thought Ann. But I also know she needs love. I wonder if she'll understand that I need love too.

She bought Billy, who was nine, a candy bar and then settled down with him on the bench to wait. Now she had a few minutes to sort out her thoughts and adjust herself to the whirlwind of Betti's arrival.

The name amused her, for it was so like Betty to change the "y" to "i," and she supposed that, at Betty's age, things like that were important and signified glamor.

I must remember it's just her age, Ann told herself, though she knew she would have to take a firm hand. This business of insisting on spelling her name "Betti," for instance, was harmless enough. But there were other things. A widow's allowance was small and Betty should realize it and try to understand that clothes and trips—even if they seemed ever so important at her age—were beyond their means.

I'll explain when we get home, Ann decided. Surely she'll understand. But she winced at the thought, for it hurt to think of Betty's being deprived, and in her mind she saw the expression on Betty's lovely face as she earnestly tried to comprehend anything so bewildering as lack of money.

But after all, there's Billy, too, she told herself, and put her arm around the small, frail shoulders beside her. If only we were not alone. . . . And, as always, thoughts came back of a dear, remembered face. The sudden, terrible meaninglessness of death would always assault her heart in just the same way.

But in the same moment, the thought of Peter Granville was a blossom. He loves me, she thought, in incredulous wonder. And I love him, too!

She would have to tell Betty tonight, she knew, and prayed silently that Betty would understand. Peter said that she would not. He said Betty was selfish. He said it kindly, but he said it, and Ann wished that he had not—even though she knew it to be true. To which do I owe my allegiance? she asked herself and wondered why, in loving one, she must somehow destroy the other.

"Ann," Peter had said, "you're not doing anything *for* her. You're spoiling her. Can't you see?"

When she had tried to explain about the trip, how Betty felt about the small town, how much it meant to her to go away and meet new people—he had only smiled sadly and shaken his head.

Last night he had insisted she tell Betty they were going to be married. "She won't understand," Ann said. "I'm afraid she'll be upset."

"Of course she'll be upset, but she'll get over it."

JUST THEN THE PLANE was announced. Ann stood up and hurried with Billy to the gate.

The first thing she thought as Betty came down the ramp was: How lovely she is! And for some reason it seemed to make everything more difficult.

All the way from the city Betty chatted about her trip, the people she had met and the places she had gone. She was vivacious and adorable and Ann's heart filled with tenderness and love.

At home there was so much to be done she did not have an opportunity to talk to Betty at once. But while she prepared and served the dinner she listened to Betty's gay chatter. And while she was washing the dishes, Betty sat on the kitchen stool prattling on, her words like frivolous butterflies having no particular direction. By the time Ann started to help Billy with his homework, she had the sensation of clinging to a single solid while all about her a kind of vapor existed.

She wished her love were not tinged with this mild irritation, and when Betty went upstairs, saying she was "exhausted," Ann found it difficult to keep her mind on arithmetic and geography, knowing the time had come to talk with Betty.

At last, after she kissed Billy good night, she took off her apron, smoothed her hair and went upstairs. Betty's room was a jumble of clothes and Betty was viewing the whole thing with dismay. "I'll never get everything put away," she sighed.

"Just leave it," Ann said, out of habit. "I'll take care of it."

She went into the bathroom to start Betty's bath and remembered Peter's words: "You're not doing anything *for* her . . ." But it seemed to Ann it was not the time to make an issue of laziness when she was preparing to make an issue of extravagance. Besides, there was the matter of her intention to marry Peter, and Ann knew that of all things, this would be most upsetting to Betty.

Therefore she said nothing, but the mild irritation persisted while Betty relaxed in the water.

"What have you done to your hair?" Ann asked suddenly, noticing it for the first time in the harsh electric light.

"Had it bleached," laughed Betty. Then she added, demurely: "Isn't it divine?"

"No, it isn't," said Ann. "At your age it looks dreadful!"

She went downstairs and thought: It's not her fault. I should have asserted myself long ago. But without a man in the house . . .

BY THE TIME Betty came downstairs in her negligee and curled up on the couch, Ann was nervously trying to phrase words in her mind that would be both gentle and wise. She began by talking about the money: "It's been awfully hard for me to manage, Betty. There just isn't enough for trips and things like that. And Billy needs glasses. . . ."

Betty stretched her arms and yawned. "Okay," she said. "I'll try to be more economical. But I thought you understood. I mean, you know there's not a single man in this town."

"I've found one," said Ann, suddenly launching into what she knew was more important than anything else, and she told Betty about Peter Granville. "He wants me to marry him," she finished at last, and in a sudden rush of love she put her arms around Betty. "Please understand, darling. Please!"

But Betty pushed her away. "I knew this would happen!" she cried. "I knew it! There were times when I couldn't sleep knowing it would happen! What's to become of me now? It doesn't matter to you, does it, so long as you satisfy your own selfish desires?"

She glared at Ann, who was sitting with her hands pressed together in her lap.

"You're thinking only of your own life," Betty went on. "What about mine?" She stood up and twisted her hands together and began to walk back and forth. The pink negligee was trimmed with ostrich plumes, and her hair, streaked with dye, fell over her forehead. "It wasn't my fault your father died and left me saddled with two children, a strapping girl and an infant boy. What was I supposed to do? Just because his life was over, was mine supposed to be over, too? And all I ever asked was that you give up college and run the house and take care of Billy for a while. . . ."

She stopped and stared at herself in the mirror, and then turned to Ann. "Look at me!" she cried. "Look at me! I'm getting old!" She covered her face with her hands and her shoulders shook. "You're young! You're only twenty-one! Can't you wait a while? Can't you give me a *chance?"*

Ann closed her eyes, sick with pity. When she opened them again she only said: "Please go to bed, Mother. You're making yourself ill. It isn't good for you at your age." THE END

Now! Zenith Announces Presidential Specials

TO HELP YOU ENJOY THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN!

New Value Specials! Zenith Quality Throughout!

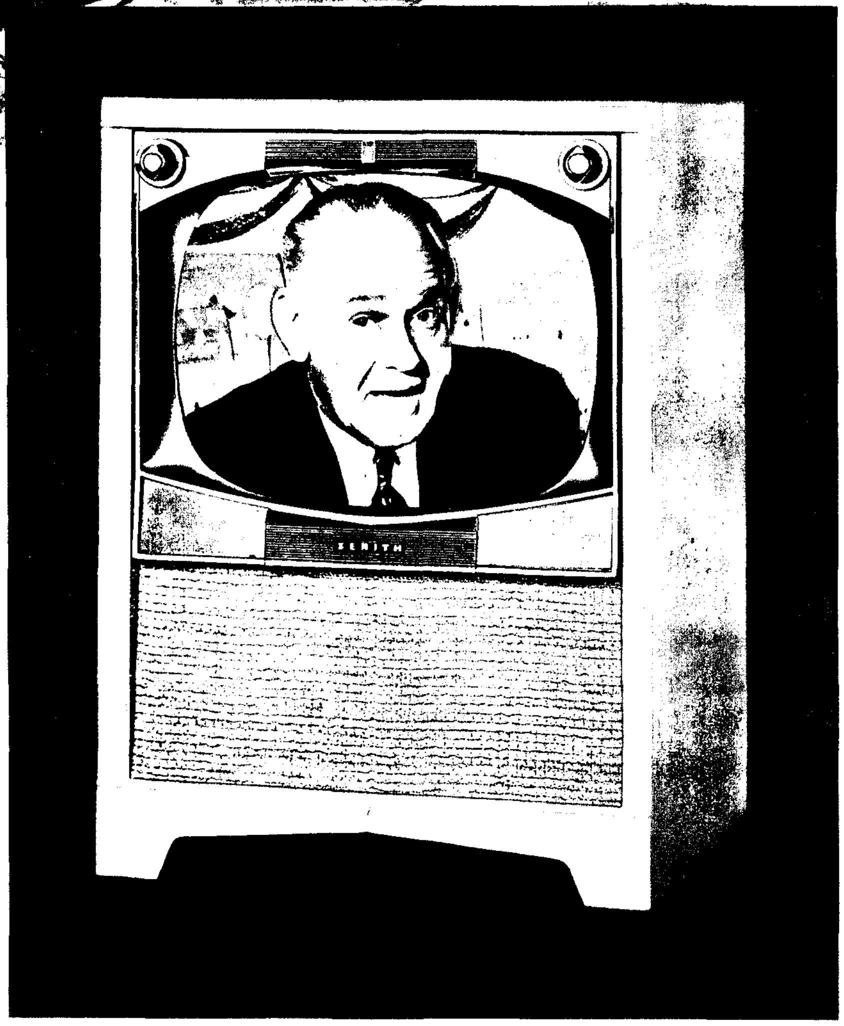
For brilliant reception...superior performance, depend on Zenith's 37-year reputation for quality!

Now, with these special-value Presidential Models from Zenith—all packed with famous Zenith quality features—you won't have to settle for less than the best!

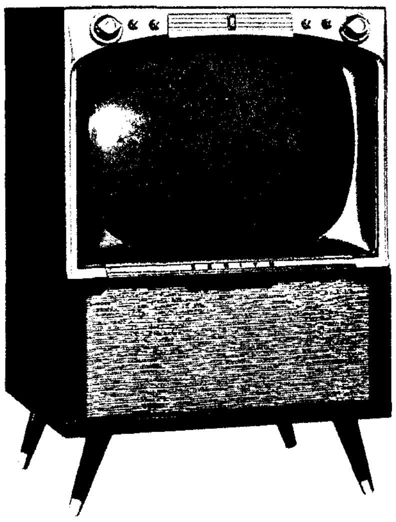
These beautiful new Zeniths were engineered in Zenith's own laboratories to give you the sharpest, clearest pictures from every station in your range. Each of these all-new Presidential Models is Zenith's finest quality. You can enjoy such famous Zenith quality features as the Cinébeam® Picture Tube which *doubles* picture power and Ciné-Lens® which intensifies contrast; also Easy-Out Face Plate Glass, Top Tuning and Spotlite Dial.

On tone-rich Zenith-quality radios, even distant stations come in sharp and clear, brought to you by Zenith's super-sensitive Long Distance AM Chassis and Zenith's own Wavemagnet® Antenna.

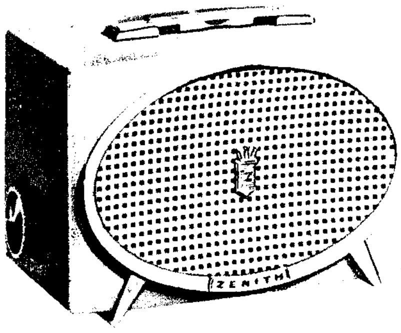
See your Zenith dealer now. Let him show you Zenith's new Presidential Models. Let him show you what Zenith quality means in performance...and satisfaction!



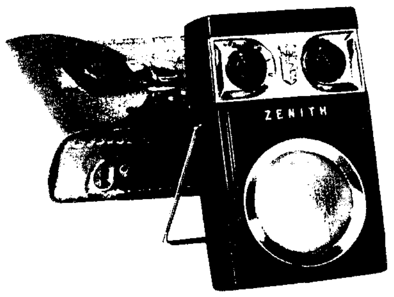
The Sherman. 21-series. This cabinet houses the finest receiving and picture-producing chassis in existence—Zenith's powerful Royal "Y" Chassis! Also convenient Top Tuning, illuminated Spotlite Dial which tells channel clear across room, Easy-Out Face Plate Glass for easy cleaning! Colors: Mahogany **(2256R)**, Blond Oak **(2256E)**, Walnut **(2256)**. As low as $279.95*.



The Fairmont. 21-series. Exclusive new Zenith "miracle" vacuum tube—the 6BU8—in the chassis virtually ends picture roll, wobble, fading; *automatically* regulates picture intensity. Cinébeam, Ciné-Lens, Top Tuning, Removable Face Plate Glass, Built-in UHF/VHF Antenna. Colors: Mahogany **(2247R)**, Blond Oak **(2247E)**, Walnut **(2247)**. As low as $249.95*.



The Clipper. Entire face of this smartly-styled Zenith is powerful 6" x 9" Zenith quality speaker to give you extraordinary tone quality and volume! Activated by Alnico-5, most powerful magnetic material known. Colors: Pine Frost **(Y513F)**, Charcoal Gray **(Y513G)**, Maroon **(Y513R)**. Only 6¾" high, 10" wide, 5¾" deep. $34.95*.



The Royal "500". 7-transistor, tubeless pocket radio. Up to *15 times* more volume than radios of equivalent size. Earphone attachment for private listening. Only 19 ounces. Size: 5¾" high, 3½" wide, 1½" deep. Colors: Black **(500Y)**, Maroon **(500R)**, both with Roman Gold trim. Unbreakable nylon case. $75*, not including batteries.

NEW, POWERFUL, TONE-RICH ZENITH QUALITY RADIOS

Don't miss a minute of this exciting, history-making year. For listening at home, Zenith's trim Clipper® table radio gives you tone quality you would expect only in an expensive console. Or you can take the campaign thrills with you with Zenith's 7-transistor pocket radio, the Royal "500". Plays on trains, boats, planes where others won't. Car radio and a portable all in one! It operates at normal volume for up to *400 hours* on just one set of mercury batteries; also operates on ordinary long-life penlite batteries. No special, hard-to-get batteries required.

ZENITH®

...THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON

The Royalty of RADIO, TELEVISION and PHONOGRAPHS
Backed by 37 Years of Leadership in Radionics Exclusively
ALSO MAKERS OF FINE HEARING AIDS
Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois

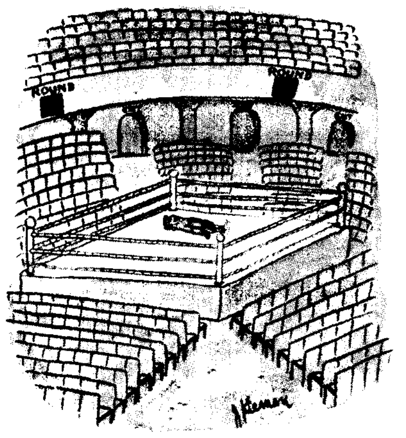
**Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Slightly higher in Far West and South. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

LETTERS

Cold Comfort

EDITOR: I'm usually the member of our household to explain the occasional cartoon one of us finds pointless, but in the case of the one by Joseph Kiernan on page 80 of your March 2d issue, I'm stopped colder than the fighter in the picture. Please, what probably simple detail am I overlooking in this captionless cartoon that makes it reactionless?

BRUCE HAMILTON, Lubbock, Tex.



JOSEPH KIERNAN

. . . I enjoyed so much that tragicomic cartoon of the forgotten horizontal boxer. If ever a cartoon reflected the gallows humor inherent in the mass attitude toward a loser, this is it. Cleveland Indian rooters, Dewey-for-President club leaders and searchers for the remains of Bridey Murphy will, I'm sure, feel akin with the man in the ring. The thought that saves the cartoon from becoming more tragic than comic is that when the canvas-backed boxer finally awakens sans seconds, sans manager, sans fans, and sans the prospect of a fourth round, he'll go hang up his gloves and laugh the longest and loudest of all. . . .

HERB LEVY, New York, N.Y.

The Awful Untruth

EDITOR: I'd like to "detonate every drop of silicon in your bodies" for what you and Herman Wouk did to my husband. Your "colossal hydrogen numbers" would be mighty small when I got through. We were starting for a trip to Florida when a friend told my husband: "Get the February 17th issue of Collier's and read the amazing article on The 'Lomokome' Papers." For four straight days on the trip I ate breakfast, lunch and dinner in utter silence staring at the face of Herman Wouk, pencil behind ear, pensive look on his face and yellow shirt leering at me. I know every wrinkle and crater in that blasted half-moon. From Southern fried chicken and biscuits in Kentucky, grits and turnip greens in Tennessee to pecan pie in Georgia, it was the same. Finally we arrived in Florida and at ten o'clock that night my husband put Collier's down and said: "If this is true, and it sounds plausible, it will revolutionize man's thinking." I picked up the magazine and there was the awful truth before me—The "Lomokome" Papers were pure fiction. I finally said to my husband, "Dear, this was not an article by Herman Wouk, it was a novel." All the heady drama and wishful thinking of the past four days of furious reading ended in a weak, "Well, I'll be damned."

MRS. ROBERT LUSTIG,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Arts and Letters

EDITOR: As a result of John O'Hara's kind reference to the National Institute of Arts and Letters in your February 3d issue, we have been besieged with mail from aspiring writers asking that we read, correct and market their manuscripts. Although Mr. O'Hara did not expressly advise this, he left it open to careless readers of his column that we would welcome such inquiries. . . . The National Institute of Arts and Letters is a nonprofit, honorary, educational body which was founded in 1898 to stimulate in every way possible the development of the arts in the United States. It received a federal charter in 1913. Its membership is limited to 250 citizens qualified by notable achievements in art, music or literature, and since its inception, it has borne upon its rolls the most illustrious names in all departments of American art. . . .

HANNAH JOSEPHSON, National Institute of Arts and Letters, New York, N.Y.

A Family Party

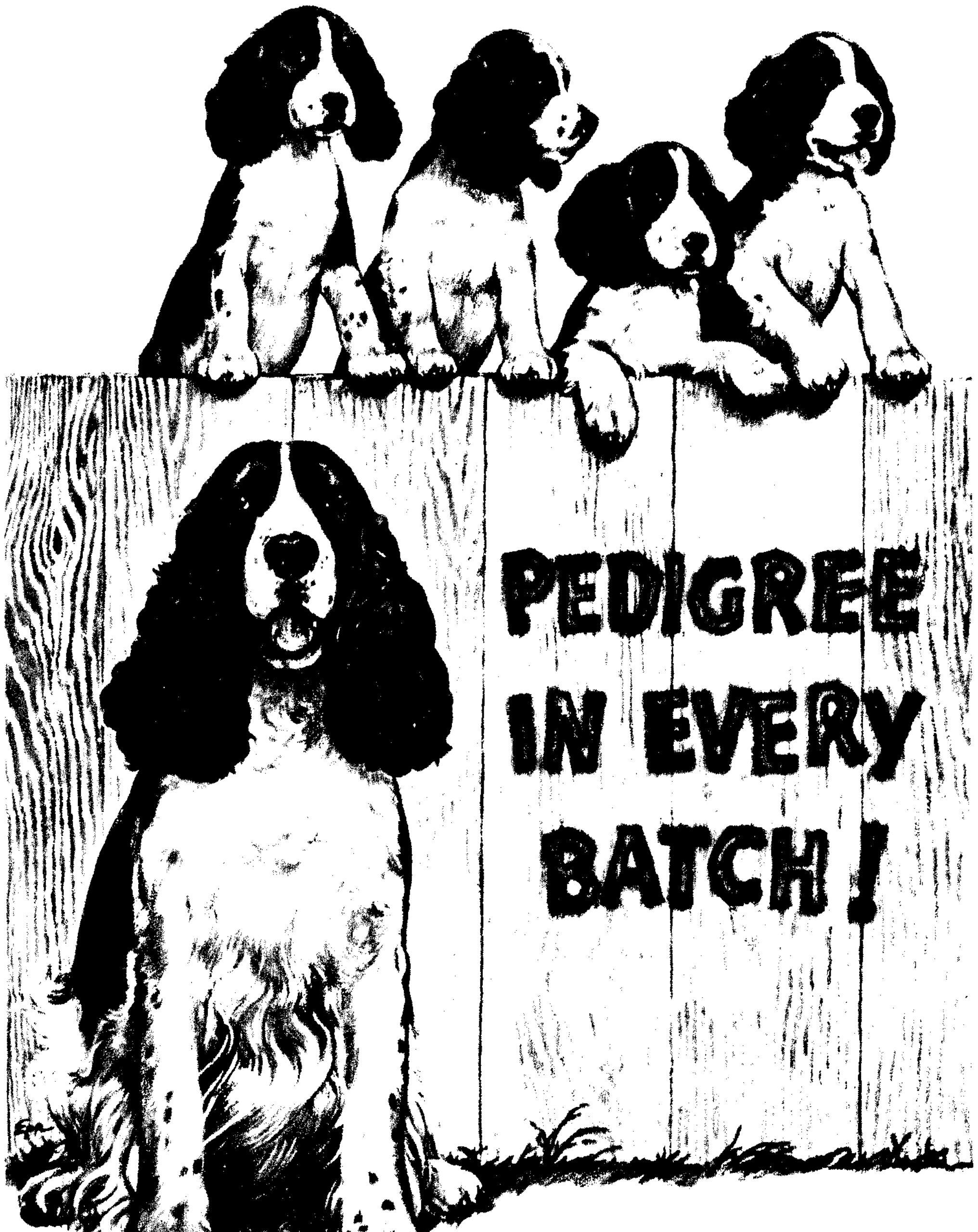
EDITOR: Hail O'Hara! In Collier's twice in one issue (Mar. 2d). It couldn't happen to a better writer or a better magazine. Congratulations to Collier's for publishing A Family Party. Writers whom I know that know O'Hara will tell you that winning the 1956 National Book Award couldn't happen to a nicer guy. . . .

DALE GUHL,
New Cumberland, Pa.

. . . I must congratulate Robert Fawcett on the illustration in color for O'Hara's story. It seems to me to be one of the best I ever saw for a work of fiction. Each face is typical, and each expres-

THE COVER

The eagle, a recurrent symbol in U.S. history, has been chosen as a theme illustration for Collier's new series, The American Tradition. The one on the cover is especially appropriate: it once adorned a stairpost in the Washington home of Lincoln's Secretary of State, W. H. Seward. It now belongs to columnist-TV star Dorothy Kilgallen. The colorful eagle on pages 21 and 22 (where the new series begins with an introduction by Henry Steele Commager and a story on Lincoln at Richmond by Philip Van Doren Stern) was a decoration on an unknown sailing vessel. It is now owned by the famous Mariners' Museum, Newport News, Virginia



Never a whiskey so *friendly* to your taste as the round full flavor of OLD CABIN STILL . . . none so *faithful* as its dependable uniformity, bottle after bottle! That's because a century-old pedigree is inherited in every day's run—through our exclusive sour mash recipe which relates each new bourbon generation to the last. You'll find OLD CABIN STILL obedient to your call for a truly fine bourbon. Try a bottle and see.

STITZEL-WELLER'S

CABIN STILL

The Sportsman's Choice!

Every drop distilled and bottled by

Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Estab. Louisville, Ky., 1849
Distillers of OLD FITZGERALD 100 Proof
Kentucky Straight Bourbon

91
PROOF

Stitzel Weller 1849
KENTUCKY BOURBON
OLD CABIN STILL
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY
Stitzel-Weller Distillery
JEFFERSON COUNTY KENTUCKY

sion is perfect and dress in keeping. Who of us has not seen the speaker?
Ethel Jacobsen, Winnetka, Ill.

. . . O'Hara must be a very good man to write such a touching story. . . .
Mrs. Vera Stidolph, Ottawa, Canada

. . . Appointment with O'Hara (Mar. 2d) states Cat on a Hot Tin Roof "is a play for grownups whose growth has taken them past the mental age of eleven." As a psychologist, allow me to express my humble opinion that the reverse is true. Preoccupation with the subject of sex deviates and sexual inversion actually presupposes arrested mental development characteristic in mentally retarded persons or is a syndrome of psychopathic tendencies. . . .
Frank J. Reall, Baltimore, Md.

Shining Star

Editor: The letter written by Loretta Young (Letters, Mar. 2d) concerning Perry Como caught my eye. It isn't every day a star will take the time to thank a magazine for printing a story about another star. Miss Young, you're a pretty nice girl yourself. . . .
Helen Chomyak, Yonkers, N.Y.

Good Old Habit

Editor: After a gap of some time in my subscription to your valuable magazine, I was lured back. I was delighted to see my old friend Walter Davenport is still with you. I imagine that you have a few subscribers who have been reading Collier's as long as I have. I am sure that I read it in 1880, and it seems to me that my father brought home a copy as far back as 1878. I am pleased to start my old habit again. . . .
V. K. Wedgworth,
Mineral Wells, Tex.

Mr. Wedgworth dates us. We were born in 1888.

Text Appeal

Editor: I felt cheated this week. When I saw the Actors' Studio blurb on Collier's cover (Mar. 16th), I thought there'd be a big article on it. What do I find? About three paragraphs of text, and for the rest, nothing but a flock of pictures. I expected to get a half hour of good reading, and I got a couple of minutes of pictures. . . .
Ralph R. Wiltse,
White Plains, N.Y.

. . . You shouldn't give a splendid cover picture of Marlon Brando, and then give a text of hardly a quarter page. . . .
T. Waltjen, Toronto, Canada

. . . I was upset not to see mentioned the name of the late James Dean, one of the finest actors produced by the studio. . . .
Sharon Schwedler, Phoenix, Ariz.

Arnold Genthe

Editor: I have noted with regret that the customary credit line regarding the origin—in this case, the ownership—of the photographs by Arnold Genthe depicting scenes of the San Francisco earthquake and fire of 1906, which appear in the March 30th issue, has been omitted. I would greatly appreciate it if you would indicate that the original Genthe negatives, from which the Collier's photographs were made, are the property of the California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco. This museum had the good fortune to purchase these historic documents of that great disaster from the Genthe estate shortly after the celebrated photographer's death. . . .
Thomas Carr Howe, Director, California Palace of the Legion of Honor,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Missile

Editor: I read Hanson Baldwin's article on the intercontinental missile (ICBM, Mar. 16th) and the editorial on the same subject with great interest, and I think they are splendid. . . .
Stuart Symington, U.S. Senate,
Washington, D.C.

. . . I enjoyed Baldwin's very fine article tremendously. . . .
Herman Welker, U.S. Senate,
Washington, D.C.

. . . I am very grateful for the opportunity to read this important article on the timely subject of the intercontinental missile, and to have the benefit of your editorial opinion on this vital development of American military power. . . .
Robert H. Mollohan, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

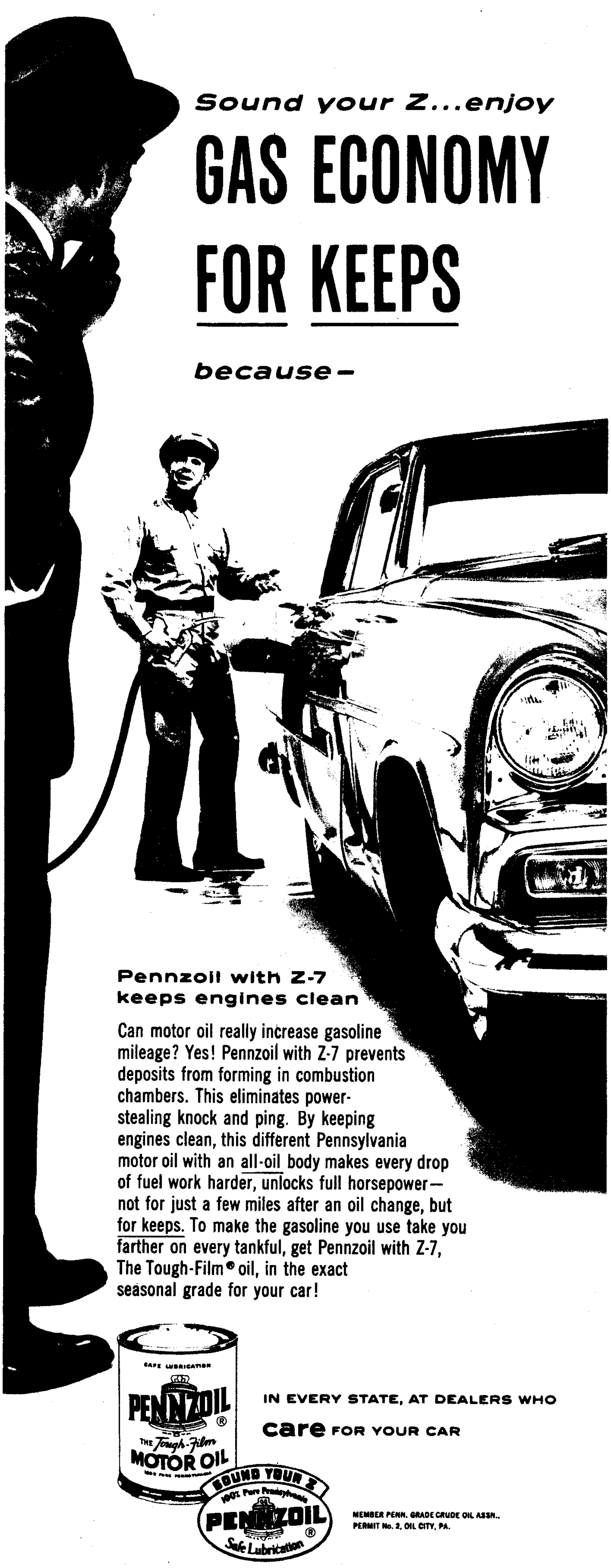
A Smoke Signal

Editor: The caption on the lead picture with Walter Davenport's article People . . . Politics . . . and '56 (Mar. 2d) states: "In Washington State, author interviews lumber tugmen Manuel Correia and John Satalich." The article states: "Manuel Correia . . . nudged logs across the Willamette River's current." I know everything west of Sixth Avenue is Indian country to you gray flannelheads, but the Willamette (accent on the second syllable) is in Oregon. . . . R. B. Read, Zigzag, Ore.

The picture (below) was taken in the Beaver State.

BURT GLINN

. . . Walter Davenport's report on his 15,000-mile tour of 22 states would seem to end all speculation as to the outcome of this year's national election. In his interviews with five to six hundred prospective voters, he states specifically that of 18 Democratic voters quoted, 11 would now go Republican; and of 25 Republican voters, only one might be a turncoat. In a crowd that blocked the aisles of a supermarket, just one possible Democratic vote was acknowledged. . . .
Charles H. White, Portsmouth, Ohio



Sound your Z...enjoy
GAS ECONOMY
FOR KEEPS
because–

Pennzoil with Z-7
keeps engines clean

Can motor oil really increase gasoline mileage? Yes! Pennzoil with Z-7 prevents deposits from forming in combustion chambers. This eliminates power-stealing knock and ping. By keeping engines clean, this different Pennsylvania motor oil with an all-oil body makes every drop of fuel work harder, unlocks full horsepower—not for just a few miles after an oil change, but for keeps. To make the gasoline you use take you farther on every tankful, get Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, in the exact seasonal grade for your car!

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO
care FOR YOUR CAR

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN.,
PERMIT No. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

Nothing so good...

CARLING
Black Label

for good company!

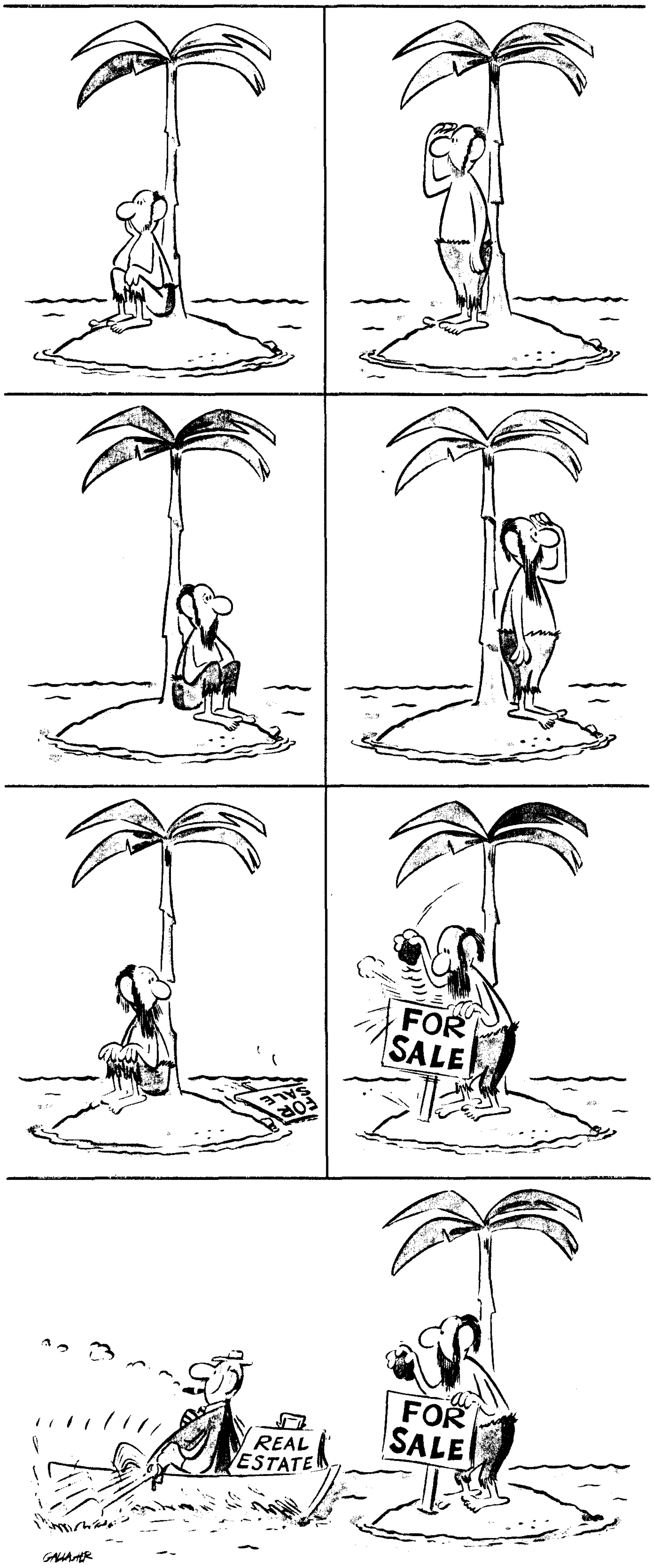
Even when the putts won't drop and the drinks are on you, there's a bright side... a sparkling glass of dry, delicious Carling's Black Label Beer. Everyone who tries it, likes it. And everyone who *buys* it, likes it, too—for top quality Black Label sells at the popular price. That's why Black Label sales are now four times what they were four years ago. And every day *more* people say...

Hey, Mabel—
Black Label!

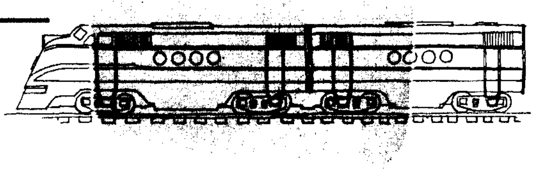
THE BEST BREWS IN THE WORLD COME FROM CARLING
CARLING BREWING CO., CLEVELAND, O., ST. LOUIS, MO., BELLEVILLE, ILL.

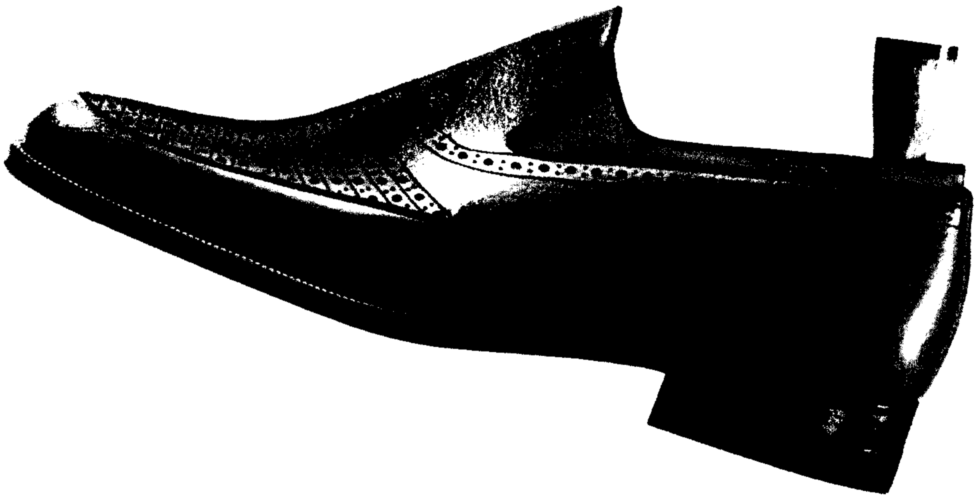
LAND HO!

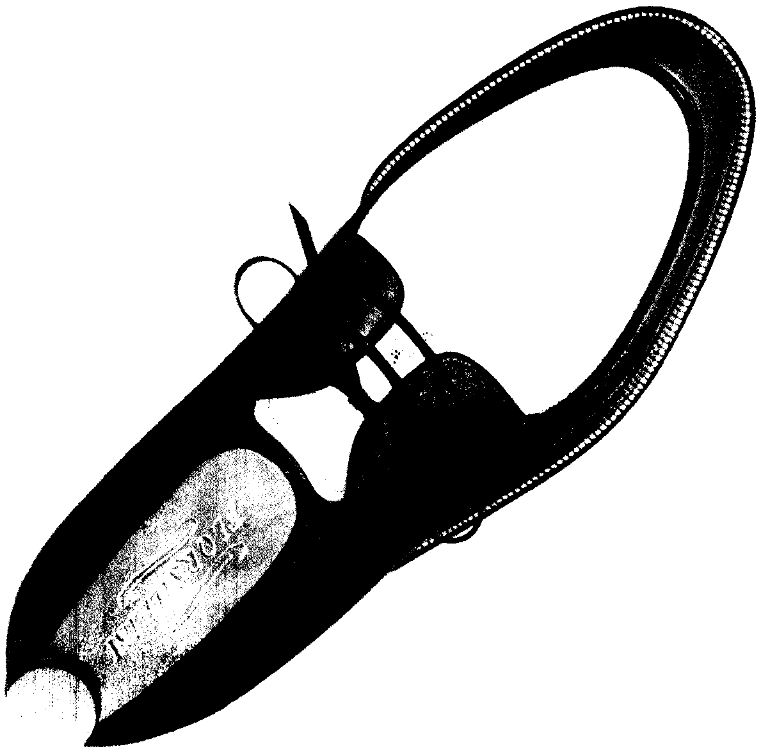
By JOHN GALLAGHER


FOR SALE
FOR SALE
REAL ESTATE
FOR SALE
GALLAGHER

Change over now to the Finest in Cool Shoes!







FLORSHEIM SUMMER TRIO

The choice is yours—and they're really choice! All-over calfskin ventilateds in new slip-on patterns...nylon mesh in the new NULON weaves—lighter, finer, silkier...or crisp white buckskin combinations—in patterns designed to clean easier and stay clean longer! Whatever your choice, you're sure of the finest!

top left: *The* BELVEDERE, S-1673; *wall-tip ventilated slip-on in maple walnut calf.*

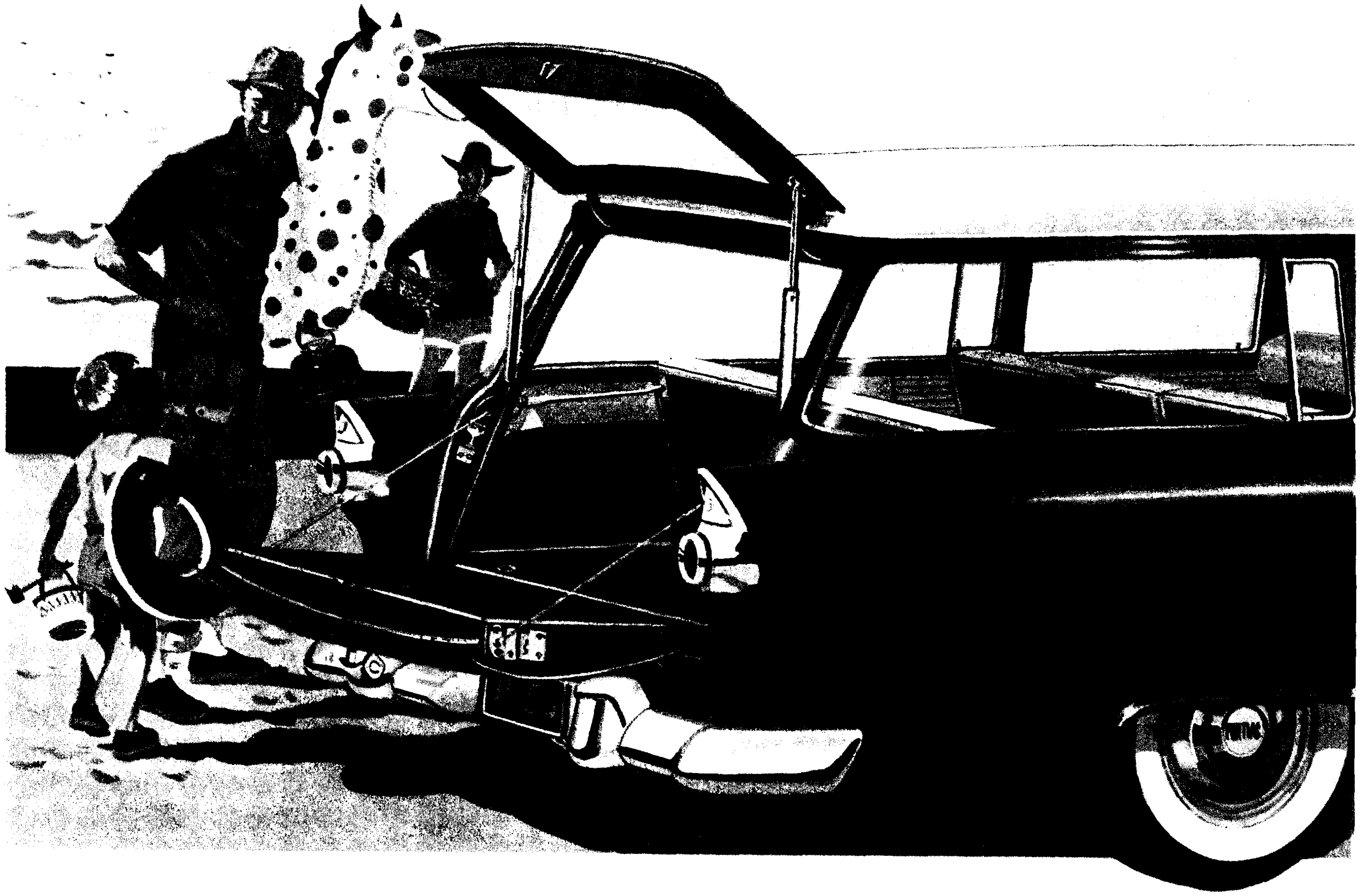
top right: *The* DARBY, S-1676; *three eyelet blucher in maple walnut calf and genuine white buckskin.*

center: *The* MIDWAY, S-1685; *wing tip in maple walnut calf and tan Nulon mesh.*

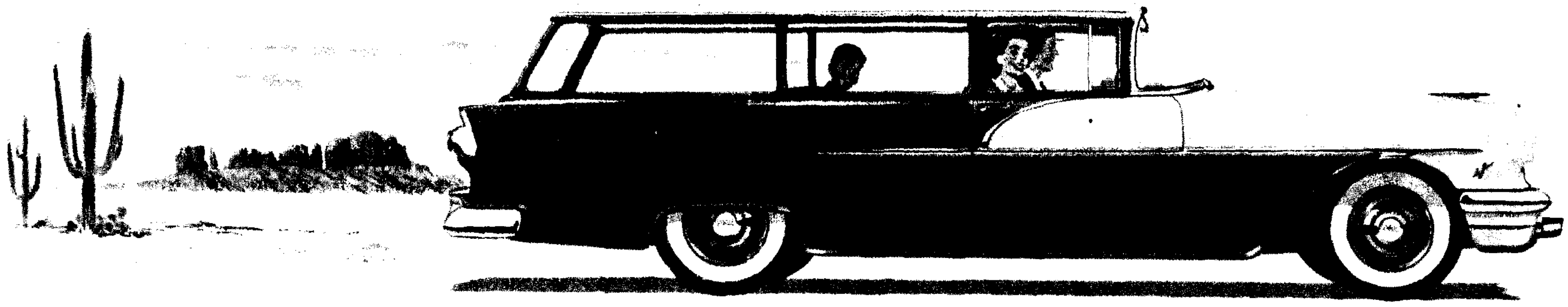
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO 6
MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Florsheim Shoes
$17.95 *and higher*

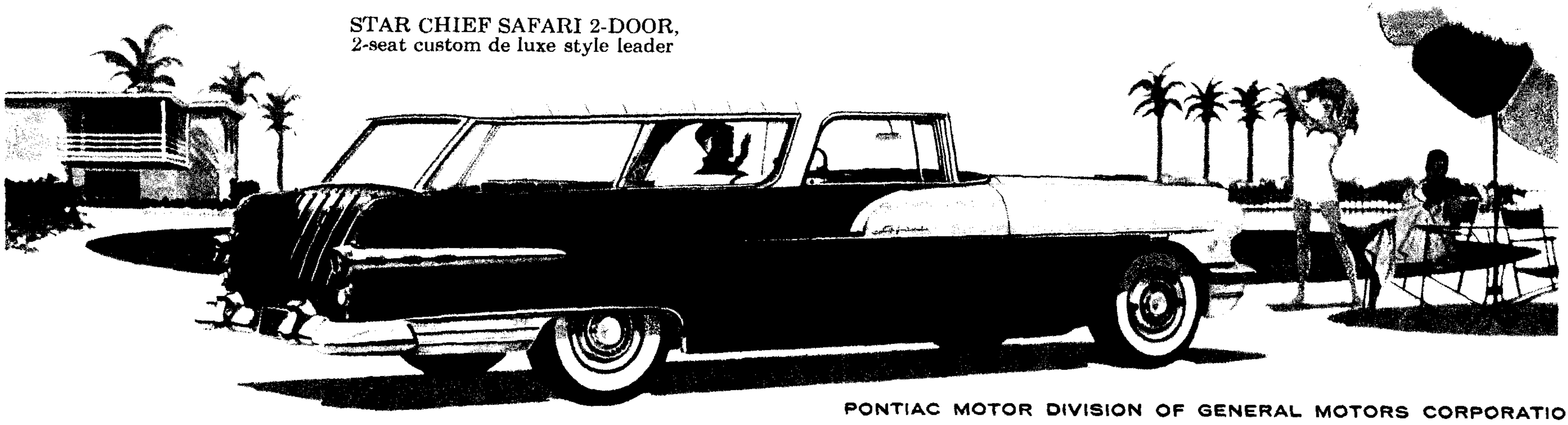


FOUR OF AMERICA'S BEST BUYS . .

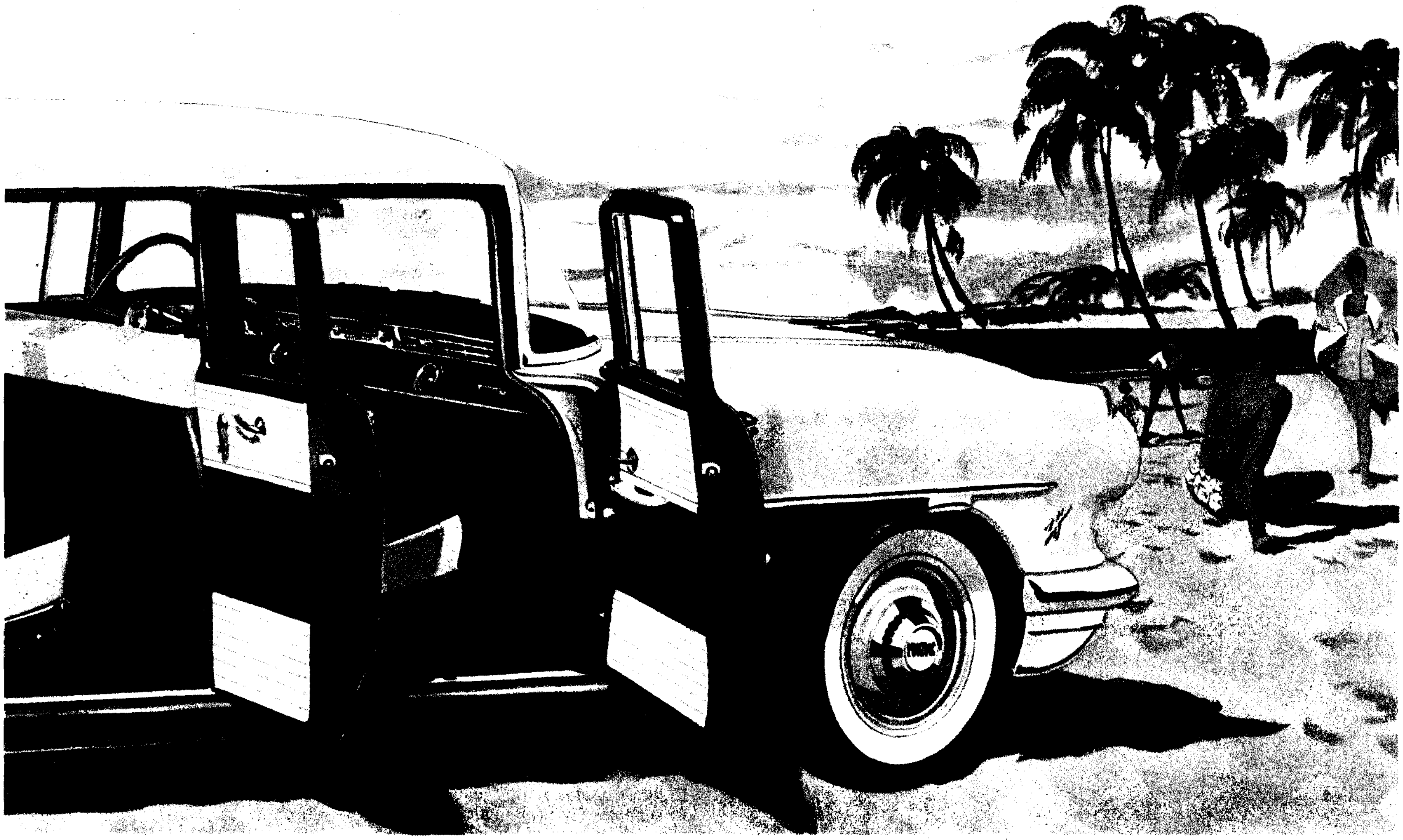


860 2-DOOR, 2-seat, low-priced suburban
favorite available in 48 color combinations

STAR CHIEF SAFARI 2-DOOR,
2-seat custom de luxe style leader



PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



860 4-DOOR, 3-seat, with room for 9 passengers . . . both rear seats fold for extra carrying space

for Beauty, Bigness and Blazing Go!

Why not have fun while you're being practical?

Here are four wonderful ways to do just that! Each one is sleek and exciting as a sports car, handy as a pickup truck . . . and extra *big* in the bargain with a road-leveling 122″ wheelbase!

But the really breath-taking difference in Pontiac's fabulous family wagons is the way they *GO!*

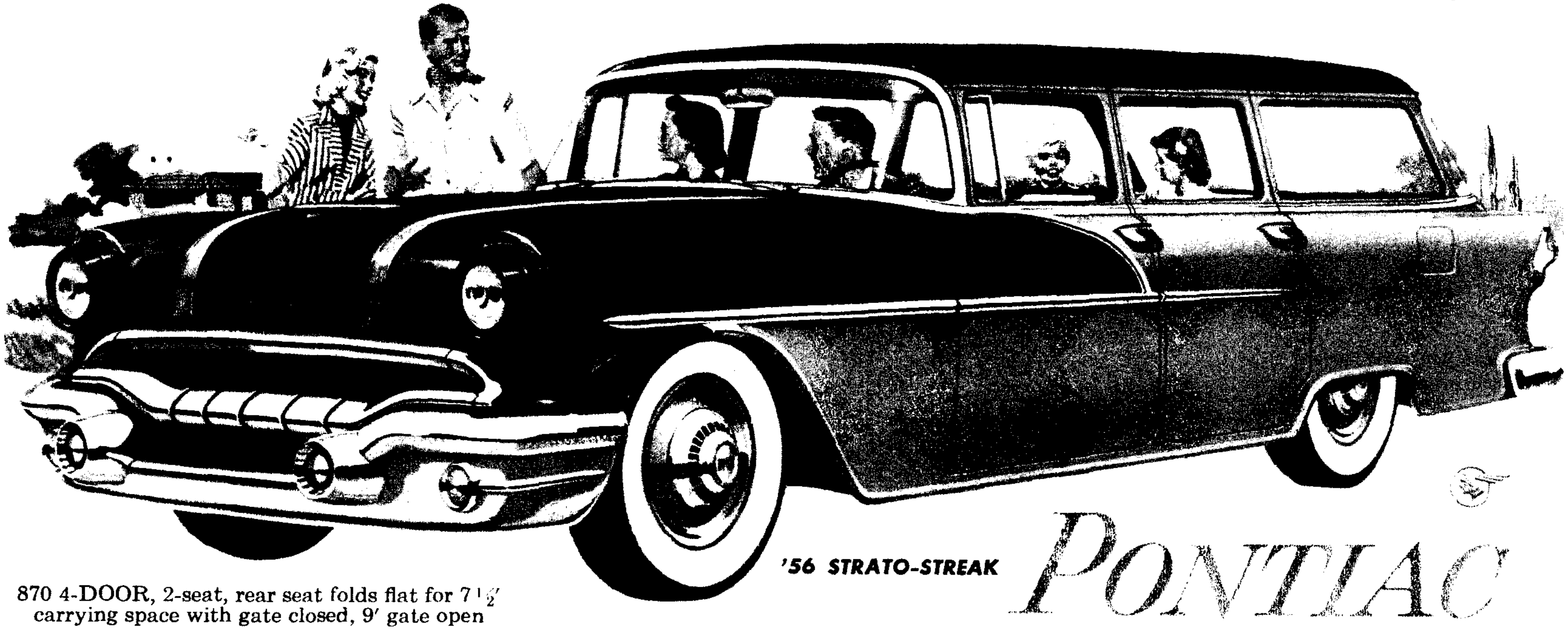
There's nothing like it . . . because they're powered by the greatest performance team ever offered in a station wagon . . . the mighty 227-horsepower Strato-Streak V-8 and revolutionary Strato-Flight Hydra-Matic Drive*!

That big, extra power means handling ease and liveliness you've never known in a big car before.

And wait 'til you hear the prices. They're as practical . . . *and exciting* . . . as the cars themselves . . . starting right down with the lowest!

See your Pontiac dealer soon—see why these fabulous '56 Pontiacs are rated America's best station wagon buys!

**An extra-cost option.*



870 4-DOOR, 2-seat, rear seat folds flat for 7½′ carrying space with gate closed, 9′ gate open

'56 STRATO-STREAK PONTIAC

WITH STRATO-FLIGHT HYDRA-MATIC

IT'S HERE! WONDERFUL NEW INSTANT CREAMER

For those who love fresh cream and modern convenience

NEW
INSTANT
PREAM
100% DAIRY PRODUCT
FOR
COFFEE

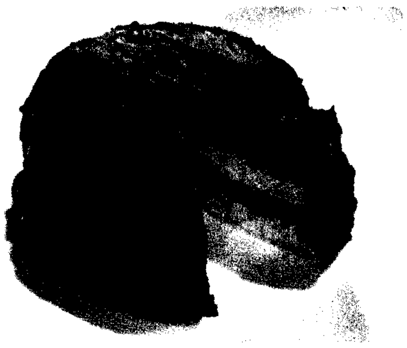
IF YOU LIKE IT "WITH"... YOU'LL LOVE IT WITH PREAM!

PREAM® is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. It's powdered for your convenience . . . always handy and so economical. It stays fresh tasting!

Delicious Pream is a modern, instantly dissolving creamer for coffee or tea, which doesn't spill or spoil in daily use. So **Thrifty** – costs ⅓ less a serving than coffee cream. *Ideal for modern cooking* – gives old-fashioned goodness to simple recipes, like the quick, creamy, new frosting below. For more free recipes, write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 959, Columbus 16, Ohio.

NEW RECIPE
Pream-y Chocolate Frosting

Cream 3 tbsp. butter. Blend in 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar mixed with 2 tbsp. Pream. Add 3½ tbsp. hot water alternately with sugar mixture. Blend in 2 squares melted baking chocolate with ½ tsp. vanilla. Frosts two 8-inch layers.



©1956, H. C. MOORES COMPANY, COLUMBUS 16, OHIO

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

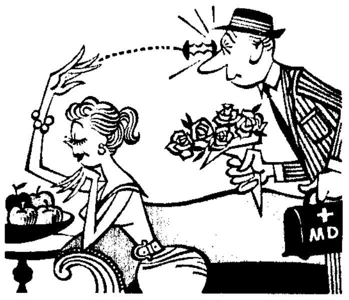
PREAM

48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The weather is pretty chic and we hereby do our best to become seasonably romantic. For example, a Denver, Colorado, gadget salesman and a doctor were concentrating their ardent but honorable attentions on the same lovely young lady. The salesman was packing his bag, preparing to leave town for a week of peddling. Decided to give the pretty chickadee something to remember him by. So he gave her a bag containing seven apples.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Latest important intelligence from Eastport, Maine, to this guiding beacon is supplied by a Bangor gentleman named Experienced Engineer. He says that Army engineers are anxious to get that $1,000,000 from Congress so they can re-explore the possibility of harnessing the Passamaquoddy Bay tides for public power by the time the split-atom boys make their findings obsolete.

★ ★ ★

Desperate efforts are under way to reduce the membership of New Hampshire's House of Representatives from 400 to 250. This, our usually reliable informant says, will not only be a great financial benefit to the state but "release a large number of male citizens for useful industry. As it is," he goes on, "the majority of our citizenry are either in the lower house of the legislature or running for it."

★ ★ ★

The bliss of living in a town that has no future to dream of and boast about is regarded by Mr. Charles Nicholsaefer, of Pickstown, South Dakota, as "something to fight for." When the Fort Randall Dam is completed, Pickstown will have served the purpose for which it was built by the United States government. It cost $9,000,000 to create Pickstown—including paved streets, water system, sewage-disposal plant, fire department, markets, shops, a theater, church, civic center, hospital and everything. The government will soon move out, the dam done, and Mr. Nicholsaefer says he will stay to enjoy life in a community free of "taxes, selectmen, civic priders, mayors and similar impedimenta of civilization."

★ ★ ★

This seems to be as good a time as any we've run across lately to tell you that our Washington correspondent, Mr. James C. Derieux, once asked a citizen of his native South Carolina why he always cast his vote for the late Senator Cotton Ed Smith. The reply was immediate: "Cotton Ed's the only fellow I got to vote against the other fellow with."

★ ★ ★

The population of Vermont—378,000—increased by two tenths of one per cent in the past five years. Mr. Job Hushler, of Montpelier, says he can't account for it. "Thought for sure," says he, "that we were going to overtake Maine. But the census bureau reports that she's outstripped us again with a net population loss of one per cent. We Vermonters have got to discourage folks harder, that's all."

★ ★ ★

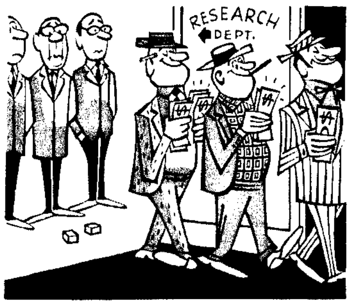
To protect the innocent young women of these 48 from a fate much pleasanter than death, we shall not identify the sponsor. But in a boarding-house window near a Midwest coeducational college there is a sign reading: "Irresistible foreign accents taught here. Success inevitable. Come in and read our campus testimonials."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Hattie Mae Lachenmeyer, who writes envy-provoking pieces for the Cushing (Oklahoma) Citizen, reports on an essay about geese. The author is a local fourth-grader. We quote: "Geese is a low, heavyset bird which is mostly dark meat and feathers. . . . He has a little balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking. Some geese when they get big has curls on their tails and is called ganders. Ganders don't have to sit and hatch but just eat and loaf and go swimming. If I was a goose I would rather be a gander."

★ ★ ★

While you've been rushing around trying to make a fast buck, three University of Pittsburgh researchers into parapsychology—psychic phenomena—have spent 18 months trying to make a pair of dice obey their wishful thinking. Let's say you're in a pleasantly unfriendly crap game. Your point is six. You warm up the bones, speak to them briskly, concentrate and let them trundle. Student observer reports that, so far, the experiment has been crowned with no success. If those three bone hustlers had only consulted experienced us 18 months ago, we could have saved them a lot of time and trouble.


RESEARCH DEPT.

so highly Regarded . . . so easily Recognized . . . so thoroughly Enjoyed . . .

Perfected more than 3 centuries ago . . . unmatched ever since!

Don't be Vague . . . say Haig & Haig ☆ BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF ☆ RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

WARNING !

Today's high-powered engines need frequent spark plug checks to prevent dilution of oil

Don't change to summer oil without a spark plug check!

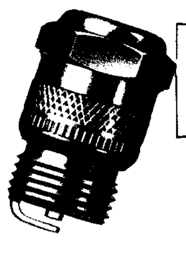
If you haven't checked your plugs in the last 5000 miles, they may be misfiring — and will dilute your new oil with gasoline!

It's a fact that every time a spark plug misses, raw gasoline remains in the cylinder and drains into your crankcase!

Naturally this thins the oil so it can't properly protect costly engine parts . . . and may lead to a big repair bill.

So replace your winter-worn plugs with new 5-rib Champions *before you change to summer-grade oil!* No matter what make or model car you drive, new full-firing Champions will protect your oil from dilution. What's more — they'll give you quicker starts, greater horsepower — and more miles per gallon of gasoline.

Ask your serviceman to check your spark plugs *today*. If you need new ones, insist on 5-rib Champions — the finest money can buy.



CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS

THE AMERICAN TRADITION

an introduction by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

THE series that starts on the following pages, which will run at regular intervals in Collier's in coming months, seeks to recapture and dramatize the American tradition. For, short as is our nation's story, it is replete with drama and excitement, and big with meaning. It is, all in all, the most significant chapter of modern world history and it is perhaps the most fascinating as well. It is the most significant because, in a sense, America's history recapitulates the history of the race, with the impact of nature on man—and of man on nature—most clearly revealed. It is significant, too, because notwithstanding its youth, America is today the oldest democracy, lives under the oldest written constitution, and operates the world's oldest true federal system.

America's story is fascinating because from its earliest infancy its people have been conscious of a peculiar destiny; because upon it have been focused in a most remarkable way the hopes and aspirations of a large part of the human race; and because it has not failed to fulfill that destiny, and in large measure to justify those hopes.

And American history is fascinating, too, because it contains, at every stage, so many elements of drama and romance. Indeed, as we look back over almost four centuries of history it is the pageantry that makes perhaps the sharpest impression: Raleigh planting his colony off Roanoke and returning to find only the mysterious word CROATOAN; the first legislature meeting in the straggling village of Jamestown; the little band of Pilgrims gathering anxiously in the cabin of the Mayflower to draw up a compact of government; Montcalm and Wolfe deciding the fate of a continent on the Plains of Abraham overlooking the blue Saint Lawrence; Franklin drawing lightning from the skies; Captain Parker defying the redcoats at Lexington Common; the British surrendering at Yorktown while the bands played The World Turned Upside Down. The pace quickens, the pace of history and of memory, as the recollection of a hundred stirring events excites our imagination, and the forces of history and tradition crowd in upon us: the great surge of population westward across mountain and prairie and plain and mountain again to the gleaming Pacific; the struggle for Union and for freedom; the building of a turbulent industrial civilization with the new ideal of plenty for all; the growth to giant power and the great climacteric when the New World stepped forth to the rescue and liberation of the Old.

But it is not for pageantry and drama alone that we go to our history, but for those deeper meanings that give to history itself its lasting value. What are those meanings? What has America meant to mankind?

It has meant a chance to prove that men could govern themselves, and to show that a vast continent with the greatest diversity of interest and mixture of peoples could nevertheless hold together as a single nation. It has meant an example to the whole world of expansion without imperialism and power without militarism. And it has meant freedom—freedom from tyrannical government, freedom from economic oppression, freedom from ignorance and superstition.

These are all part of the American tradition, and so, too, those less dramatic and quieter things—the land itself, so spacious and various and beautiful, the struggle with the frontier carried on from generation to generation; the spread of plenty and well-being over a vast area; the widest experiment in public education in all history, schoolhouses in every village and town, and colleges and universities in every state of the land; the elevation of the status and dignity of woman; philanthropy on a scale never before practiced; the spread of libraries and museums and orchestras and the quickening of pride in the commonwealth. All this, too, is part of the American tradition.

In the months to come Collier's will try to recall and to dramatize this rich and varied heritage of America. To this end it has enlisted the pens of the leading historians of the land—historians in that literary tradition which is itself a part of our heritage—to tell the American story in terms of the men and women who made it, the great dramatic events that distinguish it, the incidents, not always significant in themselves but symbolic, the institutions of state and economy and society and culture. It does this not to feed the fires of chauvinism or to pander to the sense of vainglory, but confident that only those proud of their heritage can transmit it to the next generation and that only those who know their traditions can create traditions in which their descendants will take pride.

Lincoln at Richmond: *A few hours before, this smoking city had been the Confederate capital, pride of the South. Now the Union President walked its rubble-strewn streets with only a light guard, and a delirious throng of ex-slaves followed. He entered the rebel White House and sat in Jeff Davis's chair—President, at last, of both North and South*

A nation dies, a nation is reborn

By PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

Sunday, April 2, 1865, was one of those warm, sunny spring days when Richmond becomes a city of flowering gardens enclosed in mellow old brick walls. From the shuttered warehouses along the river to the top of the great hill dominated by the pillared Capitol, the quiet peace of the Sabbath prevailed. People and carriages moved through the streets; most of them were on their way to church, for regular morning services were being held. In this fourth year of the great war, even the Sunday best of the churchgoers was threadbare and patched, but people still tried to keep up appearances: to have done otherwise would have been to admit the terrible threat facing not only Richmond, but the entire South.

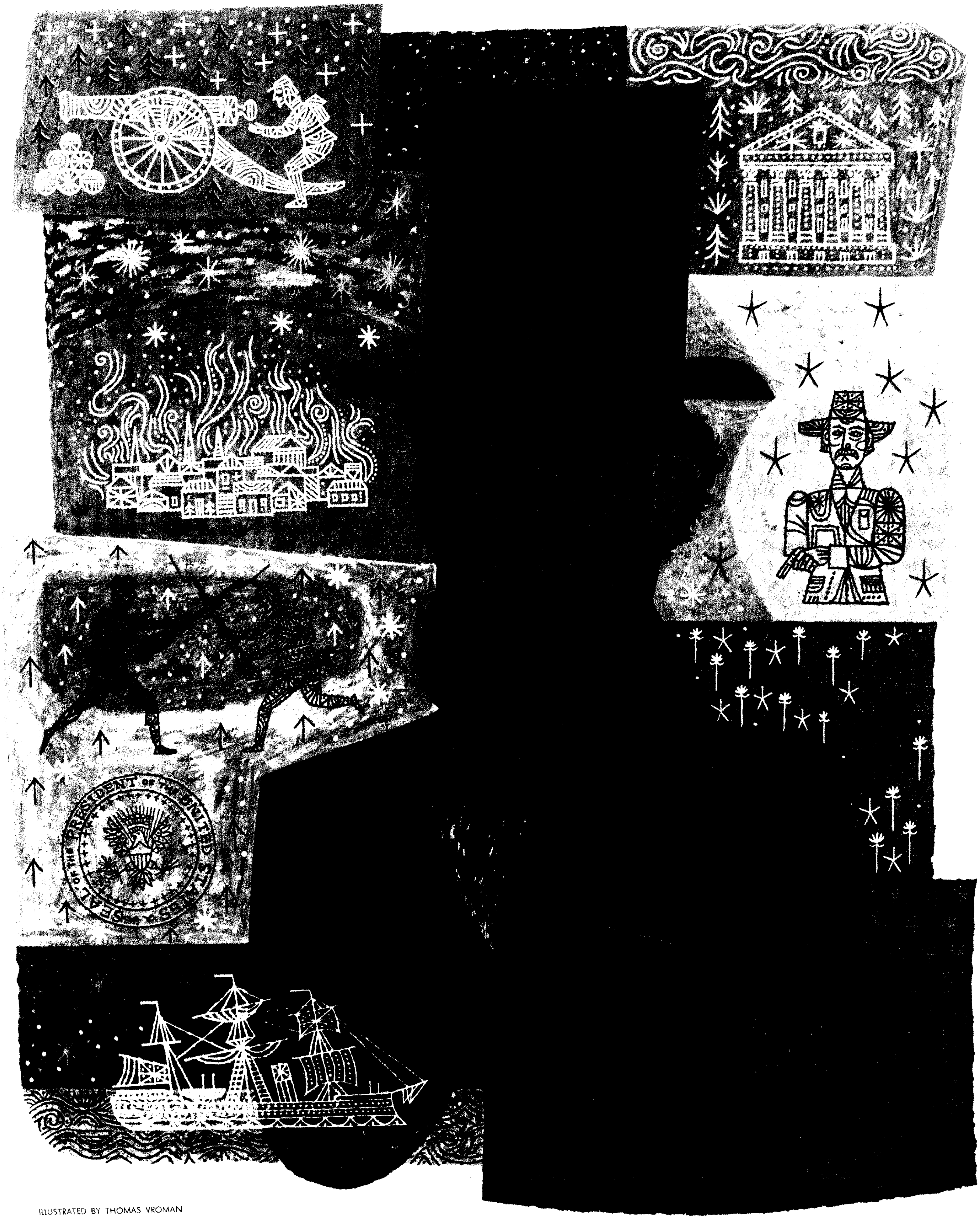
There were many hungry people in the city that morning, as there had been for some time. Food had become expensive and scarce while Confederate money lost its value and communications grew increasingly strained. For the most important fact of life in the Richmond of early April, 1865, was that for the past 10 months General Ulysses S. Grant's huge Army of the Potomac had lain 23 miles away, with only a slender line of weary, tattered Confederates standing between it and the rebel capital. By general agreement, Richmond, the seat of the insurrectionary government, was the symbol of the Confederacy—the prize most eagerly coveted by the Union. If it fell, the South would lose far more than just a city; it would lose its heart and center.

Jefferson Davis was in his pew at Saint Paul's when a messenger came down the aisle to whisper to him. The President of the Confederacy was accustomed to controlling his emotions, but his face was even more rigidly set than usual as he left the church to read a telegram. It was from General Robert E. Lee: I ADVISE THAT ALL PREPARATIONS BE MADE FOR LEAVING RICHMOND TONIGHT.

No official announcement was made, but word spread through the city. By late afternoon a thousand dollars in gold was being offered for a horse, and members of the Confederate government were busy packing their most important records and destroying nonessential documents. They had to hurry, for they were supposed to leave by special train at eight o'clock that night. Actually, the train did not get away until eleven—when it pulled out of a station jammed with despairing people who would have paid any price to get on the already overcrowded cars.

During the night, Lee moved his men out of the vast system of fortifications that had protected the city for nearly four years, and the Army of Northern Virginia began its last march.

It was a night of terror for Richmond, the worst night in the city's history. A contemporary account by a local woman vividly describes it:


SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS VROMAN

"In the distance we heard the shouts of the soldiers and mobs as they ransacked stores; the rumbling of wagons, and beating of drums, all mixed in a confused medley. Just before dawn, explosions of gunboats and magazines shook the city, and glass was shattered, and new houses crumbled beneath the shocks. Involuntarily, I closed the shutters, and then everything became still as death, while immense fires stretched their arms on high all round me. I shuddered at the dreadful silence. Richmond was burning, and no alarm . . .

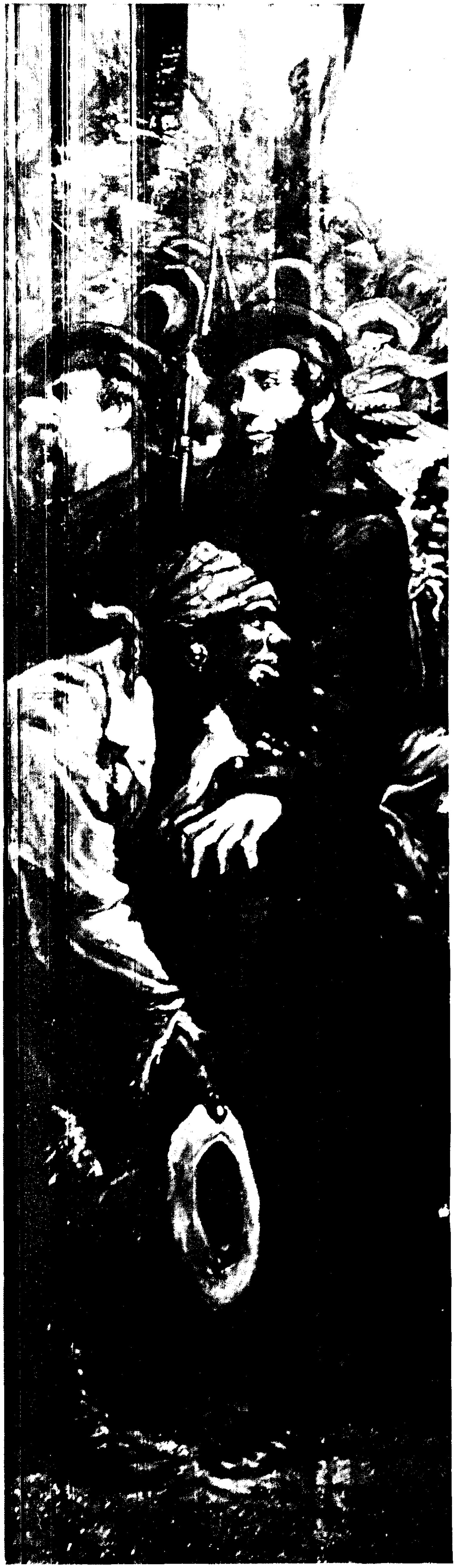
"I cannot describe my feelings as I stood at a window overlooking the city, in that dim dawn. I watched those silent, awful fires; I felt that there was no effort to stop them, but all like myself were watching them, paralysed and breathless. After a while the sun rose . . . a great, red ball, veiled in a mist . . . The streets were alive with hurrying men and women, and the cry of the 'Yankees.' . . . I did not move, I could not, but watched the blue horseman ride to the City Hall, enter, with his sword knocking the ground at every step, throw the great doors open, and take possession of our beautiful city; watched two blue figures on the Capitol, white men . . . unfurl a tiny flag, and then I sank on my knees, and the bitter, bitter tears came in a torrent."

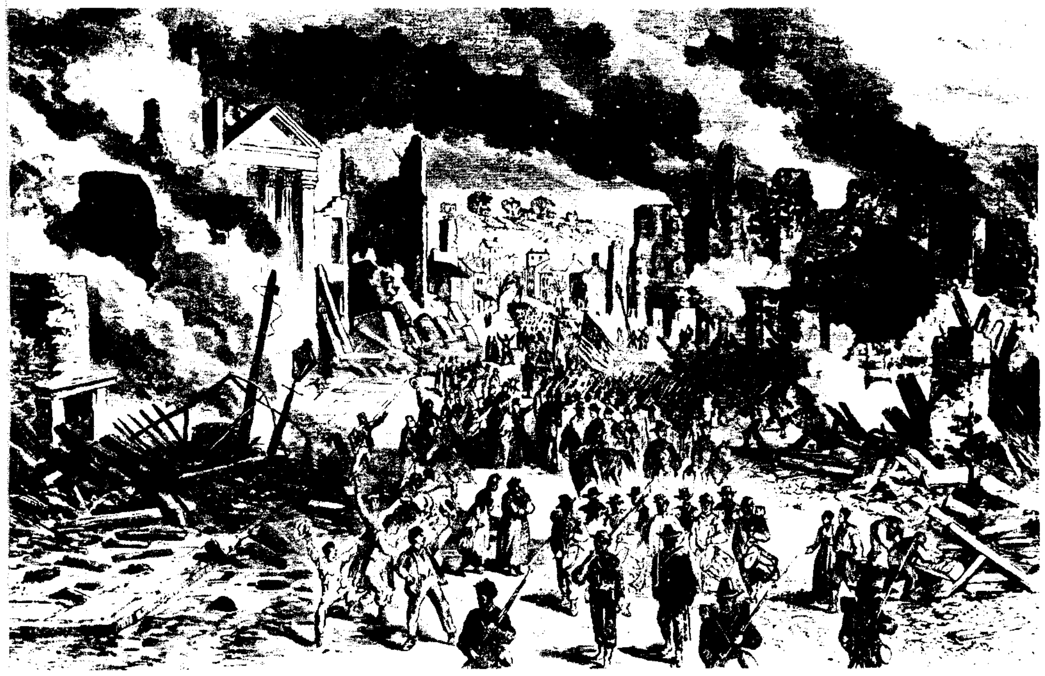
The fires were started by the Confederate Army to prevent the tobacco stored in the city's warehouses from being seized by the oncoming Federal Army, while the river bridges were blown up and burned in order to give the fleeing Confederates a chance to escape. They did not intend to destroy the city, but the fire spread rapidly and was soon beyond control.

Matters were made even worse when convicts escaped from prison to invade streets that were already filled with a riotous, plundering mob. As a preventive measure, the city government broke open the stores of liquor, and the gutters ran reeking with floods of alcohol as thousands of gallons were destroyed.

At dawn the arsenal blew up with an earth-shaking roar; then, for hours afterward, hundreds of thousands of shells kept exploding to rain fire and shattered metal down upon the stricken city. When the first Union troops arrived, their immediate duty was to press every able-bodied male citizen into service in an attempt to bring the raging fires under control. They worked at this dangerous task all day long, and finally had to blow up whole blocks of buildings to keep the flames from spreading. Despite their efforts, the fire kept burning in some parts of the city for days.

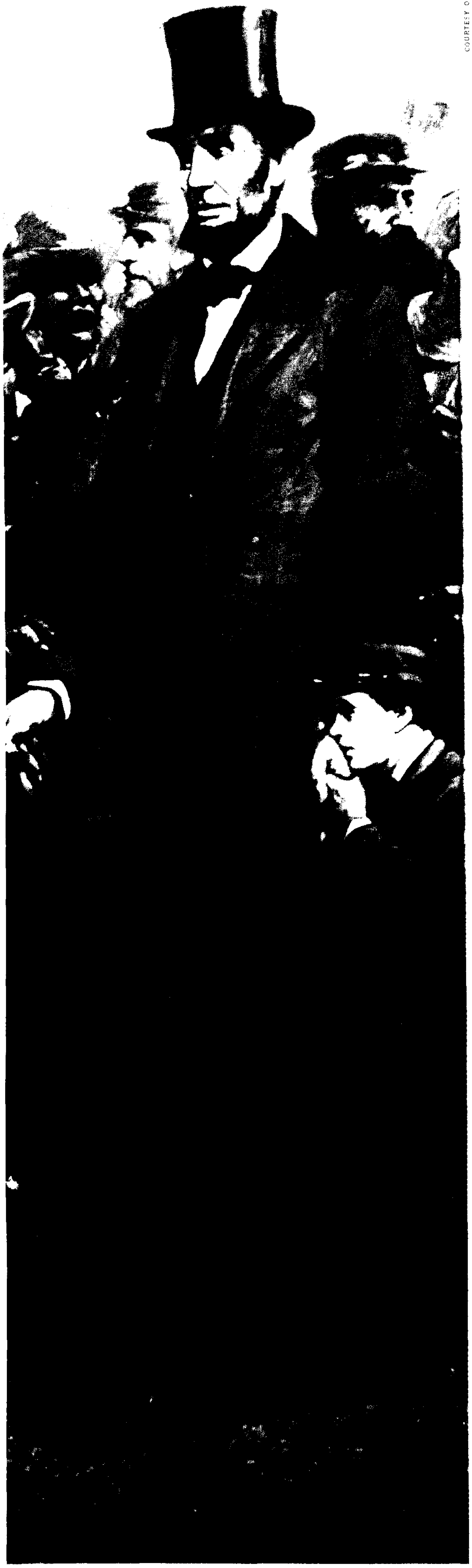
Only 23 miles away, at City Point, the President of the Northern States, Abraham Lincoln, was waiting patiently on board the steamer River Queen. He had come down from Washington on March 23d at General Grant's invitation, and he had spent day after day visiting the front at





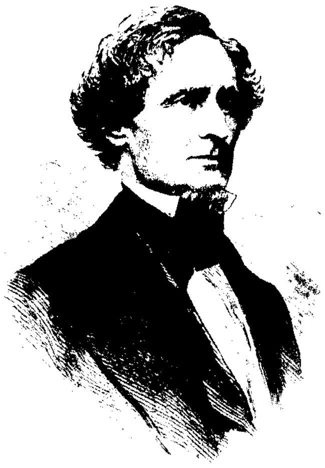
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Union troops enter the burning rebel capital. Drawn by war artist Joseph Becker



COURTESY OSCAR B. CINTAS

Lincoln and son walk through Richmond. Painted by the famed political cartoonist of later years, Thomas Nast



Jefferson Davis

Petersburg or cruising around the river in Admiral David Dixon Porter's barge. Mrs. Lincoln had come with him, and they had brought tongue-tied little Tad along in order to keep him out of trouble, for he was a spoiled and mischievous child.

City Point was a strategic place for the President to be at this crucial time. Its docks, railroads and warehouses were the nerve center for the great drive on Petersburg and Richmond, and Grant had his headquarters there, so the telegraph connecting Washington and the various armies brought the latest news from all fronts.

General William Tecumseh Sherman had arrived at City Point on the twenty-seventh, after a hurried journey from Goldsboro, North Carolina, where he had left his victorious army that had marched across Georgia to cut the Confederacy apart. That evening, President Lincoln called a conference in the aftercabin of the River Queen, for he had come to City Point to discuss the terms of peace with his high command. He impressed upon Grant, Sherman and Porter that he wanted to offer a generous peace to the Southern people; in fact, he had never stopped thinking of them as part of one nation. In order to reunite the whole country as quickly as possible and get it firmly established on a peaceful basis again, President Lincoln was willing to let the leaders of the Confederacy escape without punishment.

Immediately after that, Sherman had gone off to rejoin his army, and the great offensive against Petersburg and Richmond was begun by Grant's big, powerful Army of the Potomac. The fighting went on day and night, in good weather and bad, until the thin gray line defending the two cities was stretched to the breaking point.

The President spent most of the time during these anxious days in the telegraph tent, waiting for news from the front. One night he dreamed that the White House was on fire. He sent Mrs. Lincoln to Washington on April 1st to make sure everything was all right.

It was also at this time that Lincoln had the most clearly prophetic of all his many prophetic dreams. He told it about ten days later to his friend Ward Lamon, who made these notes of Lincoln's words:

"There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along. It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? . . . I kept on until I arrived at the East Room [of the White House]. . . . Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer; 'he was killed by an assassin!' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream . . ."

On the night that Richmond was being evacuated, Lincoln and Porter were sitting on the deck of the admiral's flagship, the Malvern, watching the distant guns flash against the sky. The deep rumble of cannon fire had been coming from the direction of Petersburg for several days. The President was nervous and impatient. "Can't the Navy do something now to make history?" he asked Porter.

"The Navy is busy keeping four big Confederate ironclads bottled up in the James River," Porter explained.

"But can't we at least make some noise?"

Porter smiled understandingly and got up to send a message to the Federal vessels lying above Dutch Gap. He told them to fire all their guns at the Confederate river forts and keep firing as rapidly as possible for an hour. The bombardment soon began, with the guns lighting up the northwestern sky.

Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion, followed by three more. Lincoln thought something had gone wrong, but Porter's trained ear told him what had happened.

The Confederates had blown up their four ironclads in order to save them from falling into Federal hands. As soon as the obstructions and floating mines could be removed from the channel, the way to Richmond would be clear.

Tuesday, April 4th, was Tad Lincoln's twelfth birthday. He must have felt lonely and neglected that morning, for his mother had gone back to Washington, and his father was endlessly busy with generals and admirals. But it was to be an important day for him, one he would always remember. Admiral Porter had persuaded his father to visit Richmond, and Tad was to go along.

Torpedo boats had worked all night to blow up the sunken hulks the Navy had placed in the James in order to block the Confederate ironclads. Then they had gone farther up the river to explode or pull out the huge floating mines that guarded the channel. The river had never been entirely closed to traffic; both Federal and Confederate obstructions had narrow openings through which the small flag-of-truce boats could pass with prisoners to be exchanged.

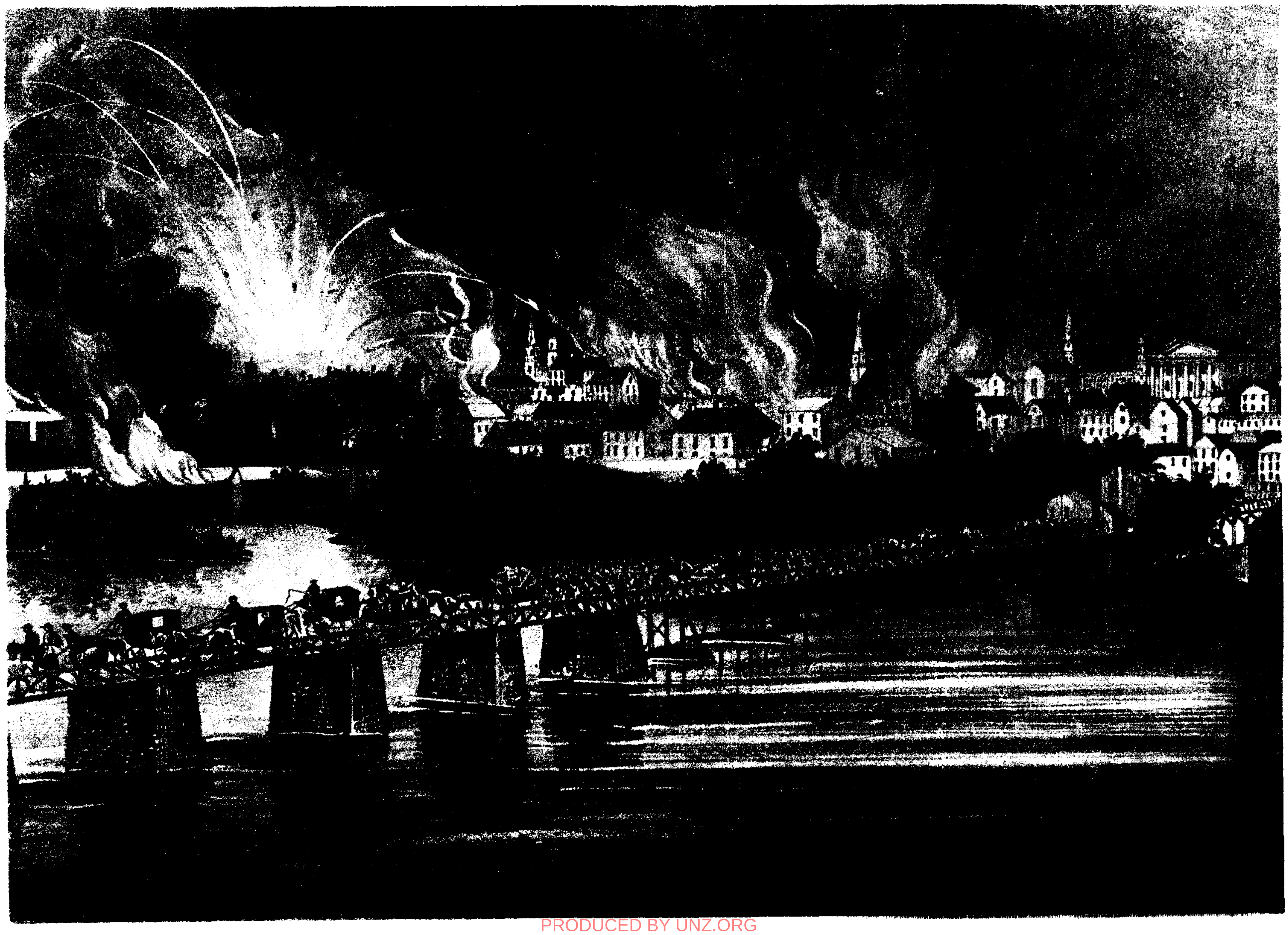
By early morning the military telegraph office at City Point was sure that Major General Godfrey Weitzel's army of occupation was firmly in command of Richmond and that all the fortifications defending the upper James had been abandoned. Lincoln, Tad and the President's bodyguard, William H. Crook, started upriver in the River Queen, accompanied by Admiral Porter's Malvern and another Navy vessel called the Bat, commanded by John S. Barnes.

Scattered clouds moved across the sky, but the day was pleasantly warm, and there was hardly enough wind to ruffle the broad, muddy surface of the historic river. They passed other Union ships, all dressed with flags to celebrate the fall of Richmond. It was noon when they reached Aiken's Landing.

An hour later they were beyond Fort Brady and what had been the most advanced Federal lines. They were now running through territory which only two days before had been heavily defended by an entrenched Confederate Army. But the elaborate earthworks on both sides of the river were deserted, and the big guns mounted on them were no longer a threat.

All the way up, a careful lookout had been kept for torpedoes or hulks sunk in the channel to block it, but in these unfamiliar waters the ships had to be slowed down even more and the watch was redoubled. Occasion-

The Confederate flight from Richmond, as seen in a contemporary Currier & Ives print. The city burned when fires meant to destroy valuable tobacco got out of control



ally, some of the giant torpedoes that had been taken up earlier that morning were seen lying on the shore like huge, stranded fish. They were formidable weapons, often carrying a charge of 2,000 pounds of powder that could be exploded either by contact or electrically by observers on shore. And floating mines like these had taken their toll of ships and lives on this very river.

From here to Richmond the river was in dreadful condition; partly sunken ironclads, gunboats and commercial vessels littered the channel, and the rack and ruin of war could be seen everywhere. Charred timbers from burned bridges were floating downstream, and the brown water was dotted with the bloated bodies of dead horses.

The Confederate obstruction at Fort Darling was considered too narrow to pass. At one forty the Malvern dropped anchor, and Porter came out in his barge to pick up the President, Tad, Crook and several officers. He commandeered the naval tug Glance to tow the barge and his ship's third cutter up the river, and he placed a Marine guard of 30 men on the tug.

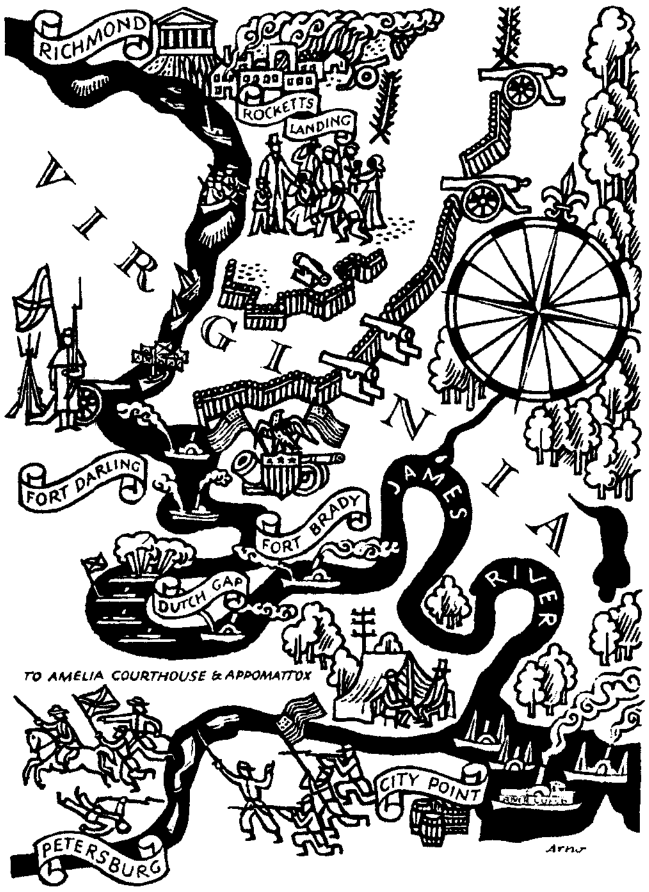
When they came to a bridge they saw a Confederate flag-of-truce boat, the William Allison, in trouble there. Since she was boldly flying the Stars and Bars, they approached cautiously, with men standing ready at arms.

Then they were surprised to see a Union admiral appear on deck to wave cheerfully at Porter and greet him with laughter. It was Admiral David Farragut, the hero of Mobile Bay and the senior officer of the United States Navy. With him was General George H. Gordon. They had come up the river during the night, had gotten off at Aiken's Landing, and had ridden overland to Richmond. When they heard that Porter was bringing the President up the river, they thought it would be a good joke to commandeer a rebel boat and run down to boast that they had been in Richmond first.

Admiral Porter ordered the Glance to go to their rescue and pull them loose. The tug promptly went aground. Porter must have felt that the humor of the occasion was wearing rather thin. He decided to go ahead under oars and enter the city without the Marine guard who were stranded helplessly on the tug. The barge started upstream, slowly followed by the third cutter.

The President was more amused by his ever-diminishing fleet than Porter was. He told one of his characteristic stories, this time about an office seeker who wanted to be appointed a foreign minister. When he was refused that, the man made a more modest request. It was also turned down. Then he was willing to settle for a job as customs officer. "When he saw he could not get that," the President said, "he asked me for an old pair of trousers."

But Porter had little reason to be amused at the turn of events that had stripped him of ships and guards. He was the ranking officer, personally responsible for the safety of the President of the United States, who at his suggestion was about to enter the still-flaming city which had just been evacuated by the Confederate government. No one in the barge really knew what was happening in Richmond. Porter was not even aware there were no Union troops in the southeastern part of the city, where the President's party was to land. And he could not hope to foresee how the people in the defeated Confederate stronghold would behave when they saw the commander in chief of the army that had driven out their government.



President Lincoln was visiting Gen. Grant at City Point, supply base for the Army of the Potomac, when Richmond fell. As Lee's troops headed west toward Appomattox, Lincoln went up the river with Adm. Porter, stepping ashore at Rocketts Landing

Richmond lay before them now, magnificent in the grandeur of its destruction. The pillared Capitol, still intact, crowned the heights above the city, and the whole section along the nearest shore was just as it had been left by the fleeing Confederate Army. But the three great river bridges were gone, and the entire business area between the Capitol and the river was either in ruins or still aflame.

The barge headed toward Rocketts Landing. It got stuck on a rock, was pushed off, and then moved on again. Confederate cannon and plundered supply wagons stood near the warehouses along the waterfront. Several dozen Negroes, who had been digging in a field, stopped work to watch the boat come ashore.

Some of the sailors jumped out to make the barge fast, and the President and Tad were helped out. The cutter was far behind; still farther down the river was Barnes with a few men in the gig from the Bat. He was rowing frantically upstream to try to overtake the Presidential party.

Twelve sailors, the President of the United States, his young son Tad, Rear Admiral David Dixon Porter, a Navy captain, an Army captain, a signal officer and the President's bodyguard made up the party. The sailors were armed with carbines and bayonets. Crook had a Colt revolver, and the officers doubtless wore their side arms. But they still had no idea what kind of reception they might expect.

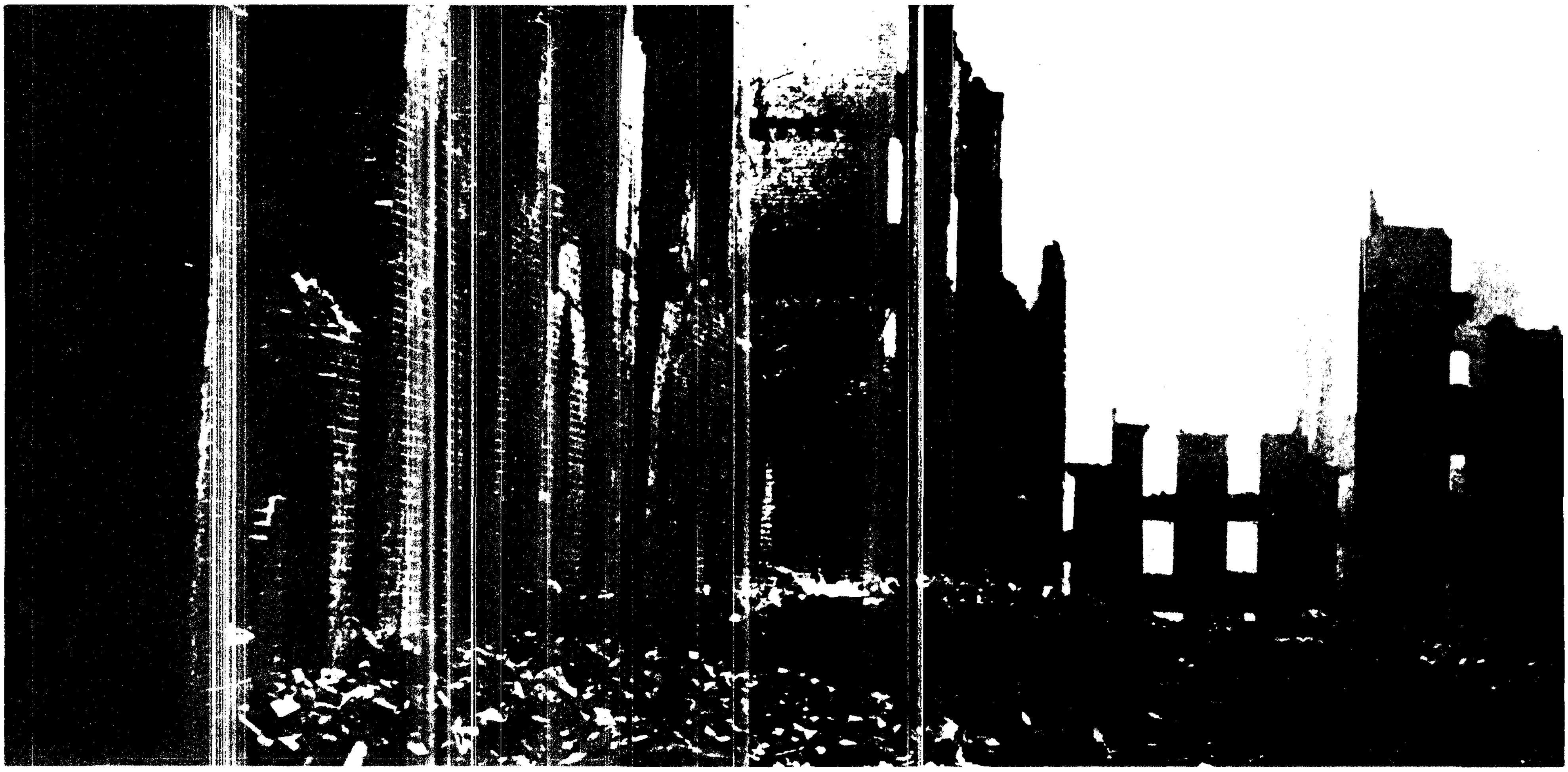
As the President stepped ashore, dressed in his long black coat and wearing his customary tall silk hat, some of the Negroes recognized him from pictures they had seen. There was a buzz of excited talk. Here, at last, was the man who had set them free; this was the long-awaited Messiah whose coming had been foretold in many a secretly worded spiritual sung at nightfall on thousands of plantations throughout the South. Here, in person, was the Father Abraham of their hopes and dreams.

A white-haired old man rushed forward to throw himself at the feet of the President, mumbling incoherently as he tried to kiss his dusty boots. The others pushed forward, shouting. Their excitement was instantly communicated to scores and then to hundreds of Negroes who sprang up from nowhere to surround the President in a wildly exultant mob.

Lincoln was embarrassed: he urged the kneeling man to get up and spoke to the others, repeatedly having to raise his voice in order to be heard above the noise of the ever-growing crowd. Porter quietly told his men to fix bayonets and form a circle around the President. More and more Negroes kept swarming over the landing, laughing, shouting and singing as they came. Porter said later that at one time they joined together to sing a hymn.

Nothing would satisfy them but to hear from the President himself that they were really free. They kept asking him again and again to tell them so. Finally he held up his hand for silence, and those who were near enough to see the gesture quieted down. He spoke briefly, assuring them that they were no longer slaves and that they must learn to act and live like free men.

Everyone cheered; then, at a nod from Porter, the sailors opened a way through the crowd, and the President started to walk toward the center of the city. His admirers had no intention of staying



behind. They followed along, and, as they left the waterfront district, more and more people joined them, white as well as black.

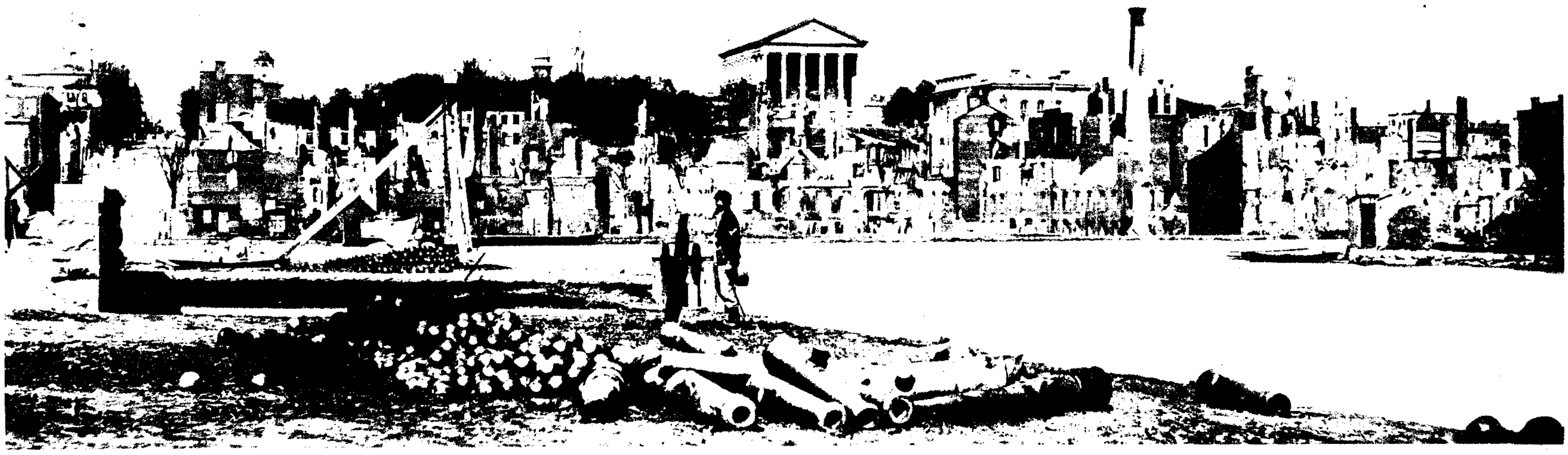
During the two-mile walk through the ravaged streets of the unpoliced city, the attitude toward the lightly guarded man who was making his way slowly up the hill was simply that of curiosity, even among the whites. Most of them were poor or middle-class people, for the aristocracy had fled or were staying behind shuttered windows.

Crook said of the crowd: "The only sign of welcome I saw . . . was from a young lady on a bridge that connected the Spotswood House with another hotel across the street. She had an American flag over her shoulders." But Porter claims a man in shirt sleeves rushed up to greet the President with the words "Abraham Lincoln, God bless you! You are the poor man's friend!" Then he tried to seize Lincoln's hand, and Porter had to push him away. The admiral also said that a beautiful girl struggled through the crowd, "her clothes very much disarranged in making the journey," to hand the President a bouquet and a card inscribed: "From Eva to the Liberator of the slaves." Although Porter does not say so, she was probably of mulatto birth: it is unlikely that any white woman in Richmond would have risked her future with such a gesture.

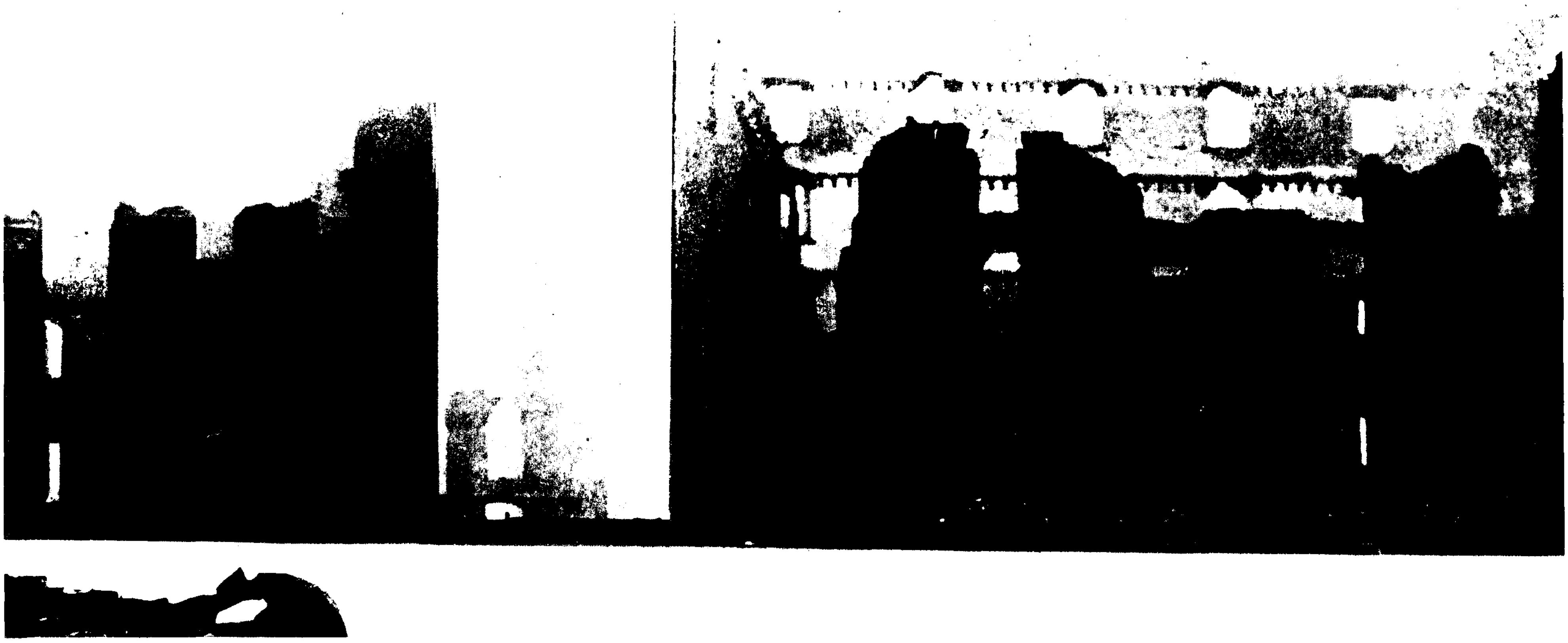
Crook does not mention these two incidents. In fact, the naturally suspicious bodyguard believed that he prevented an attempted assassination, for he said: "The blinds of a second-story window of a house on our left were partly opened, and a man dressed in gray pointed something that looked like a gun directly at the President. I dropped Tad's hand and stepped in front of Mr. Lincoln. I was sure he meant to shoot." But Crook admits that no one else was alarmed, including the President. And finally he says: "It is to the everlasting glory of the South that he was permitted to come and go in peace."

But the danger was still very real; in fact, it was increasing every minute, for the surprise of the unexpected landing was over. By this time, many people in Richmond knew that the Northern President was walking through the streets of their city with a very small guard, and it would have been very easy for one or more of them to take overt action. But no one did, and Abraham Lincoln was permitted to pass unharmed through the former citadel of the Confederacy.

The little group with its accompanying crowd pushed on up the hill. The day was hot, the air was thick with the acrid odor of smoke and burned wood, and Lincoln had to stop several times to rest. At last they saw their first Federal soldier, a cavalryman sitting on his horse, looking



Richmond from the James River. The pillared building, center, is the Confederate Capitol. All damage was done by fire; the city never came under actual attack



This striking picture by Mathew Brady shows Richmond's ruins after the Confederate retreat. The other photos on these pages are also by the famed Civil War cameraman

on with the same curiosity as the others. Porter sent him to General Weitzel for a cavalry escort, which soon arrived to clear the streets. For the first time, the President was adequately guarded in the newly captured city.

Barnes and his men soon caught up with Lincoln's party, and they all went on to the house Jefferson Davis had occupied as President of the Confederacy. Weitzel had made it his official residence, so there were plenty of Federal officers and soldiers on hand to greet the President and make him comfortable.

He went inside to look around curiously at the interior of the house that Davis had quit less than 48 hours before. Then he entered Davis's tiny office, sat down tiredly at the Confederate President's desk, and asked for a drink of water.

For the first time since he had been elected, he could now feel that he was President of the whole United States.

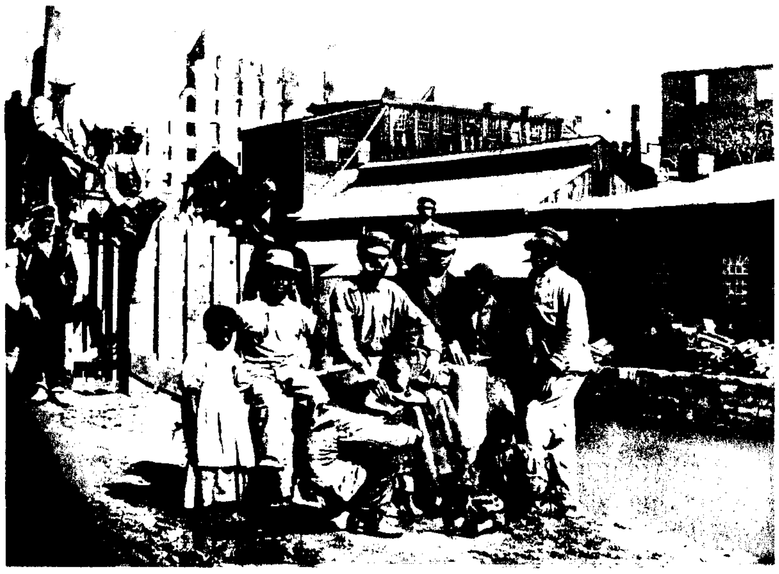
As he sat there at the desk of the man who had been his counterpart and his enemy, Abraham Lincoln must have thought about the four years of war.

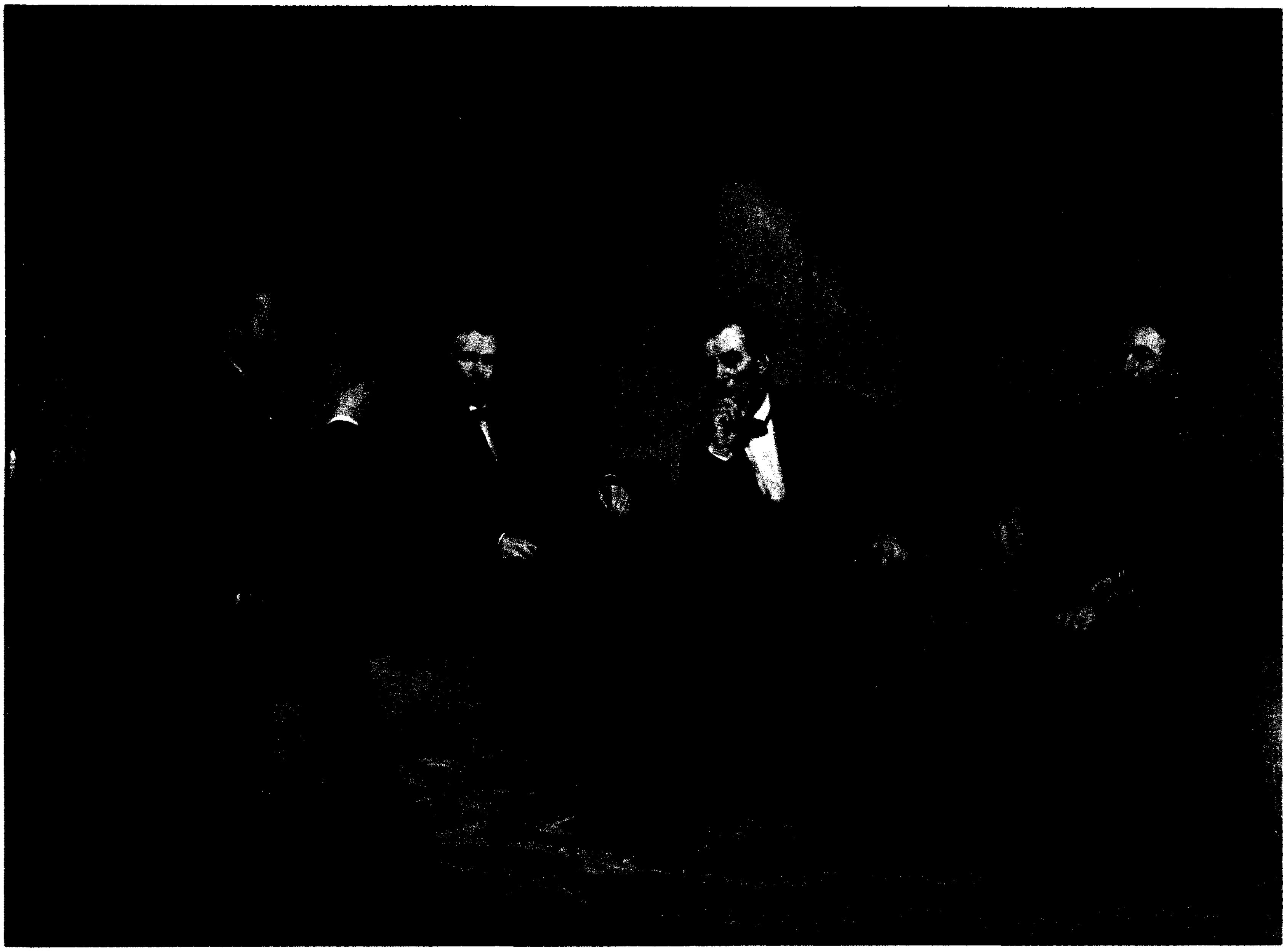
From the first fiasco at Bull Run through all the disappointments of the Peninsular Campaign, Second Bull Run, the two bungled chances to follow up victory after Antietam and Gettysburg, and the horrible slaughter that took place in battle after battle to the north of Richmond—when Burnside, Hooker and even Grant were successively unable to beat down Lee's seemingly invincible army—the war had been one long nightmare to the sensitive President. Now it was almost over, and there would be time for much rejoicing.

After resting for a short while, the President asked Weitzel's aide whether Davis's housekeeper was still on the premises. When he heard that she had left, he got to his feet and said with almost boyish anticipation: "Come on then, let's look at the house." They went through all the rooms of the three-story mansion, which time and hardship had reduced from its former elegance to a state of shabby disrepair. As they were coming down the stairs, cavalry clattered up to the door and General Weitzel entered, having hurried to the house as soon as he was told that the President was there. He introduced his staff officers, and the occasion was celebrated with a bottle of fine old whisky from Davis's well-furnished cellar. It was passed around until its contents were gone. The President, as usual, did not drink.

Then a simple midafternoon luncheon was served. During it, the state

Above, two black-clad widows, a familiar sight in the wartime South, walk through the shattered streets of Richmond after the entry of Gen. Weitzel's Union troops. Below, some newly liberated Negroes pose for the photographer





Aboard the River Queen, Lincoln meets with (left) Generals Sherman and Grant and (right) Adm. Porter. This painting by George P. A. Healy hangs in the White House

of affairs at the front must have been discussed. It was known that Lee, trying to flee to the west with the remnants of his army, was at Amelia Court House, hard pressed by Grant, and that his men were in desperate need of food.

It was late in the day when an officer's ambulance came to take the President on a tour of the city.

Surrounded by cavalry, the President went to the Capitol, where he saw the upturned chairs and desks and scattered papers of the hastily departed legislature. Negroes were bowling in the empty corridors, and souvenir hunters had already taken their toll of the furnishings. On the lawn, worthless $1,000 Confederate bonds were blowing across the grass. And huddled on the slopes below the building were hundreds of refugees from the fire, waiting with the few belongings they had saved from their burning homes.

The President was shown all the sights of the city. He was taken through the burned-out district, where tumbled brick walls made it difficult for a wheeled vehicle to get through; then he was driven past Libby Prison and Castle Thunder, which were now filled with Confederate instead of Union prisoners. Somewhere along the route the party heard a 35-gun salute coming from Rocketts Landing. The Malvern had run through the obstructions and was anchoring there for the night. The long, tiring, exciting day was ending. They were glad to reach the familiar ship and have dinner on board.

City Point, Va., with the besieging army's supply depot in the foreground and

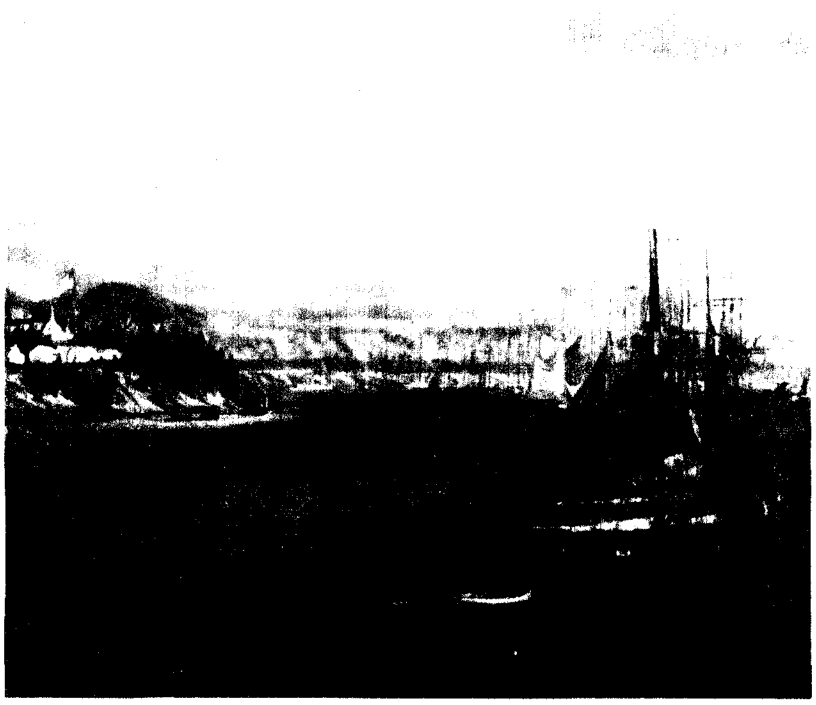
That night the correspondent of the Boston Journal wrote that despite the President's many enemies, "there are thousands of men in Richmond tonight who would lay down their lives for President Lincoln—their great deliverer—their best friend on earth. He came among them unheralded, without pomp or parade. He walked through the streets as if he were only a private citizen and not the head of a mighty nation. He came not as a conqueror—not with bitterness in his heart, but with kindness. He came as a friend, to alleviate sorrow and suffering—to rebuild what has been destroyed."

Now that he had the President safely on board, Porter began to realize how reckless they had been during the day in exposing him to very genuine danger. Guards were posted at the doors of his cabin, and Porter became increasingly apprehensive about his safety.

During the night several attempts were made to hail the Malvern from the shore, but when a boat was sent to answer the calls, no one was there. Since four men had deserted from the ship's third cutter that day, it may have been some of them trying to return to the ship. And their subsequent disappearance may have been the result of a sudden change of heart when they were faced with the prospect of the stiff punishment meted out by the Navy to wartime deserters. But Porter interpreted the mysterious calls as threats of assassination. Thereafter, he later recalled, "every precaution was taken that no one should get on board the Malvern without full identification." The night passed without further event.

The next morning, an old man dressed in tattered homespun appeared on the landing carrying a six-foot, heavy wooden staff. In a commanding voice he said to the officer of the deck: "Tell Abraham Lincoln that Duff Green is here to see him." The President said he knew the elderly eccentric and asked that he be brought aboard. Lincoln's path had crossed Green's many times before; they were fellow Kentuckians, and they were even distantly related by marriage. Green was an adventurer who had been mixed up in dozens of big deals from railroads to politics and who had wound up on the Southern side of the Civil War. He came aboard—minus his wicked-looking staff. The President offered his hand. Green scorned it, saying that it was stained with blood; then he denounced Lincoln as a tyrant who had come to Richmond to gloat over the Confederate defeat. The welcoming smile faded from the President's face. After listening to the outburst for a few moments, he turned to Weitzel and said: "General, please give Mr. Green a pass to go to his friends."

Porter then suggested that they return to City Point, where things would be more peaceful. They steamed down the river, and by midafternoon the President was back on the River Queen at her familiar mooring.

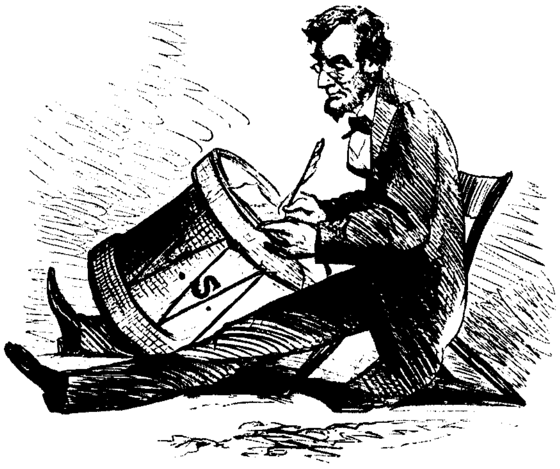


COURTESY ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART

Grant's headquarters on the distant bluffs. The painting is by Edward L. Henry

Later that day, word came that Mrs. Lincoln was on her way from Washington with a party of friends. And Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton telegraphed that Secretary of State William H. Seward had been seriously injured in a carriage accident.

Mrs. Lincoln and her guests, who included the Marquis de Chambrun, Senator Charles Sumner, and Senator and Mrs. James Harlan and their daughter, who was to marry Robert Todd Lincoln, arrived at noon. They stayed three days, visiting Richmond, the now-quiet sector around Petersburg and the vast military hospitals in the area. Then, because of the President's worry about Seward, they cut their stay short and started back to Washington on April 8th.



Lincoln's dispatches to Washington were so vivid the press ran them in full, prompting this joke in Harper's Weekly, titled: "From our special war correspondent. 'City Point . . . All seems well . . . A. Lincoln'"

While the high drama of the surrender at Appomattox was being acted out the next morning, the River Queen sailed placidly up the Potomac. The little party spent most of that quiet Sunday talking about literary matters, and the President read aloud from Shakespeare. He paused after the famous passage from Macbeth:

Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Then, according to the Marquis de Chambrun, he was evidently so impressed with the dark import of the words that he read them again.

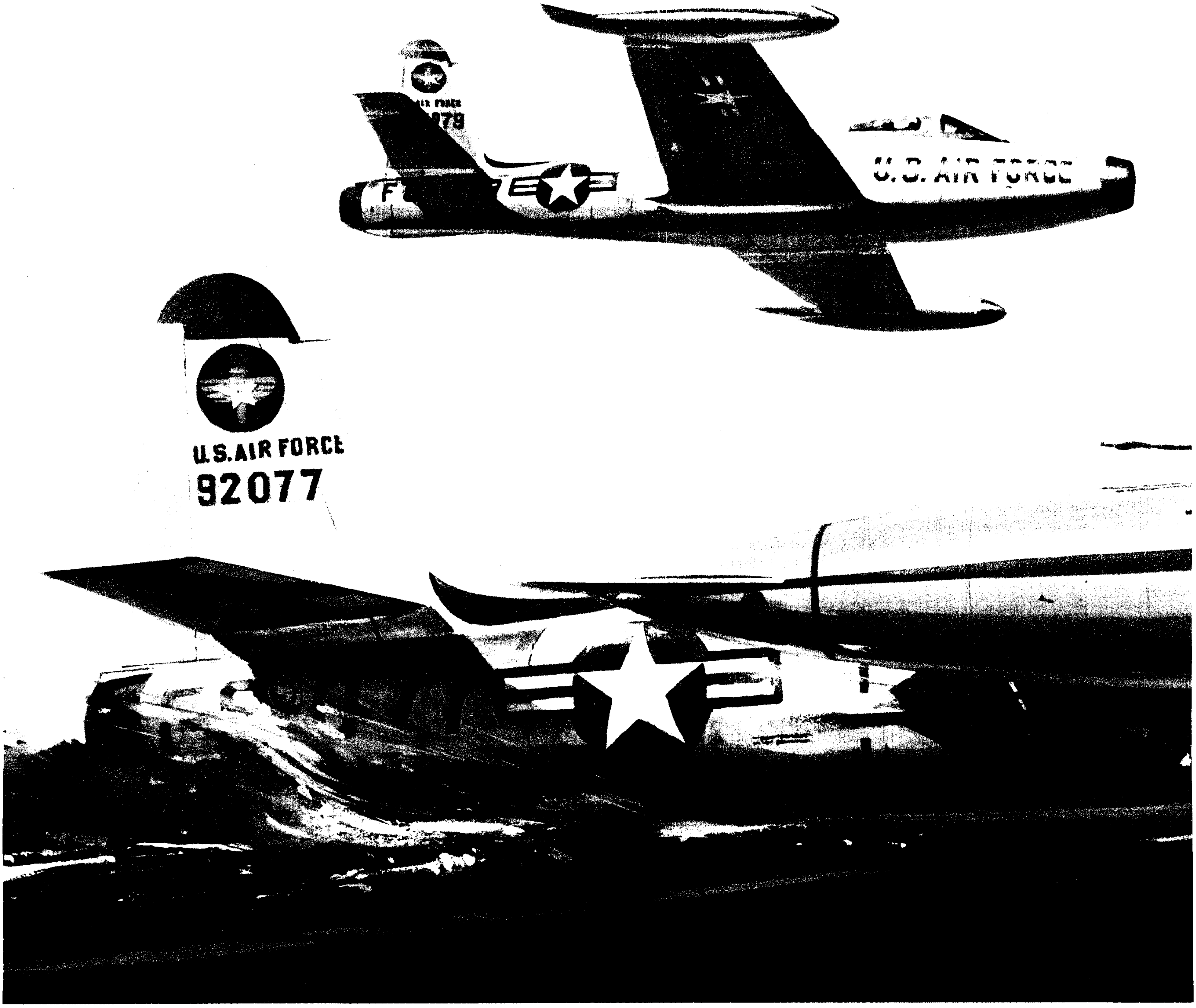
The ship sailed on up the river, passing Mount Vernon, passing the lower forts that protected the wartime capital. It was late when they arrived at the dock where the President's carriage was waiting. They drove to the White House and then Lincoln went across the street to visit Seward and tell him what he had seen and heard in Richmond.

The telegram from Grant announcing Lee's surrender was not received at the War Department until nine o'clock that evening, but the news was then sent swiftly across the nation. It went over the recently established telegraph lines to San Francisco; it reached all the larger cities and spread out from them to smaller places to tell people everywhere that the war was over. Word traveled more slowly in the South, for telegraphic communication, which had been cut off from the North for four years, had been re-established only in areas under the control of Union troops.

In the North, the news was the signal for a wild celebration that went on for days. Great crowds surged through the streets of Washington, where the great dome of the Capitol was illuminated, while cannon boomed long, loud salutes, and flags flew everywhere in the April breeze.

Meanwhile, the nation waited for the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army, the last Confederate force of any importance left in the field. But before such word could come, a new and unexpected bit of drama was about to be played. The stage for it was being set in Washington at Ford's Theatre, where Laura Keene had scheduled a one-night presentation of Tom Taylor's enormously successful comedy, Our American Cousin, for Friday, April 14th. And the day before the steamer River Queen brought the Presidential party back to Washington, a handsome young actor had arrived from New York to sign the register at the National Hotel with his customary flourish. The clerk at the National knew the signature so well that he did not even have to read the words: John Wilkes Booth.

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MC CALL

The student pilot's bullets missed the target, and instead plowed into Captain Richard Durkee's plane—and into Durkee. Now, blinded and bleeding to death, Durkee groped toward Luke AFB, and a man he'd never met flew at his wing, desperately coaching him in. "How about my landing gear?" asked Durkee. His wingman radioed . . .

"Belly it in!"

By JOSEPH STOCKER

Just 12 minutes after he was hit, Capt. Durkee skidded his damaged Thunderjet along the runway, while Air Force fire fighters and medical personnel rushed to help him

AT APPROXIMATELY eight o'clock on the morning of May 31, 1955, a student pilot from Luke Air Force Base, Arizona, pressed the gun button on his control stick. From the stubby nose of his F-84 Thunderjet fighter-bomber poured a deadly cascade of .50-caliber machine-gun fire.

He was aiming at a tow target 12,000 feet above the empty desert waste of southwestern Arizona. But he missed the target. His bullets, instead, smashed squarely into another jet plane which, just at that instant, had whirled into his line of fire from his blind spot below and ahead of him.

It was, as an investigation subsequently established beyond the slightest question, an accident, and a very unusual type of accident at that. Jet pilots ordinarily shoot other jet pilots only when there is a war on.

Still, accidents happen. Jet combat, after all, is as hazardous a trade as scientific man has devised. And, in preparing himself for his trade, the jet pilot must incur an irreducible minimum of hazard, else his training is worthless.

Accordingly, this particular accident might have been filed and forgotten —except for what occurred in the 12 tense and terrible minutes immediately following. During those minutes, monumental courage was demonstrated by one man and monumental presence of mind by (*Continued on page* 68)

Months later, injured pilot (l.) met Lt. H. J. Browning, who'd saved him

BOB TOWERS

The Young in Art

In San Francisco, children find art is fun when paintings and sculpture can be borrowed from the museum and put on temporary exhibit at school

On selection day, the jury files into the museum's rental gallery

EIGHT children from the Anza elementary school trooped slowly into the Rental Gallery of the San Francisco Museum of Art. More than 300 paintings hung on the walls. More than a dozen statues stood on pedestals. "Gee!" said a boy.

"Can we have our pick?" one of the girls asked.

"Whatever you want," said a man. The little knot of children broke up instantly, running here and there quickly, eagerly. Four or five visitors, caught in the rush, smiled.

The children were there because three years ago the Winfield Scott Parent-Teacher Association had thought of buying a painting for the school. Then someone pointed out that paintings could be rented for three months from the Rental Gallery. "Why buy one when we can rent one and then change it in three months?"

And that's what they did. The children thought it was wonderful. Every three months, a jury of pupils went and got a different painting.

Last summer, Rockefeller Foundation officials heard about it. They thought it was a wonderful idea, too, and they gave the gallery $3,000 to let 12 San Francisco schools do the same thing for three years—12 different schools each year, and they can get two art objects instead of one. Then the foundation did the same for school children in Chicago.

The Anza school children looked at every painting and statue. In the end, they chose a little statue, called Ring Horse, by Zygmund S. Sazevich—and a mosaic by Louisa Jenkins named Two Vases. Then they stood in front of their choices and admired them. A boy in blue jeans let his fingers trace the broken glass and slag and quartz chips of the mosaic. "Just feel that, boy!" he said.

—ROBERT O'BRIEN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY RONDAL PARTRIDGE

Carol Page studies Eve. "I am trying to find the apple," she tells her friends

Alex Schneider ponders lines of modern sculpture, in this case a piece aptly titled The Reach

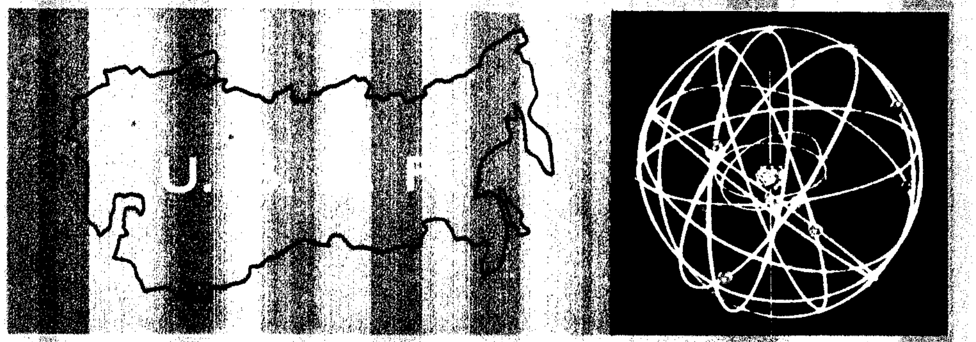
David Harris, 12, cradles Ring Horse

Gus Lee, 9, fourth grade, examines Two Vases

The jury decides: "The kids at school might not understand this one"

Carol Page, 10, stares right back at a sculptured head

The



Has the U. S. S. R. the "know-how" to catch up with our atomic lead? Just how far advanced is Soviet nuclear science? How much time has espionage saved Communist researchers? A revealing look inside Russia's supersecret atomic laboratories, plus an exclusive interview with the turncoat (ex-British, now Soviet) physicist Bruno Pontecorvo, turns up some surprising—and portentous—answers

Science writer Lin Root (at right) checks atomic publication with Norwegian physicist Arne Lundby following his return from an unprecedented tour of the Soviet Union's nuclear installations. He's chief of reactor physics for Norwegian atomic institute

ERICH LESSING

By LIN ROOT

LAST NOVEMBER seismograph needles around the world were suddenly agitated by heavy shock waves, and rain lashing down on Japan began clicking off a radioactive count of 4,000 to 30,000 a quart per minute instead of the normal 20 to 40.

The cause of this violent activity soon became apparent: the Soviet Union had exploded its second hydrogen weapon. And when all the scientific evidence was in, there were hurried reappraisals of Russia's nuclear potential in the chancelleries and nuclear laboratories of the Western World.

British estimates put the Soviet weapon in the 15-megaton class—the equivalent of 15,000,000 tons of TNT, and almost as strong as the H-bomb which the United States had exploded in the Bikini Atoll in March, 1954. It was the most powerful device yet tested in the Soviet Union. But even more significant, it had been touched off at a very high altitude—tens of thousands of feet, in the opinion of some informed sources.

What was the Russian weapon and how did it get there? Some scientists think that the explosion was that of a missile warhead. If so, it was the first; neither the U.S. nor Britain has yet joined a thermonuclear (hydrogen) warhead to a missile. Others think the weapon might have been dropped from a plane. If so, it is also a "first," for we have no plane capable of attaining such heights with a thermonuclear load; in U.S. tests hydrogen devices have been placed atop steel towers for detonation. Still other scientists speculate the weapon may have been suspended from a balloon.

Whatever the Soviet weapon was, it clearly calls for a re-evaluation in our thinking. The conviction that the U.S.S.R. has not the "know-how" to catch up with our atomic lead is widespread and extends into high places. On November 17th, even as the shock waves of the Russian H-weapon were being recorded, Commissioner Thomas E. Murray of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission was proposing an international demonstration of an American thermonuclear explosion at Eniwetok in the Pacific to cancel out Soviet propaganda "that they have overtaken us in atomic and thermonuclear weapons."

The need is urgent, therefore, for a clearer understanding of what has been and is going on in research laboratories behind the iron curtain—of the real story of the Soviet Union's nuclear and thermonuclear progress in terms of accomplishments, equipment, technology and manpower.

Fortunately, a realistic assessment of the U.S.S.R.'s nuclear program is now possible. Most of the evidence comes from Dr. Arne Lundby, chief of the Reactor Physics Department in the Norwegian Atomic Energy Institute, who recently made an unprecedented two-week tour of Russia's atomic installations, attending scientific meetings and talking freely with its scientists. Among those with whom he spoke at length was Dr. Bruno Pontecorvo, formerly a senior scientific officer at Britain's Harwell atomic laboratories, who disappeared behind the iron curtain in 1950. The conversations are among the first—and certainly the most detailed—Pontecorvo has had with a Western scientist since he threw in his lot with the U.S.S.R.

Dr. Lundby is particularly well qualified to appraise what he saw and heard in Russia; he has worked on all types of atomic machines in the United States, Britain and Norway, and is fully conversant with Western nuclear progress. His observations supplement reports read by Soviet scientists at the Atoms for Peace conference which I attended in Geneva last year, and other bits of information that have seeped through the iron curtain.

From these sources, then, we can set down this partial score sheet of Russia's nuclear progress:

—*The U.S.S.R.* exploded what was probably the world's first true H-bomb in August, 1953. *The U.S.* exploded an H-bomb seven months later. (Although we had touched off the world's first thermonuclear explosion in November, 1952, the most reliable information indicates that no bomb as such was involved, but rather a hydrogen device too heavy to be transported by plane and not feasible as a weapon.)

—*The U.S.S.R.* has been producing nuclear source materials (U 235, plutonium) for 10 years and has made them freely available to its scientists for all kinds of experiments and research. *The U.S.* began production of nuclear source materials three years earlier, in 1943, but until recently has kept a tight rein on their use.

—*The U.S.S.R.* has the world's largest synchro-cyclotron and will put into operation this year the world's largest proton-synchrotron. *The U.S.* has the next largest synchro-cyclotron and the currently largest proton-synchrotron. Both machines are accelerators with which the secrets of the atom can be studied.

—*The U.S.S.R.* has one 5,000-kilowatt atomic power station in operation, supplying electricity for a community, and a 100,000-kilowatt plant under construction; by 1960 it plans to have nuclear power stations in operation with a greater total capacity (2,000,000-2,500,000 kilowatts) than those contemplated in the U.S. and Britain together. *The U.S.* still has no nuclear power stations in regular operation, and as this is written the capacity of plants planned for completion by 1960 totals only 689,000 kilowatts. However, we have a much bigger and more diversified research program under way than Russia—we are experimenting with five to ten different types of reactors; Russia, with only about half as many.

Eyewitness Lundby sums up the over-all picture of Soviet nuclear progress this way: "There is no longer any doubt that the U.S.S.R. is among the foremost countries of the world in the development of atomic energy. All the time I was in the Soviet Union I had the strangest feeling of experiencing something I could not believe was true . . . discussing the most advanced experiments with Soviet scientists, problems that we never imagined the Russians were investigating . . . examining reactors, giant accelerators, massive engineering structures of which we had never heard a word before."

HOW HAS RUSSIA, a late starter in the nuclear race, been able to catch up so quickly? The answer seems to be that Soviet leaders recognized early that conquest of the atom gave them the means to close the gap between the country's agrarian past and technological future in one leap. They turned loose the nation's best scientific and mathematical brains, provided everything needed in the way of money and equipment—and got results.

Dr. Lundby was given an unexpected look at much of the work—and the results. He was impressed not only with the advanced nature of the experiments he saw under way, but with the amounts of U 235, thorium and plutonium that went into them. He was even more impressed, however, with the quality of Russia's nuclear laboratories—and the equipment in them.

Take the Institute for Nuclear Problems. Until Dr. Lundby's visit, Western scientists had not even been aware of the existence of this highly organized, ultramodern establishment devoted exclusively to study of what goes on inside the atomic nucleus.

The institute is situated 83 miles north of Moscow at the junction of the Moscow Canal and the Volga River. To get the hydroelectric power needed for the institute, the Russians evacuated several villages and created an artificial lake so big you can barely see across it in some places. The institute itself lies a few miles east of the main Moscow road, and clustered around it are numerous houses, two to three stories high, of brick and concrete and usually painted mustard color. These are the homes of the scientists and technical personnel employed at the institute.

The world's largest synchro-cyclotron is housed in the institute. A synchro-cyclotron is one of several types of acceleration machines, all of which have the same main objective: to speed up charged particles (protons, the heavy positively charged particles in the nucleus of the atom; or electrons, the light negatively charged particles) in order to find out more about their structure.

Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California developed the general principle of the accelerator in 1930. He showed that charged particles moving within the field of a magnet can be regularly kicked up to a higher velocity each time they cross a point in their orbit where they are

INTERNATIONAL

Pontecorvo (right) gave up job as senior scientific officer at British atom lab to join Russia

Does Pontecorvo regret throwing in with the Reds? No, says a Western visitor

affected by an electric field. Lawrence's original-type cyclotron accelerated the protons to 20 to 30 MeV—millions of electron volts. Russia's synchro-cyclotron, based on a modification of Lawrence's principle, achieves 680 MeV, and develops such a heavy stream of speeding protons that 5 per cent of them can be channeled off to other areas for special study. The diameter of the magnet-pole pieces is about 20 feet, and the magnet itself weighs 7,000 tons.

DR. LUNDBY spent several hours examining the huge synchro-cyclotron; he was especially interested in it because he had worked for two years with a smaller one in Chicago. "The giant Russian model is supposed to have been completed in 1949," he told me, "but it seems to have been running at maximum energy only during the last couple of years. It's very nicely engineered—windows to look into the vacuum chamber between the pole pieces, double vacuum seals to introduce or extract samples inside the chamber, automatic equipment to start the machine or shut it off, and so on.

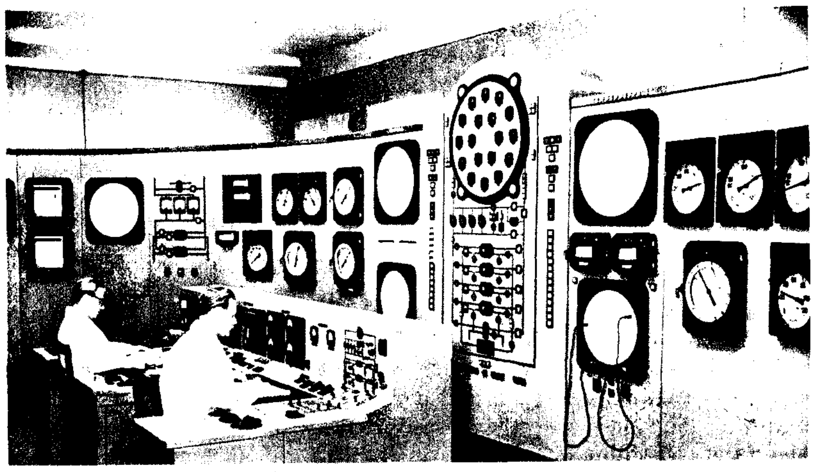
"It's not as compact as the synchro-cyclotron in Chicago—the control room is in a building a hundred yards away, and therefore very inconvenient—but there's more working space around the machine itself. The Russians had more than a dozen experiments lined up behind the shield of the machine when I was there, among them studies on high-energy protons, neutrons, mesons and the like. And they were using the most modern equipment—just like that used in the United States."

It was at the synchro-cyclotron that Dr. Lundby had one of his long talks with Bruno Pontecorvo, who does his research there. (Their other conversations were at scientific meetings in Moscow.) "He looked very well, a little fidgety and restless maybe, but then he's a nervous type," Dr. Lundby recalls. "He was dressed better than the other scientists I saw, not more expensively but in better taste—more as though he knew what to select.

"As we talked, he had a little difficulty expressing himself in English at first. He laughed about it, and said he was out of practice—but after a couple of days it came more easily and he seemed quite pleased. He seems to speak Russian without difficulty."

The Italian-born Pontecorvo is now a Soviet citizen, has won a Stalin Prize and has been elected a member of Russia's highest scientific body, the Academy of Science. What share ideology may have played in his decision to leave Britain could not be determined by Dr. Lundby, but I learned from some of Pontecorvo's former British colleagues at Harwell that the superior working and living conditions offered him by the Soviets may have been a decisive factor. According to the Britons, Pontecorvo is primarily a scientist with his roots in the laboratory, has no national ties whatever, and likes the creature comforts of life. Apparently frustrated and impatient because there wasn't enough of anything in England in 1950—laboratory equipment, food, heat, light—Pontecorvo took off for the East.

I asked Dr. Lundby whether Pontecorvo seemed to have any regrets. "Not that I could notice," was the reply. "He seems perfectly satisfied with his life. He lives with his wife and three children in one of the yellow-brick garden houses in the institute community. His children go to the village school. He also has an apartment in Moscow, and often drives to town."



SOVFOTO

This is control desk at Russia's nuclear power station, first in the world. The plant is uneconomical, but running it gives Soviets invaluable experience

Dr. Lundby said he asked Pontecorvo whether he wouldn't like to have the award made by the U.S. government to him and six other physicists as payment for a patent claim they had filed for their early work with neutrons. "He told me he wouldn't mind if his relatives got the money," Dr. Lundby said, "but he claimed he wasn't interested in it himself."

At the institute, Pontecorvo works in a small chamber set up inside a shield behind one yoke of the synchro-cyclotron magnet. He is studying Pimesons—short-lived particles created in a burst of energy when a proton traveling at high speed smashes into an atomic nucleus. They are believed to be the particles responsible for binding the nucleus together.

"Still higher-energy meson work has been done with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission's Cosmetron at Brookhaven National Laboratory," Dr. Lundby told me, "but the accuracy of Pontecorvo's work is far greater because he has a higher intensity (more mesons) to work with. Furthermore, the mesons travel directly into his little room, enabling him to work with greater ease and concentration.

"His experimental skill is great, and from the amount of work he has done he must spend practically all his time at the synchro-cyclotron. He enjoys the work very much, and his experiments have a direct bearing on one of the most fundamental problems in physics today—namely, how the finest building stones in nature, the atomic nuclei, are constructed. Even if the final solution is not immediately at hand, there is great satisfaction in making any basic contribution. Pontecorvo also has the pleasure of designing his own equipment, and whatever he wants is always built for him."

Pontecorvo showed Dr. Lundby a "bubble chamber" the Russians had built. A "bubble chamber" is a vessel full of liquid, usually hydrogen, into which a stream of protons may be directed. When the speeding protons crash into a hydrogen nucleus, energy is released, forming minute bubbles. These bubbles dissolve too fast for visual observation, but they can be photographed by a built-in camera, and thus the behavior of high-energy particles may be charted.

Not satisfied with having just the world's largest synchro-cyclotron, the Russians are now building the world's largest proton-synchrotron—another type of accelerator which speeds up protons into the BeV (billions of electron volts) range. Its main advantage over the synchro-cyclotron is the increased speeds which it gives the proton stream; its disadvantage is that the protons tend to smash themselves against the sides, leaving comparatively few in the mainstream for study.

AT PRESENT, THERE ARE only three proton-synchrotrons operating in the world. The largest of them—the Bevatron at the University of California—yields up to six BeV. The model under construction in the Soviet Union was designed by Professor Vladimir L. Veksler, Russia's synchro-cyclotron pioneer, to achieve 10-BeV speeds, and it has a magnet weighing 36,000 metric tons. It will go into operation later this year. Design studies for even higher-energy machines are being made in both the U.S. and Europe, but these devices will not be completed for three to five years.

To Dr. Lundby, the new 30-story Moscow University building on the road from the Moscow airport to the capital itself was another eye opener. "Going through the laboratories of the university, which is almost entirely devoted to science studies, I was amazed by the abundance of apparatus," he says. "In the physics department there were all kinds of devices for making cosmic-ray experiments—arrays of Geiger counters, scintillation detectors and ionization chambers, all very cleverly arranged. It looked as if there were no limit to the amount of apparatus available." Dr. Lundby said he asked some of the instructors what arrangements they had to make to get money for apparatus. All they had to do was ask for it, they told him.

"Most of the apparatus I saw at the university and elsewhere in Russia was pretty much like American equipment," Dr. Lundby says. "Some of the devices—for example, the bubble chamber at the Nuclear Institute—were copied from descriptions in U.S. scientific journals. However, the Russians have made one device which no one elsewhere has been able to achieve—a special-type solid scintillator. With this, it is possible to photograph particles and their movements inside the scintillator—an admirable, original detector which clears better and permits even faster photographs than is possible with a bubble chamber."

Dr. Lundby spent considerable time visiting atomic reactors—devices in which controlled chain reactions are staged, usually for research purposes or to make power. When natural uranium is used as fuel in a reactor, pieces of the uranium ore must be distributed in a moderator—graphite, heavy

V-8
Cocktail
VEGETABLE JUICES
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
velier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor Fewer Calories
Fewer Calories Livelier Fla
Livelier Flavor Fewer Ca
Fewer Calories Liveli
Livelier Flavor Few
Fewer Calories L
Livelier Flavo
Fewer Calo
Livelier F
Fewer
Cal
F
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
elier Flavor
r Calories
er Flavor
Calories
elier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor
Fewer Calories
Livelier Flavor

Glorious 8-juice refreshment

Even livelier flavor than tomato juice!
Even fewer calories than fruit juice!

V-8 starts with 8 delicious vegetables. Nature blesses them bounteously with vitamins and minerals. Campbell picks them tenderly, at the freshest moment in their young lives. Then knowingly blends their juices to create that matchless V-8* flavor.

The happiest moment of all comes when your thirst moves in on a big (the bigger the better) cold glass of V-8.

From that moment on, no single juice will ever replace V-8 . . . in your affection or on your family table.

V-8's magic blend: the juices of the Campbell Tomato, celery, carrots, spinach, lettuce, beets, watercress, and parsley.

**V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soups.*

By Nature it's wholesome . . . by Campbell's it's delicious!

One reason for Russia's nuclear progress: she graduates twice as many scientists and engineers as the U.S.

water, beryllium—to keep the chain reaction going. If enriched uranium (containing a higher percentage of U 235) is used, ordinary water will serve as a moderator. A chain reaction creates terrific heat, and in a power reactor this heat is carried off by a circulating coolant—water, metal or gas—to make steam which turns conventional turbines.

The U.S.S.R. built the world's first atom-fired electric power station on the Oka River, 67 miles south of Moscow. This 5,000-kilowatt plant, whose reactor furnace is fueled with enriched uranium having 5 per cent U 235, moderated with graphite and cooled with pressurized distilled water, has been serving Obinskoje, a village of 10,000 people, since June, 1954. But the station is probably more important as a propaganda weapon than as a power station; it is strictly a small-scale experimental project and its design has proved to be highly uneconomical. "Russian scientists and engineers are aware of its shortcomings," Lundby said, "but they have the advantage of several years' operating experience." (Actually, the first full-scale atomic-power reactor was built by the U.S. in 1953, but it was designed to propel the atomic submarine Nautilus, not to light up a community.)

FAR MORE SIGNIFICANT to Lundby than the atomic power station were Russia's research reactors. He said their construction was preceded by extensive study of the changes which uranium, graphite, steel, insulating materials and coolants undergo in reactors. The research types included:

—A light-water reactor. It runs on enriched uranium and is moderated and cooled with ordinary water. In principle it is much like the United States "swimming-pool" reactor. Both the U.S. and U.S.S.R. have offered to sell this type of research reactor at essentially construction costs to other countries under bilateral agreements.

—A heavy-water reactor. In operation since 1949, it is cooled and moderated by heavy water (water in which the hydrogen nucleus is twice as heavy as in ordinary water). Dr. Lundby, who had worked for more than three years with a heavy-water reactor of similar design and power rating, told me: "The old natural-uranium rods in this Russian reactor are now being replaced with enriched-uranium fuel elements, which will increase its 500-kilowatt power level to 10,000 kilowatts. In principle, the reactor will now be like one of the most advanced research models in the U.S.—the C.P. (Chicago Pile)-5. Moreover, as result of their experience with this reactor, the Russians are now building a 100,000-kilowatt electric power station with a heavy-water-moderated, gas-cooled reactor."

—A graphite reactor for physical and technical research. It also is of unique Russian design. It is cooled with distilled water, moderated with graphite and fueled with enriched uranium. This model provided experience and ideas which were incorporated in the atomic power station reactor.

So much for equipment. Now for the other factor that has enabled Russia to keep up near the lead in the nuclear race—manpower. Soviet scientists soon may, if they do not already, outnumber their American counterparts. More significant, enrollment in the sciences is increasing in the Soviet Union, decreasing in the U.S. This year, for example, Russia is graduating 130,000 or more scientists and engineers, the U.S. 70,000.

Dr. John R. Dunning, dean of the School of Engineering at Columbia University and a member of the Congress-appointed Panel on the Impact of the Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy, attributes Russia's tremendous increase in scientific manpower to a decision taken in the Kremlin more than 25 years ago. The decision: to make science and engineering, and the growth of young scientists and engineers, "a keystone of national policy."

"The success of this propaganda and educational venture, using all media open to the state in these last 25 years, has been little short of astounding," Dr. Dunning said in a recent speech. "All of us who have studied the campaign have been generally far too conservative in appraising its effectiveness. . . . Now the Russians are passing us in numbers, but what is even more serious, their rate of growth is two or three times that of ours."

While the tendency in the United States is to look down on scientists and engineers as bookworms, Dr. Dunning said, Russia idolizes its scientific personnel. Dr. Lundby agrees. "While Russian girls dream of becoming ballerinas," he told me, "Russian boys dream of becoming scientists. The true place of science in the Soviet Union is so different from what I believed that it took my breath away. In the supposedly classless Soviet society, the scientists are the favored sons. Even beginners are paid about 10 times more than a skilled laborer. They have cars, town apartments, country places, TV sets. Most important, and contrary to Western impressions, research scientists have complete freedom in their choice of work."

From other sources, I learned that most Soviet scientists can ignore politics—provided they appear at the right public functions and parrot the right phrases on such occasions. Nor do they seem to mind doing these things, or to miss the right of political discussion. They love argument and dispute violently over every scientific idea and theory, but they don't question the Communist regime. They simply accept it, like the weather.

They keep abreast of what is going on in the outside scientific world by reading scientific journals and reports in English, French and German; their libraries, in fact, have more copies of important scientific magazines and textbooks than would be found in most American institutes, according to Dr. Lundby. And far from downgrading Western work, he says, Russian scientists have a high respect for it. They know all the places in the U.S. where nuclear research is going on, and discussed it with him.

Surprisingly, Dr. Lundby reports, he found Soviet scientists more eager to talk about their experiences, explain their accomplishments and discuss future research than most American scientists. The Russians showed no awareness that they were talking to a Westerner, he says.

One of the questions most frequently asked in the United States about Russia's nuclear progress is what part espionage played in the Soviet advance. In other words, how much time did the atomic secrets betrayed by Dr. Klaus Fuchs, the British scientist, and other Western sources save the Soviets? Dr. Lundby sought the answer during his visit to Russia.

Here is his report: "All during my stay—during my visits to institutes and installations—I tried to see to what extent the activities of spies had helped the development of atomic energy in the U.S.S.R. However, I found that Soviet scientists work differently than those in Western countries; they seem to do the same type of job with their own particular techniques.

"Doubtless, facts transmitted by spies have saved the Soviet scientists some time. But from the amount of basic work the Russians have done, and from the experimental results they showed me and the individually designed engineering apparatus they have developed, the indications are that whatever time was saved could not have been much—certainly not a matter of years. After all, Russian scientists have essentially the same background and experience as any other scientists."

Some people have blamed security leaks and Soviet spies for the fact that the Russians were able to explode a hydrogen bomb before we did. The facts indicate otherwise.

Ash from the first Soviet H-bomb explosion fell in Japan, and analysis showed that it contained lithium. That element was the secret of the Soviet success, and all evidence indicates that the Soviets developed the technique for its use themselves. Up to that time, most Western researchers had believed that expensive tritium—triple-weight hydrogen—was necessary for a hydrogen bomb, and it took 80 pounds of then-scarce plutonium to make one pound of tritium. The Soviets showed that a light, cheap, plentiful lithium salt could cut down, perhaps even eliminate, the need for tritium. Further, lithium combined with the other essential ingredient in the H-bomb, deuterium (double-weight hydrogen), so that it could be carried in an easy, compact form instead of having to be compressed into liquid and transported under vacuum.

Therefore, Fuchs and others familiar with Western research probably could not have contributed anything valuable to the Soviet discovery of lithium as the key ingredient of the H-bomb. Even if they had known some of our thermonuclear plans, their information presumably would have been about the experiments that resulted in our impractical device of 1952.

NOT THAT THE 1952 device did not serve a useful purpose. It did—it proved that the heat created by the fission of an A-bomb was enough to cause the fusion of heavy hydrogen and release its even more destructive power. By the time the Russians exploded their first H-bomb the following year, we, too, were on the trail of lithium—although obviously not so far along it. We exploded our own lithium-based H-bomb in March, 1954, adding a further factor of fission in the uranium blanket around the bomb to the fission-fusion mass. The explosion set a new high in destructive power—possibly as much as 20 megatons (equal to 20,000,000 tons of TNT)—and from this point on there seems to be no limit to the size and strength of fission-fusion-fission devices.

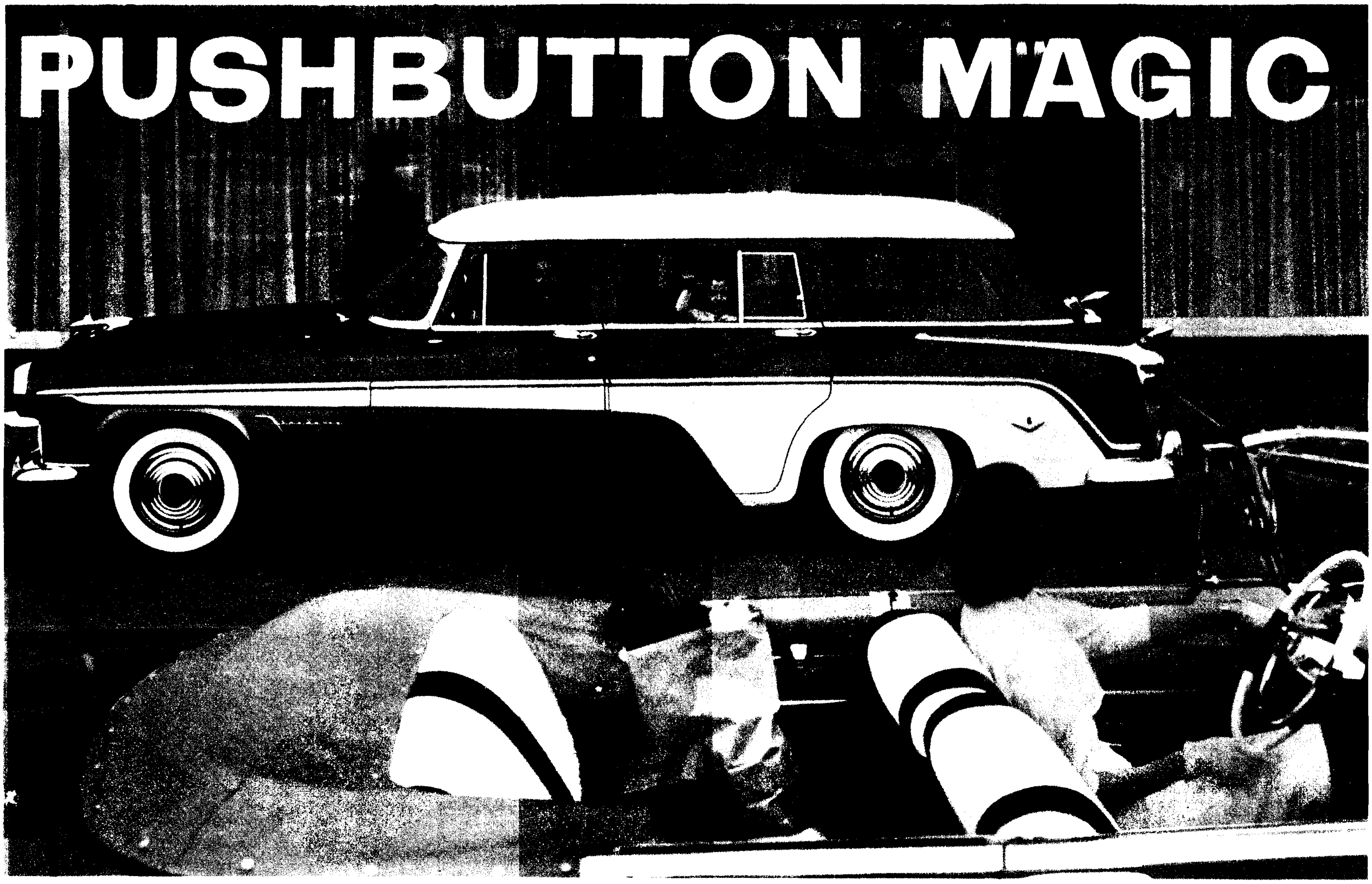
Last November's high-altitude Russian explosion seems to be of this order. We still don't know the size of the atom-bomb trigger used by the U.S.S.R., but Russia's Communist boss, Nikita Khrushchev, said the Soviets were working on "minimum amounts." This is the way to the thermonuclear warhead for guided missiles, ballistic missiles, projectiles—transportable thermonuclear devices of all kinds.

Such, then, is the state of Soviet nuclear science today. In the opinion of leading American scientists, it poses a challenge to the United States which cannot be ignored. The terms of that challenge were laid down by Columbia's Dr. Dunning in a recent speech. Either we must correct the imbalance caused by our approach to science and engineering, he said, or "we might just as well write this country off the books." THE END

ONE OF 5

FORWARD LOOK VALUES OTHER CARS DON'T HAVE!

1 **Pushbutton PowerFlite.** *Chrysler Corporation leads the field again with the driving advance of the year! Like magic—you just push a button and go! No levers or gears to bother with. Pushbutton PowerFlite is as easy as ringing a doorbell. Its simple mechanical design has been fully tested and perfected. Why not try it today?*



See Chrysler Corporation's Great TV Shows, "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!" Thursday nights, CBS-TV

DE SOTO FIREDOME 4-DOOR STATION WAGON

2 **Power Steering** all the time! Other cars still haven't caught up with Chrysler Corporation's *full-time* Power Steering! It helps you 60 minutes of every driving hour!

3 **Extra Power Longer!** No other American passenger car V-8 engines have dome-type combustion chambers!

4 **Safest Brakes!** Chrysler Corporation brings you the biggest advance in brakes in 25 years! Easier, surer, less adjusting, longer lining life!

5 **Brightest Design Note** of 1956! THE FLIGHT-SWEEP—one clean aerodynamic sweep from headlight to upswept rear fender!

You get so much more for what you pay in a car of Chrysler Corporation. See your dealer now!

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

To conclude four-day TV session Frost discussed the meaning of life with Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas Salk, discoverer of polio vaccine

Wise Man

IN PITTSBURGH several weeks ago an educational television station, aided by funds from the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, began a task for which future generations will be in its debt—to transcribe onto film and sound track the attitudes of the world's elder wise men. The station, WQED, has plans to hear from jurists like Learned Hand, scholars like Hu-Shih, scientists like Harold Urey. For the first wise man of its series, WQED chose a poet—New England's Robert Frost. At eighty-two, Frost has won the Pulitzer prize for poetry four times, is regarded by many critics as the leading poet of his land. A granitic man with light, white hair that runs helter-skelter around his head, he is a farmer, teacher and lecturer as well; spends half his days roaming his country, talking to people. Tapping the toe of a high-top shoe, he says poems simple in sound, profound in thought, and amazes his audience with the range of his knowledge. In Pittsburgh, in the constant presence of TV cameras, he faced audiences of all character and dimension—fifth-graders and high-school students, lay adults and professional writers. He addressed thousands of students and as a finale was interviewed by admirer Jonas Salk, the famed medical researcher. (Said Dr. Salk after an earlier technical discussion of disease: "How can one man know so much about a subject of which he knows nothing?") In four days of rambling discourse, Frost provided a sampling of the wit and wisdom that stamp a man as wise. —LEONARD GROSS

WHAT IS POETRY?

Poetry isn't strange. You've known it all the way from Mother Goose. It's some sort of make-believe that's got some sort of truth in it—a little bit that's so fascinating you can't get rid of it.

The thing I wanted most of all in the world was to know what was going on in the world, to find something to say to whatever happened—to sass it back. My poems are my adjustment to the world. I know what to say to the Sphinx.

A poem should begin in delight and end in wisdom.

I'd as soon write free verse as play tennis with the net down.

ON BEING YOURSELF

People have got to think. Thinking isn't to agree or disagree. That's voting.

Somebody said to me the other day, "Are you a middle-of-the-roader?" So I said, "Well, if you want to call me bad names. The middle of the road is where the white line is—and that's the worst place to drive."

GETTING AN EDUCATION

I had a boy say he was leaving college because everybody around here knew all the answers, and he said, "What's worse than that, they know all the questions, too."

A person is educated who makes a good admixture of books with what he's doing. It's a sad life when it gets too bookish and too shut-in.

THE FAMILY

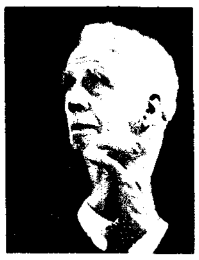
The greatest thing in family life is to take a hint when a hint is intended—and not to take a hint when a hint isn't intended.

PROGRESS

How many times it thundered before Franklin took the hint! How many times apples fell on Newton's head before he took the hint! Nature is always hinting away at us . . . it hints over and over again. And suddenly we take the hint.

RELAXING

I've walked miles and miles with a dog. It's done me a lot of good. I hope it did the dog.



THE BURDEN . . .

I've been licked. We all have. I've been thoroughly licked when I didn't think I could be. It was a terrible blow sometimes. But still, most of life is like that . . . Anybody with an active mind lives on tentatives rather than on tenets. You've got to feel a certain pleasure in the tentativeness of it all, the unfinality of it.

Every general who goes into battle wishes he had more information before he goes in. But each crisis you go into is on insufficient information.

I'm very sure there's no such thing as an evolution that goes beyond us. This is the rounding off. We're going to make a great time and another great time and another great time until it's time to break off. There's no Superman to be talked about. That's nonsense. We're it.

. . . AND THE SCALE

Ultimately, this is what you go before God for: You've had bad luck and good luck and all you really want in the end is mercy.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IVAN MASSAR

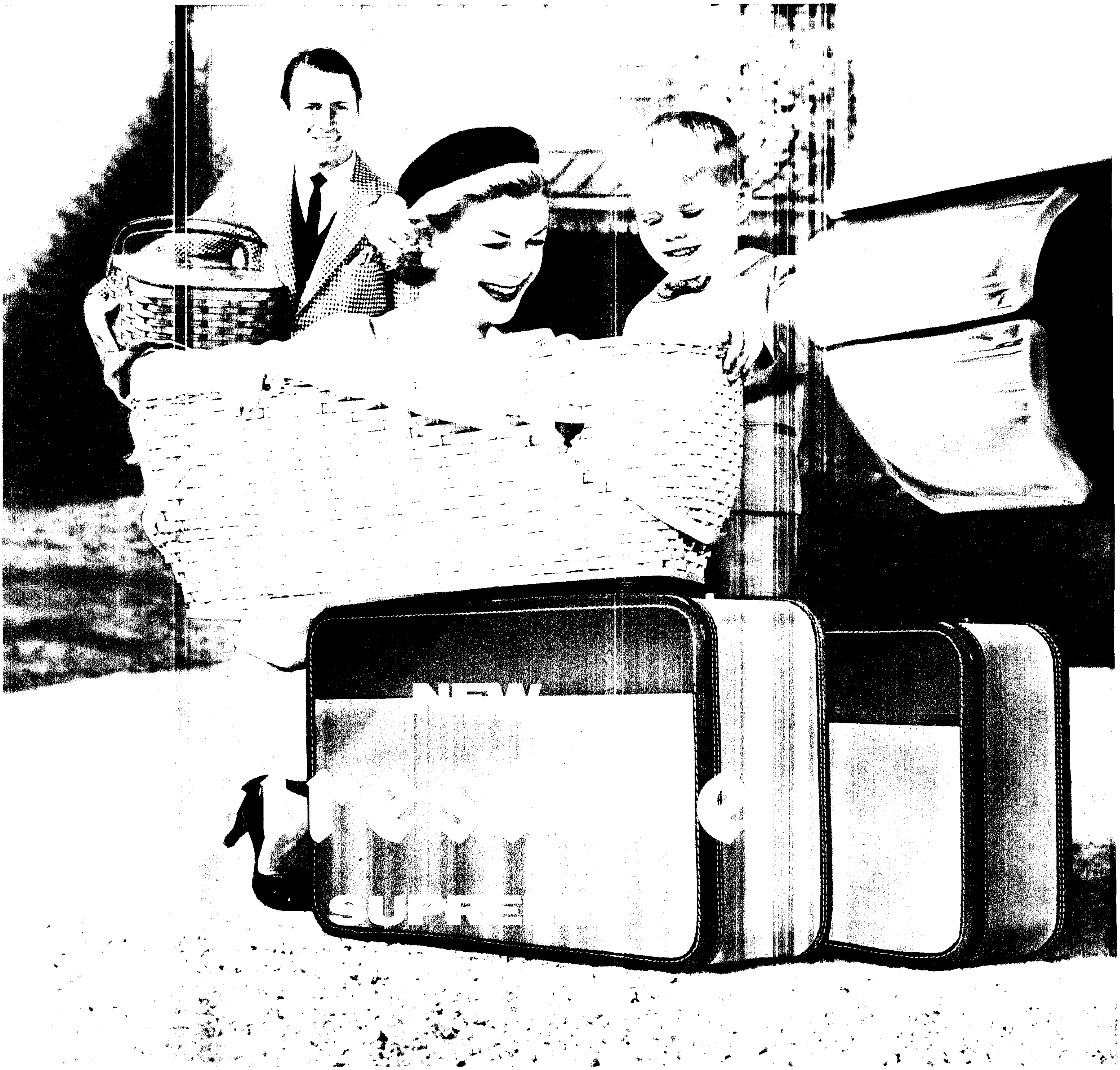
IMPORTED
Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN WHISKY
A BLEND
OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
DISTILLED, AGED AND BLENDED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM & SONS, LIMITED
WATERLOO, ONTARIO, CANADA DISTILLERS SINCE 1857
86.8 PROOF
CANADIAN WHISKY AT ITS GLORIOUS BEST!

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 86.8 PROOF, CANADIAN WHISKY—
A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • SIX YEARS OLD

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



. . . THIS IS THE TIRE WITH

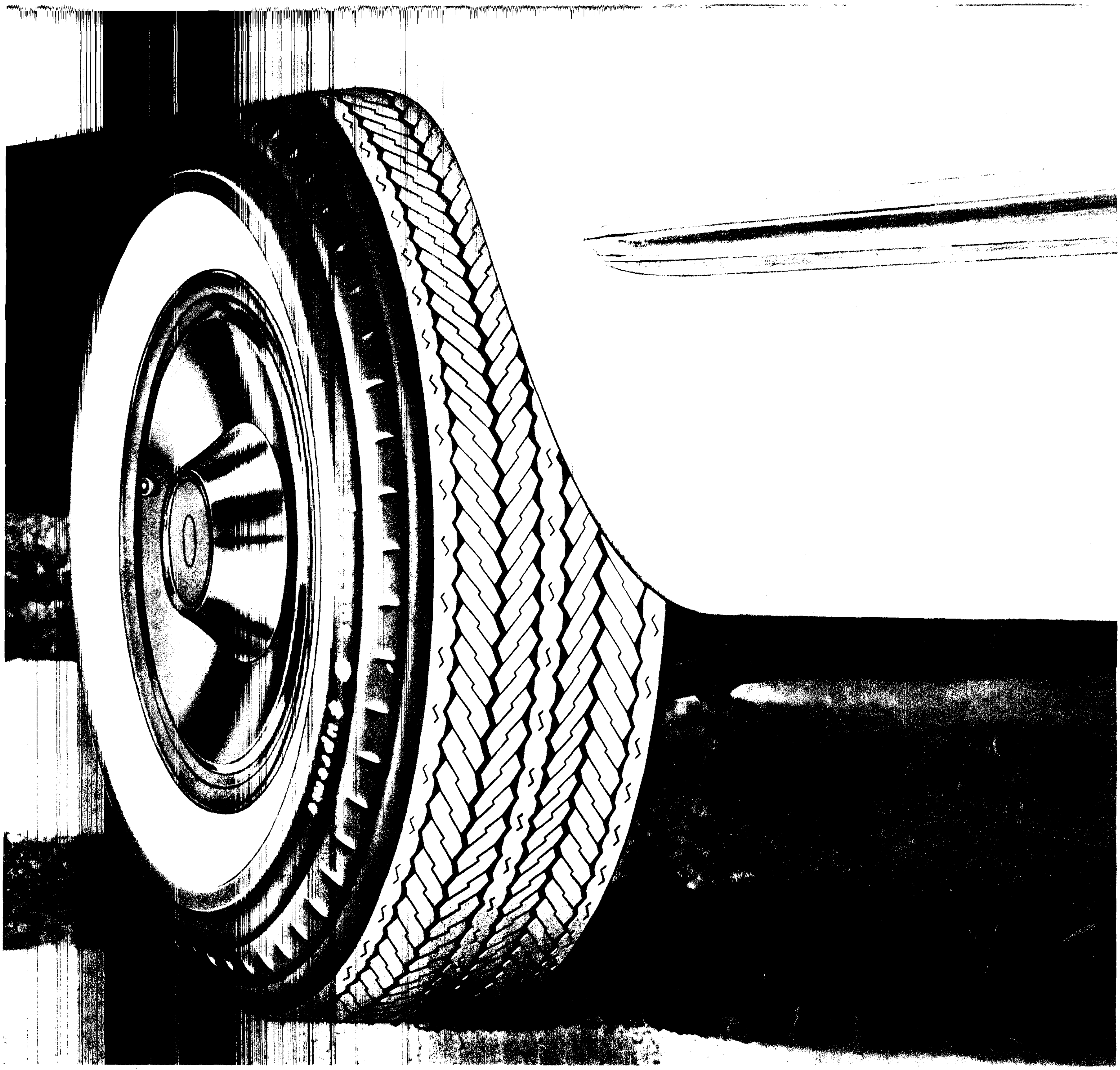
Ends fear of blowouts!
Ends fear of punctures!
Ends fear of skids!
Gives longer, safer mileage than any other tire!

Now from Firestone comes the automatic safety tire . . . the new Firestone Supreme. It gives you and your family protection never before provided in any tire at any price. It's the first and only tire with built-in peace of mind!

Blowout Safe! It's a tubeless tire. Its cord body is made of all nylon—stronger than steel, pound for pound. That's why the Firestone Supreme resists all causes of blowouts. But no tire is blowout-proof from a slash or cut in the sidewall. So to leave nothing to chance, Firestone engineers have built into the Supreme an emergency life protector.

For should a blowout occur, an automatic safety valve closes in the life protector and retains ⅔ of the air. This lets you ride out a blowout without swerving—without danger. Lets you come safely to a straight-line stop. This is built-in peace of mind.

Puncture Safe! The new Firestone Supreme has



a special **gummy rubber sealant** that seals any puncture the instant it occurs—makes it completely puncture-safe. No more delays, no more fear of changing tires on a busy highway. This is built-in peace of mind.

Skid Safe! Firestone's new exclusive tread design makes all others out-of-date. Wider and deeper, this efficient tread holds the road with a powerful grip never before possible. It won't skid, swerve, or slide like ordinary tires. Takes danger out of driving on pavements wet with rain or snow. And this tread is *silent*—won't hum on the highway. Won't squeal on the sharpest corners. This is built-in peace of mind.

Thousands of extra miles! The rugged all-nylon cord body, plus thicker tread, gives you up to 25% more mileage—the longest, safest mileage of any tire by far. And it's made for beauty—as well as duty. With its white sidewalls—made to *stay* white—with curb scuff protection—and smart fashion-line styling, the new Firestone Supreme gives you the most luxurious tire on the road.

Have your car dealer put Supreme tires on your new car—or have your Firestone Dealer or Store put them on your present car. You'll get a liberal trade-in—convenient payment terms—and built-in peace of mind in the bargain.

Believe me, friend, Sam Bancroft is not a man to be envied. That sly windbag's got an awful secret in him—in more ways than one

Sam's world-record alibi

By B. M. ATKINSON, Jr.

YOU know what the folks here in Greenville say about Sam Bancroft? They say that Sam Bancroft is the luckiest man alive; that his is the one life into which no rain has ever fallen; that all his days he has walked in sunshine, and sorrow has known him not. Which shows just how naïve folks can get. They ought to realize that sooner or later the gods turn on every man, but not every man wears his scars for all to see.

That's the way it's been with Sam. Four years ago the gods turned on him and left scars on his soul that only the healing hands of angels will ever erase. In short, friend, Sam has got everybody fooled but me. I happen to know that, measured by his own rule, he's the unluckiest man alive.

But not knowing what I know, I can't blame these folks too much for thinking that Sam has been Lady Luck's lap dog. Twenty years ago, very much against their advice, very much against my advice, Sam sank his life's savings—seven thousand dollars—into a bunch of wildcat oil leases. Six months later an oil company bought him out for a million, five hundred thousand dollars. What he did with the money embittered us even more. Instead of investing it in women and whisky and going broke, he put it in government bonds and went fishing.

And he was hand-tooled for the job of fisherman. He weighed about two hundred and sixty pounds, stood six feet three inches tall, looked like a cross between W. C. Fields and Henry the Eighth and had most of their virtues. He could outeat, outdrink, outlie any fisherman alive. We thought those qualifications made him right lucky, too.

He fished seven days a week, always after bass. The smallmouthed bass he loved above all other fishes, and the closest we ever came to marrying him off was to a woman who looked like a smallmouth. If her gill slits had been a little more pronounced, I think we might have swung it. When that fell through, though, our only hope was that in fifteen or twenty years maybe he'd get bored with fishing and do something constructive with his money—like giving us a crack at it.

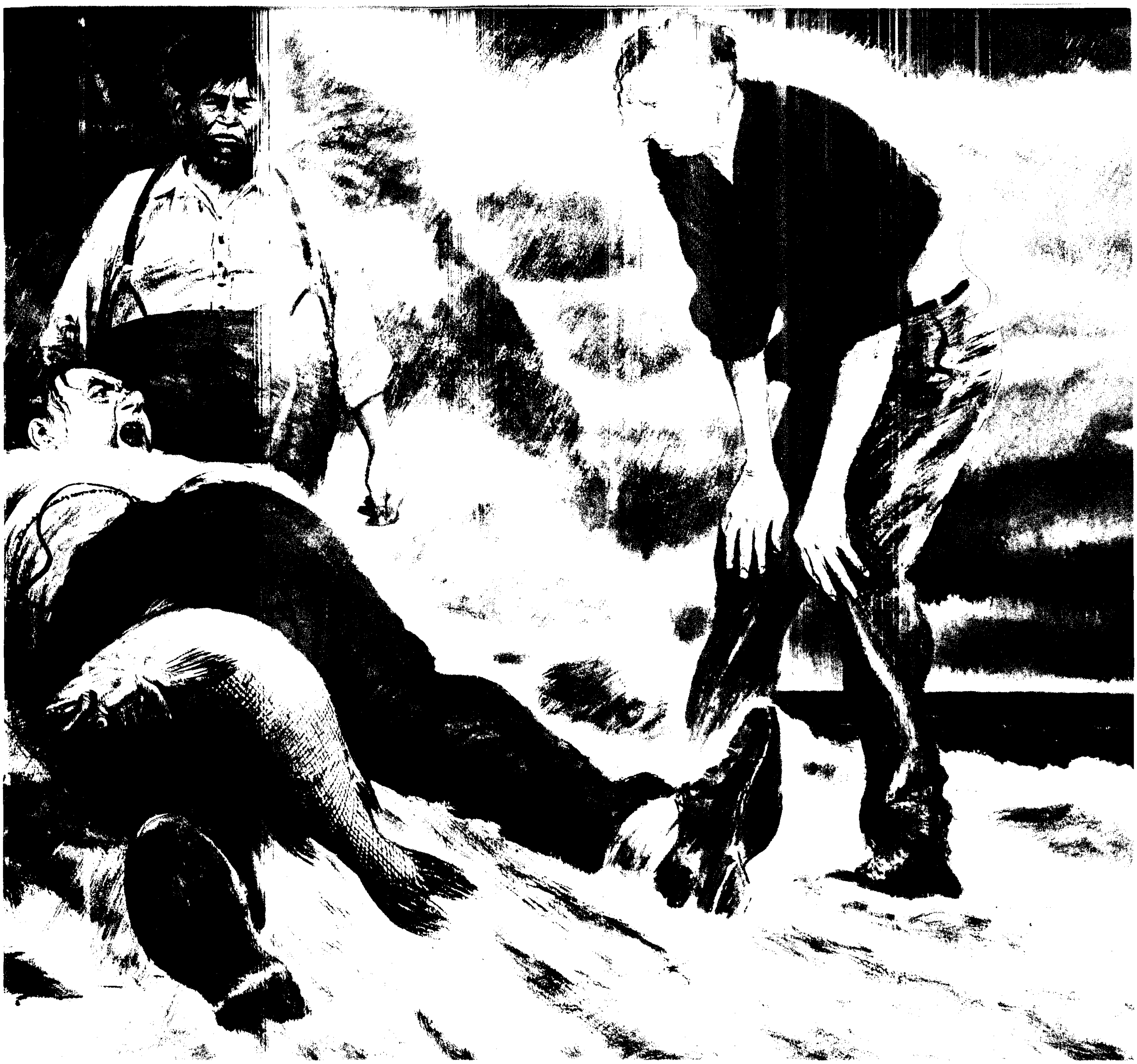
Instead of becoming bored, he became obsessed. "Before I die, Joe," he told me one night in his den, "the biggest smallmouthed bass ever caught on rod and reel is gonna be hanging over this very fireplace. Then, and only then, shall that Great Fisherman up in the sky gather Sam Bancroft into His net!"

That became Sam's one goal in life—catching the record-breaking smallmouthed bass. And it was damn' cold comfort seeing him miss. His springs and falls he spent lake-hopping about the South, his summers he spent in Maine or Canada, his winters he spent jigging the lakes around home. Every year there were five- six- and seven-pounders, some years an eight-pounder and, one spring at Dale Hollow, even a nine-pounder. Pretty soon he had so many fish on the walls of his den it looked like a tomcat's dream. But the place of honor above the big stone fireplace remained unfilled—except for a plaque marked *Reserved*.

Then, four summers ago, he invited me to go to Canada with him. He'd found a lake there, he said, that contained the biggest, dumbest and hungriest bass in the whole Dominion, and he had a feeling that Moby Dick—he regarded himself as a two-legged Captain Ahab—might be thereabouts. Being as how I had bet him five hundred dollars that Moby Dick would never hang over his fireplace, there was nothing I could do but turn my drugstore over to my boys and take off, hoping to forestall the dreaded Luck of the Bancrofts. At least, that's the way I explained it to my wife.

Our welcome at Bear Lake Camp was just what I expected. Sam waded ashore from the float plane and bellowed that Izaak Walton's illegitimate son eighteen times removed had arrived, and that classes in the ancient and honorable art of angling would begin immediately. That flushed four fishermen out of the lodge, a half-breed out of the kitchen and two Indians out of the bushes. One look and Sam was being cursed in French, English and Ojibway.

By midnight I had joined in the chorus. Sam had held up the after-supper poker game an hour by getting in a fish-eating contest with Ed Carroll and Fred Mackey, a couple of fat innocents from Chicago. Ed quit at six pounds, Fred at seven, and Louis, the cook, at eight. Anybody with Sam's appetite, he said, belonged at a trough, not a table.



Henry and I dragged Sam onto the beach. On his stringer was a big old cave-mouth monster. Sam gave a great *whoosh* and then bellowed: "You owe me five hundred dollars!"

Then, when Sam finally did get into the poker game, he won seventy-five dollars the first six hands and spent the rest of the night protecting it—talking about how we were leaving on a canoe trip the next morning and wouldn't be back until we had the world's biggest smallmouthed bass on our stringer. The rest of us spent the night hollering, "Deal!"

At noon the next day we had made three portages and were some twenty miles from camp. I was in the middle of the canoe, Sam in the back and Henry, our trusty Indian companion, in the front. He was big and fat too, and if you'd poured a bottle of ketchup over Sam you couldn't have told 'em apart. And they both resented it. Henry was supposed to be our guide, but at the first portage Sam had demoted him to baggagemaster. "Never trust a fat Indian," Sam said. "Lose you, starve you to death, then roll your remains!"

Henry ignored him. "Big Belly already lost," he grunted to me. "We leave um in woods. Indian get white friend back."

That really burned Sam up. Henry, according to the boys back at camp, could speak perfect English, but he used his heap-big-Injun routine on Sam just to irritate him. All Sam could do was answer in kind: "Red man keep talking mush-mouth, white man fill it full of boat!"

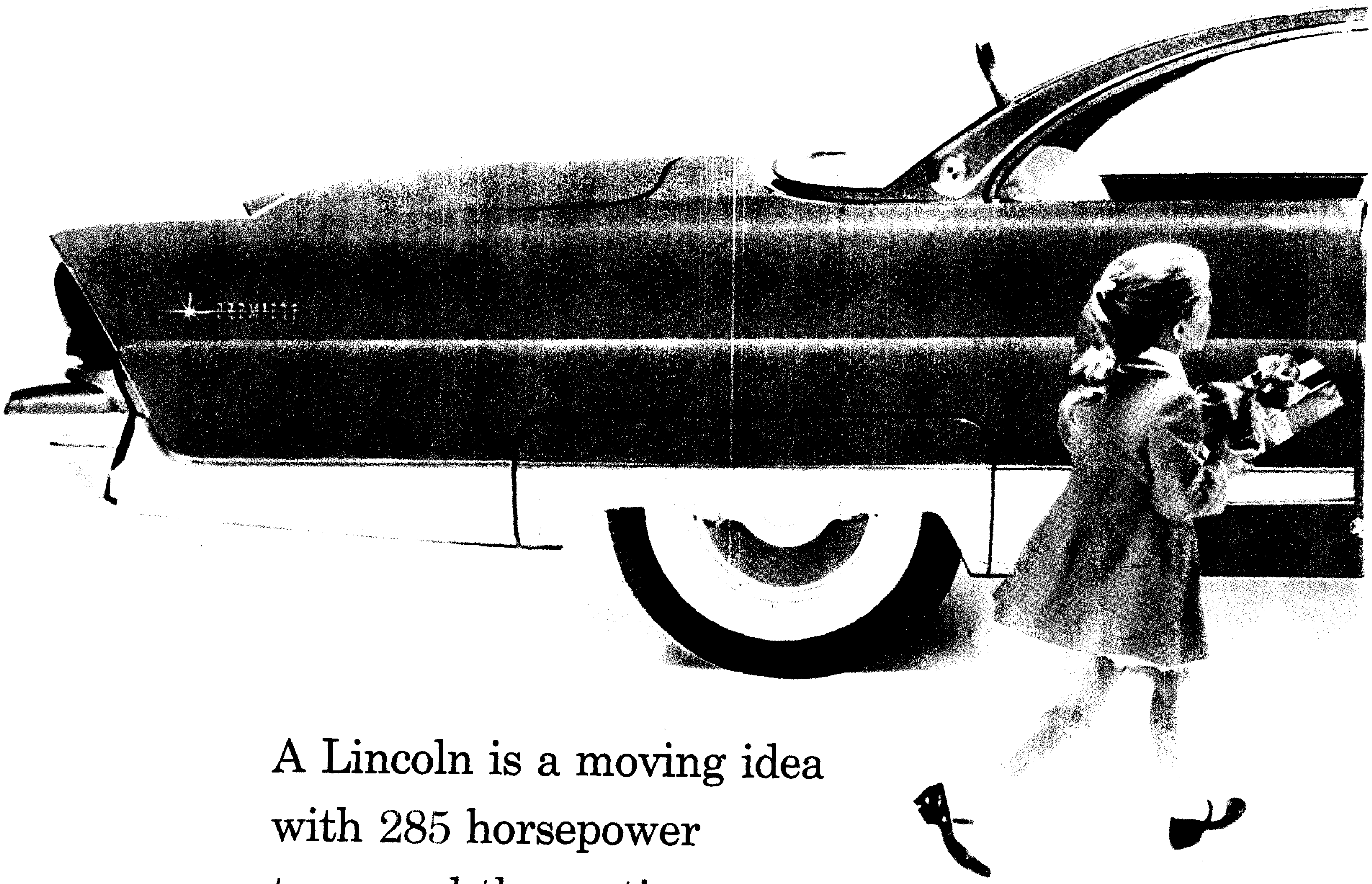
At three o'clock, with Custer in one end of the boat and Sitting Bull in the other, we reached Crane Lake and the cabin that was going to be our headquarters for a week. By five o'clock we had switched to a chopped-off canoe and a five-horse motor and were out in the middle of the lake. Sam claimed we were over a huge spring that in some mysterious way accounted for the supersize bass. Henry was too busy grunting about a storm coming up to argue with him.

Now according to all the rules of good fishing drama, we shouldn't have caught fish until the last hour of our last day in camp. We hit 'em right off. I hung three good, heavy fish and lost 'em all. Then I boated about a two-pounder. Sam tossed it back. "Tell your granddaddy Sam's here!"

Before I could hit Sam with the paddle, Henry punched me and pointed to the northwest. The sky was a bluish-black almost down to the horizon and seemed to be walking *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

A Lincoln is to



A Lincoln is a moving idea
with 285 horsepower
to second the motion

A Lincoln is one of the Ford family

Every mile from the dealers' doors
these are the five best ways to get

the Ford • the Thunderbird

dress up and go

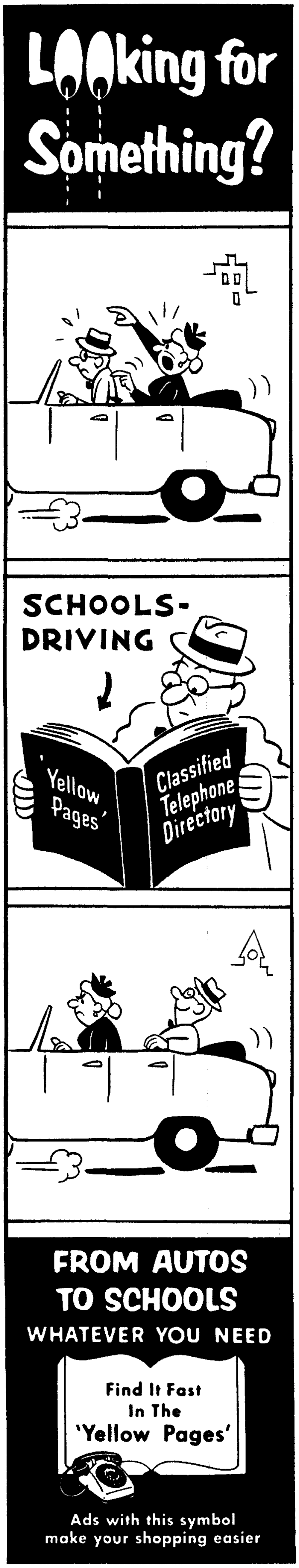
Every day's a party
in the new new new Lincoln

Each inch is luxury:
222 new inches of beauty and comfort
based on strength and safety and power

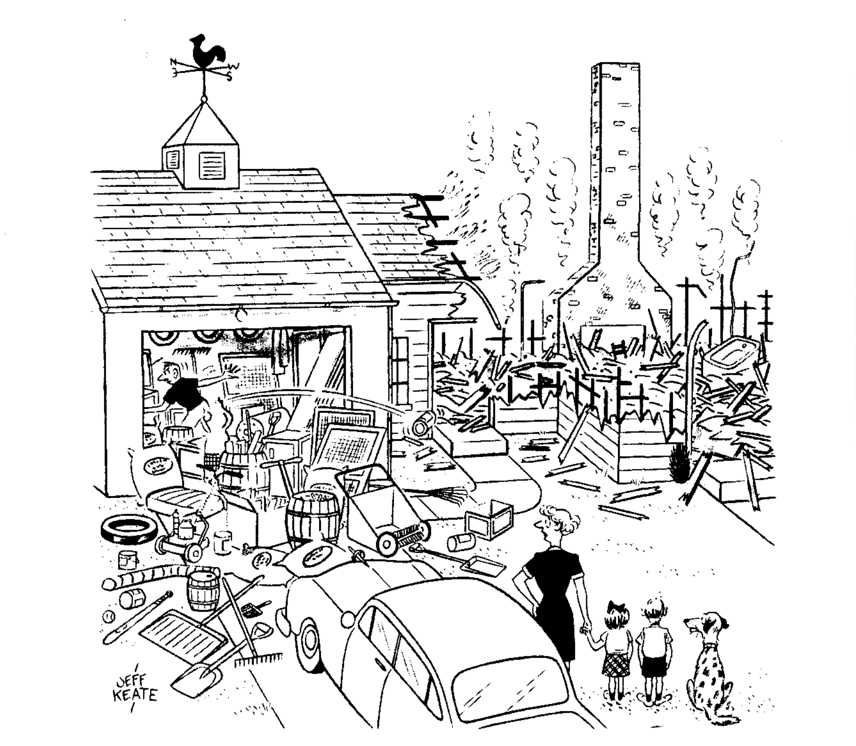
f fine cars

om place to place

ne Mercury • the Lincoln • the Continental



FROM AUTOS TO SCHOOLS
WHATEVER YOU NEED
Find It Fast In The 'Yellow Pages'
Ads with this symbol make your shopping easier



"Find the hose yet, Ed?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

(*Continued from page* 47) toward us on the stilts of rain coming down from it. Being as we were three miles from either shore, I thought Sam might be interested. "Don't listen to White Feather," he grunted, switching to worms and a spinner. "Just because he can't swim he's scared of water."

A nasty chop started building up. The wind started gusting. I reeled in. Sam looked at the sky and then at his watch. "If Moby Dick don't hit in five minutes, I'll get him tomorrow!"

Only a man the gods were out to destroy could have timed anything so uncannily. In five minutes the storm hit and so did Moby Dick.

THE next fifteen minutes were something that couldn't have happened on the ferry to hell. The rain hit us like a great, gray flapping paper of pins. Henry got us headed into the wind. The waves crashed against the bow and slithered into the boat. The prop started whipping air. I bailed. Henry fought the motor and bellowed for Sam to bail. He wasn't thinking about bailing. He was braced in the bow, pumping his rod and screaming, "I lose this fish and we're gonna lose a Indian!"

Then, with me in the bottom of the boat bailing and praying, he nearly jerked me over the side. I was on his net. The next thing I knew there was a fish in the boat with us. Sam fell on it, net and all. Then he was stringing it—like no other fish had ever been strung before. Then, with the thing beating me in the mouth with its lousy tail, he weighed it. "Thirteen pounds!" he shrieked. "You hear me, Joe? Thirteen pounds!"

"Bail, damn you," I yelled, "bail!"

It was too late. Henry gave me a kick. About fifty yards ahead was a black mass fringed with white—an island and rocks. He headed in. Sam, thinking he had spotted an opening, hollered for him to bear left. Henry did. There was the scrape of a rock that Sam hadn't seen, a pitch forward, a rock broadside, and we were in the water.

It was about twenty yards in to the beach. Henry, the nonswimmer, passed me on the way in. We struggled to our feet and searched the swirling black waters for Sam. About eight feet out and some three feet under the surface we spotted him. I dragged him up onto the beach. He gave a great *whoosh,* flopped over on his back and stared up at me, his savior. "You," he gurgled, "owe me five hundred dollars!" On the stringer looped around his belt was a great big, greenish-black, cave-mouth, double-gutted monster—Moby Dick.

We passed the night under a big overhanging rock about forty feet back from the lake. Henry found some half-dry wood beneath the rock and, by resorting to an old Indian trick of taking two matches out of a waterproof container and rubbing them together, started us a fire. Sam spent the night preparing his press releases.

"How's this one for the Associated Press, Joe?" he gloated. " 'Crane Lake, June twenty—Despite the combined presence of a howling tempest, a fear-crazed white man and an insane savage, Samuel M. Bancroft—noted angler and lineal descendant of Izaak M. Walton—today landed the largest small-mouthed bass ever taken on rod and reel!' "

Then there were speeches for the newsreel boys and the various sportsmen's clubs about the country who would be fighting to honor him. Then a fifteen-thousand-word account for the magazines. By midnight he was debating whether to hang Moby Dick over his fireplace or to keep him alive and feature him in an Esther Williams movie. As I dozed off he was debating whether he had caught the fish on worms or a lure of his own design.

CAME the cold, drizzling dawn, though, and I realized that the Luck of the Bancrofts was the least of my troubles. With no food, no boat and no tackle, we were on a little two-acre dab of rock and pine out in the middle of a lake six miles across and, according to Henry, thirty miles long. And stuck on it. The boys at the main camp weren't expecting us back for a week. They wouldn't be hunting for us. And with the clouds overhead, there wouldn't be any planes around. I couldn't interest Sam, though.

"Will you and the white man's burden quit beefing?" he snarled. "The weather's gonna clear. We'll set this lousy island on fire and in ten minutes we'll have more forestry planes around here than mosquitoes!"

Then he resumed his conversation with Moby Dick. He had the monster in a little pool in the rocks about twenty feet back from the lake. The topic under discussion was a new movie project Sam had dreamed up. Instead of appearing in an Esther Williams movie, Moby Dick would furnish the climax to a real-life epic. The Sam Bancroft Story!

At three o'clock it was still drizzling. I swam out to the rocks and made a couple of dives to see if I couldn't bring up a tackle box. At about fifteen feet I gave it up. When I got back in, Henry was stacking some wet wood alongside our fire to dry out. "Long night tonight!" he said. That scared me. I asked him how long he thought such weather could last.

"Maybe three days! Maybe week!"

Sam overheard him. "For your information, Black Cloud," he snarled, "the wind's shifting now!" But for some reason his voice didn't sound quite as brassy as before. Henry noticed it too, and for a second I thought he was actually going to grin.

I turned and studied Sam. He was still alongside the pool, but instead of discussing The Sam Bancroft Story with Moby Dick, he was just sitting there staring down at his catch like some great brooding Buddha. It made a very poignant picture—a picture to conjure with. Why, I asked myself, was he brooding, why the change in his voice? We were marooned, yeah, but wasn't he the darling of the gods? Hadn't they, despite rain and wind and raging sea, delivered into his hands a prize a million men had sought? Surely they wouldn't leave their fair-haired fat boy now to starve on a—

Suddenly the beauty and the irony of the thing hit me. I turned to Henry. "Are you thinking what I am thinking?" I whispered.

He nodded.

"But he's the luckiest man alive," I said. "*Couldn't* happen to . . ."

Henry couldn't help grinning. "Maybe be he pay for luck now. Big price!"

"Don't say a word!" I told him.

He nodded again. "Weather hold three days, Sam go crazy," he said.

But it wasn't that long. The next day was something Macbeth's witches wouldn't have been caught out in. Sam spent the morning staring at Moby Dick and the afternoon trying to kill a bunch of minnows with a stick. He looked like a golfer trying to play a marshmallow out of a sponge bed and had about as much luck. The next day was even bleaker, and he spent it throwing rocks at a grayish, very plump little bird that flitted about the island uttering a cry that sounded like, "Wanna eat, wanna eat, wanna eat."

But not once did Henry or I inquire as to the motivating force behind Sam's frantic activities. We just sat around the fire, nursed our empty, aching bellies, sharpened my pocketknife on a rock and thanked the Lord that *we* hadn't caught the world's largest small-mouthed bass.

THE morning of the fourth day was the bleakest of all. When I awoke, Sam was already down by Moby Dick's pool. I joined him. Moby Dick, fanning away at the bottom of the pool, never looked better, believe me. Sam, his jowls and his three chins sagging, looked like a sick Saint Bernard. Except for his eyes. They glittered. And the longer they stared at Moby Dick the more they glittered. Then Henry lumbered up. His face was a blank. He stared down at Moby Dick too. Nobody said a word.

I glanced at Sam. He was actually drooling. Suddenly he couldn't stand it any longer. He lunged at poor, innocent Henry. "Damn you!" he yelled. "You want to eat my fish!"

Three days Henry had been waiting for that. He fought Sam off, drew himself up, folded his arms and, in a voice reeking of scorn and triumph, let Sam have the truth right between the eyes. "*Sam* want to eat fish! Not Henry!"

And it was the truth. I was hungry and Henry was hungry, but Sam was starving to death. Moby Dick was driving him mad. But despite the fact that he had stooped to assaulting minnows and lusting after songbirds, he still denied the charge.

"I'd eat my mother before I'd eat that fish!" he said. "That fish belongs to the ages. You lay one thieving finger on him and I'll—"

I pulled him back. "Nobody's going to eat your fish, Sam!" I sighed.

He snatched my hand away. "I know nobody's gonna eat that fish. A man who'd catch a fish like that and eat it would find the goose that laid the golden egg and wring its neck. I'll starve to death—you hear me—I'll starve to death before I eat that fish!" He made another lunge at Henry. "*You're looking at him like that again!*"

THE end came at midnight. I was lying by the fire on my bed of pain and pine, listening to Henry snore. Gradually I became aware of another sound—like something gnawing on wood. Without turning I finally located it. Sam was chewing on a root. Then he was spitting. Then his stomach started growling. In a belly as big and empty as his, it echoed. Then, not knowing I was awake, he got up, took a brand off the fire and, using it as a torch, went down to Moby Dick's pool. Then he came back and lay down once more. His stomach started growling again. He cursed, got up, came around the fire and shook me.

"Joe! Joe, wake up!"

I yawned and sat up. He stared at me. It was the most tragic face I ever saw—as well as the most deceitful. He put his hand on my shoulder. "You poor devil," he said softly, "you've been crying out in your sleep. You've been crying for food!"

Naturally words failed me. He bit his lip. "Joe, I've been thinking. I've been mighty selfish about this thing. A man can go just so long without food. I've got a lot of fat to carry me through, but a skinny fellow like you. . ." He stopped, and for a second I thought he was going to cry. Then he took a deep breath. "I'm going to have Henry cook the fish for you!"

I never felt sorrier for a man in my life. He was lying to me, sure. *He* wanted to eat Moby Dick, but the thought of having Moby Dick's blood on his hands was more than he could bear. In his own twisted way he was pleading with me to allow him to commit the crime of the ages in my name.

Well, in all his life Sam Bancroft had never done a really mean thing. He'd done a lot of big talking, yeah, but even Henry knew he hadn't meant a word of it. And he had led the life of a glorified bum—but what fisherman, given the same chance, wouldn't have? Besides, he had shared that life with others. Half the fishermen back home had gone to Maine and places like that with him at his expense. So his only sin was enjoying life too much—and now, in the most fantastic sort of way, he was having to pay for it.

"Thanks, Sam," I mumbled. "I hate to eat your fish, but. . ."

"Forget it!" he said, his stomach growling again. "If I was as hungry as you are, you'd do the same for me!"

Henry (even he felt sorry for Sam) and I cleaned and grilled poor Moby Dick while Sam was off hunting for firewood we didn't need. He just couldn't bear to look. Then, when Henry served him up a couple of pounds of white, flaky, steaming-hot Moby Dick on a rock, he sounded like a man trying to swallow a Yo-yo. I tried cheering him up.

He could still have the head mounted, I said—and besides that, Henry and I would both sign affidavits that the fish weighed thirteen pounds and that Sam had sacrificed him not to satisfy his own hunger but to save the life of a starving friend. That seemed to do the trick. After his third helping he was even hinting that his sacrifice was just the thing to make The Sam Bancroft Story a real epic.

By noon the next day there wasn't a cloud in the sky. At one o'clock Ed Carroll and Fred Mackey—they'd grown lonesome for Sam—came paddling up the lake. We hailed 'em and they headed for us, whooping and wanting to know what had happened. When they hit the beach, Henry and I let Sam do all the talking.

He told 'em about the storm, the wreck and about our four days on the island. Then Ed Carroll finally stopped laughing long enough to sneer: "But what about the world's-record bass you were gonna catch?"

Sam quivered, glanced at Henry, glanced at me, and then gave a pitiful little smile. "I'll get him next time."

That was the final irony of the thing. With Moby Dick's head to show 'em, they couldn't deny that it *might* have been the record fish. But they would *never* believe that Sam—a man who could eat nine pounds of fish at one sitting—had cooked the fish because *I* was hungry. And the glory of catching it wouldn't balance the shame of having eaten it.

Henry and I understood. And Sam understood that we understood. When we left for home he gave Henry a check for five hundred dollars, and some advice: "Never trust a skinny Indian, Henry. Just the fat ones!"

WELL, that was four years ago. Sam still goes fishing every day, still does a lot of laughing and big talking and has never again mentioned the name Moby Dick to me or anybody else. But every time a bunch of us go on a fishing trip and supper rolls around, some innocent will say: "Hey, Sam, when did you stop eating fish?"

And Sam, without blinking an eye, will reply very casually: "Well, I'll tell you. Up in Canada a few years back I was out with this big dumb Indian and a dude who was even dumber. Well, I caught this pretty nice fish, but there was something about the thing—looked sort of bloated—that told me we ought not to eat it. That savage and that simple-minded tenderfoot, though, they were gluttons. Eat anything. Songbirds, crawfish, anything. Well, they cooked that fish and slipped a piece of it on my plate. Sick? Man, I get sick just thinking about that fish. Haven't been able to eat a piece of fish since. Pass the ham!"

—B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

FAST HORSES
AND SLOW WHISKY

[illegible] Kentuc[illegible]
[illegible] bourl[illegible]

Of all the fine whiskies made in Kentucky—and they are the world's best—Kentuckians themselves choose Early Times over all other straights. That's the best recommendation a whisky ever had. Superbly mellow . . . every ounce a man's whisky.

EARLY TIMES
Old Style Kentucky Whisky
THIS IS THE WHISKY THAT MADE KENTUCKY WHISKIES FAMOUS
EARLY TIMES
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky
EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY

EARLY TIMES

©1956 E.T.D.C

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY—EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY CO., LOUISVILLE 1, KY.—86 PROOF

YOUR CAR
SAFER
HERE?

MAKE IT
SAFER
HERE!

Switch to Kellys for Worry-free Driving!

New car safety features and Kelly tires have a single goal—safer, more Worry-free Driving for everyone!

The heavier the traffic and the more powerful your car, the wiser you are to take advantage of all the new car safety features—safety belts, padded dashboards and all the rest.

But to make *doubly* certain that you and your family are well protected against the hazards of modern driving, be sure your *tires* are built to take the gaff!

Today's new Kelly Prestige Tubeless is just such a tire—designed in every last detail to give you the safety you need! It gives you the *blowout* safety, the *puncture* safety, the *stopping* safety you need to give you the wonderful feeling that your car is always under control—on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather.

When you ride on these new Kellys you discover a new sense of safety... enjoy new confidence behind the wheel. In short, you discover what *Worry-free* Driving really means!

For tubeless tire safety at a saving

SEE YOUR KELLY DEALER NOW!

Why not add the safety features of Kellys to your car? You'll be surprised—and pleased!—at how little it costs to trade your old, worn, risky tires for new safe Tubeless Kellys. Your Kelly Dealer will gladly pay you the full value of your present tires—and buy your old tubes, as well—when you switch to the new Prestige. See him as soon as you can!

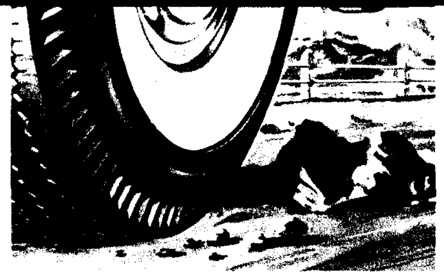
THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

KELLY
Springfield
TIRES

KELLY
Springfield
PRESTIGE

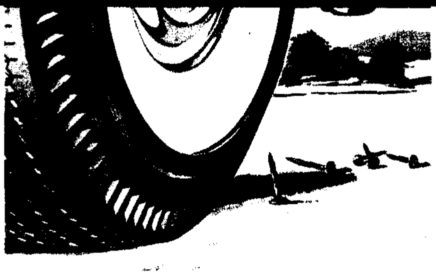
KELLY Prestige TUBELESS

BLOWOUT SAFETY!



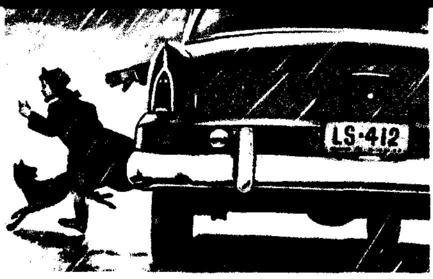
The stronger, Safety-Welded cord body gives the Prestige almost unbelievable resistance to impact damage . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, softer-riding.

PUNCTURE SAFETY!



You can just forget about dangerous roadside flats. The Prestige Safety-Welded body c-l-i-n-g-s to puncturing objects, prevents air loss, keeps you rolling *safely.*

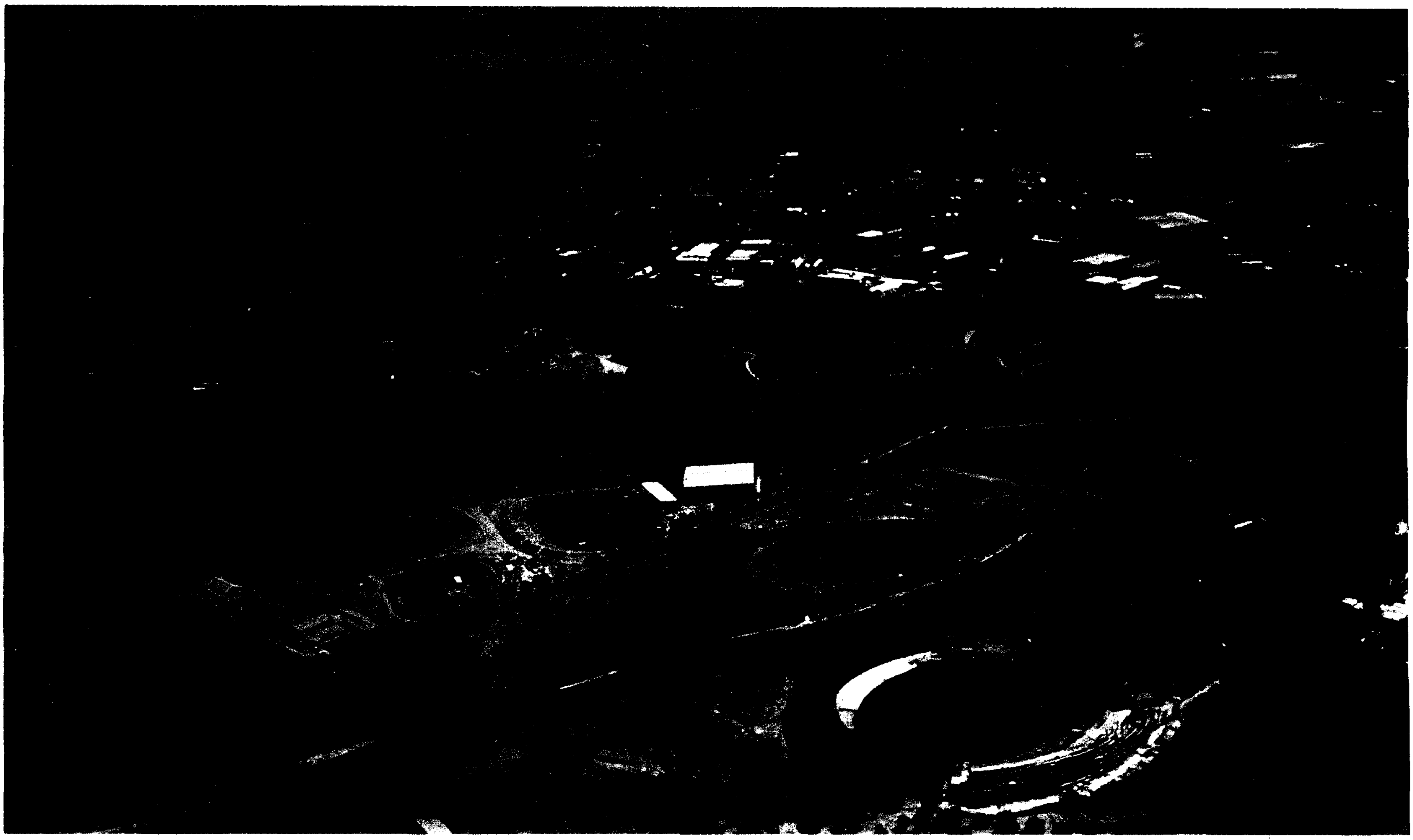
STOPPING SAFETY!



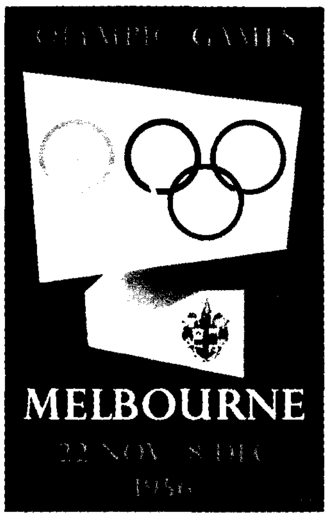
The instant you touch the brakes, the Prestige tread is converted into thousands of sharp-angled "stopping edges" that grip the road and hold fast.

Look for the sign of Worry-free Driving!

MELBOURNE

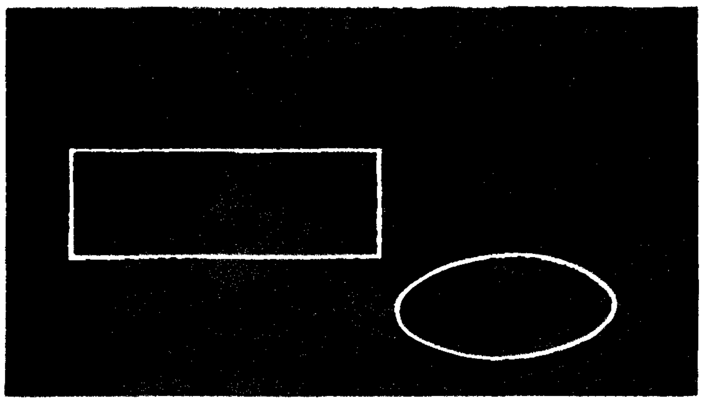


They're getting set for this year's Olympic games way down under where the weather may be and the hospitality is sure to be warm in November. A dinkum Aussie invites all you blokes to a walkabout through the 1956 sports capital of the world. But beware, he warns, of wowsers and tall tales of kangaroos


OLYMPIC GAMES
MELBOURNE
22 NOV - 8 DEC
1956

The Olympics City

• MELBOURNE



Major events of the 1956 Olympic games will be run off in this parkland setting not far from Melbourne's main business district. Olympic Park (marked with rectangle), with its soccer field, cycling oval and cinder track, is still being groomed. A modernistic swimming stadium is already built. Together they will hold some 80,000 spectators. In the foreground is the Melbourne Cricket Ground (circle) where a new section of triple-decked stands will increase its capacity to 110,000. Principal track-and-field events, as well as the opening Olympic ceremonies, will take place here. Sites elsewhere in the city will house indoor sports such as boxing and basketball. Rowing will be on a lake 77 miles away. Australia is spending $11,000,000 on its preparations for the games, which begin on November 22d

By FRED FLOWERS

Melbourne, Australia

WAY down under, where the seasons are reversed, at twenty past four on November 22d in the Southern Hemisphere's biggest sports arena, the Melbourne Cricket Ground, the sports-loving Duke of Edinburgh will declare open the 16th Olympiad of modern times. I'll be one of the 110,000 spectators who, with 6,000 athletes and officials from some 70 nations, will roar as Melbourne becomes the sports capital of the world until the games end on December 8th. And, mate, believe me, that will be an ear-splitting roar indeed. You can't know what noise is until you've heard a mob of Melbourne barrackers hollering at a sporting event!

You Yanks don't know too much about Melbourne, do you? That's understandable. After all, Melbourne is 4,300 miles closer to the South Pole than it is to Los Angeles.

So, I'd like to take you walkabout through our modern, flourishing city of more than 1,500,000 people and its new Olympic additions.

You blokes were good to me when I recently took a leave from The Herald, Melbourne's evening newspaper, to go to America as Australia's Nieman fellow. I spent an academic year at Harvard, and 10 weeks touring by car with my family from coast to coast. I met a few people who knew Australia well, and many who didn't—for instance:

A Boston insurance agent asked me if Australia was as big as New England. (Australia's area approximates that of the continental U.S.)

A Cambridge, Massachusetts, high-school girl asked my daughter if Australia fought in the war, and if so, on what side. (One seventh of our population enlisted and we fought the Axis for two years before Pearl Harbor.)

Another American, after meeting my daughter, told her teacher that Australians must be clever. They speak English so well.

An elderly New Yorker inquired if Melbourne gardens were often ravaged by kangaroos. (In fact, most Australians have to visit a zoo themselves to see a kangaroo.)

These are just a few of the misconceptions I ran across. But it's only fair to say that Aussies have a few misconceptions about America too—as you may learn if you come on down in November.

THE MELBOURNE GAMES OPEN one month before the end of our spring. We Olympians should be able to sit out in the warm sun in our lightweight suits and panamas, while statesiders shiver. I'd like to underline that word *should*. I've got to be honest. Even loyal Melburnians like me get disgusted with our weather at times. Round that period it can be unpredictably fickle. We could shiver and sweat in the same day.

The city sits on the southeast edge of a hot, dry continent. Northerlies blowing down from the vast, oven-hot center land can force the temperature up 30 to 40 degrees in a short time and, conversely, cold winds blowing up from the antarctic can send the mercury plummeting in just a few hours. However, average temperatures in late November and early December are usually in the seventies, rising to an odd-ninety by day and dropping into the fifties by night. But don't say I didn't warn you to bring your topcoat and umbrella, as well as your panama.

Let's suppose you fly into Melbourne. At night myriad lights pinpoint an area of 230 square miles. Chicago packs two and a half times the population into about the same area. As your aircraft circles the suburbs you will see many rectangular patches brilliantly lighted. They are the hundreds of illuminated tennis courts: Melbourne has more than 4,000 courts, making it the world's most tennis-happy city.

The Aussie hostess on your plane is just as pretty as the ones back home, although her accent is different. She pronounces "games" as "gymes," for instance, with a slight nasal drawl. She likes Yanks. No wonder. Lots of Aussies believe all Americans who travel are either millionaires or Hollywood talent scouts. You'll find Australians have a genuine liking for Americans. We are just a little overawed by your hustle, your industrial know-how, your great wealth.

But, beware! As a defense some of us take a rather fiendish delight in trying to pull your leg. It must be the Texan in us. Look out for the Aussie who tells you about his kangaroo farm.

At the airport the taxi driver who will adopt you and your luggage is just as talkative and aggressive as taxi drivers round the world. "You're an American," he'll say with conviction. "I know by the bloody great heap of luggage you've got." You'll soon get accustomed to that ruddy expletive: practically everybody here uses it. As he is stowing your bags in the boot (trunk, to you) he'll ask: "Ever been here before?" If you answer no, he will give you the good oil about the town.

"The cops are sudden death here, mate," he'll say. "If you drive keep your porkpie peeled for them, or they'll be on your hammer. Do a yard over the 30 mile-an-hour speed limit and they'll run you in. It'll cost you a fiver first up."

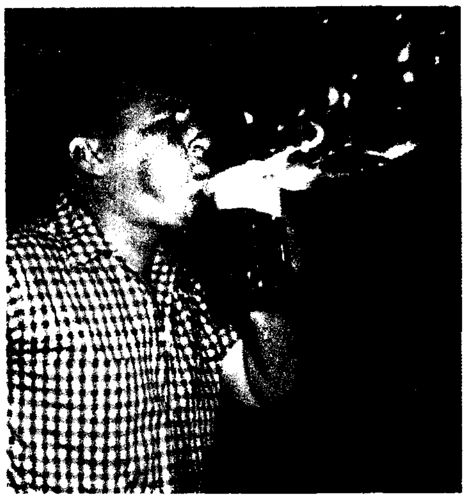
Such lingo is all part of a local system of rhyming slang now dying out. The idea is to substitute a word or phrase that rhymes with the word you really mean. Here, "porkpie" rhymes with eye; "hammer" is part of the phrase "hammer and tack" which rhymes with "back." Clear, now?

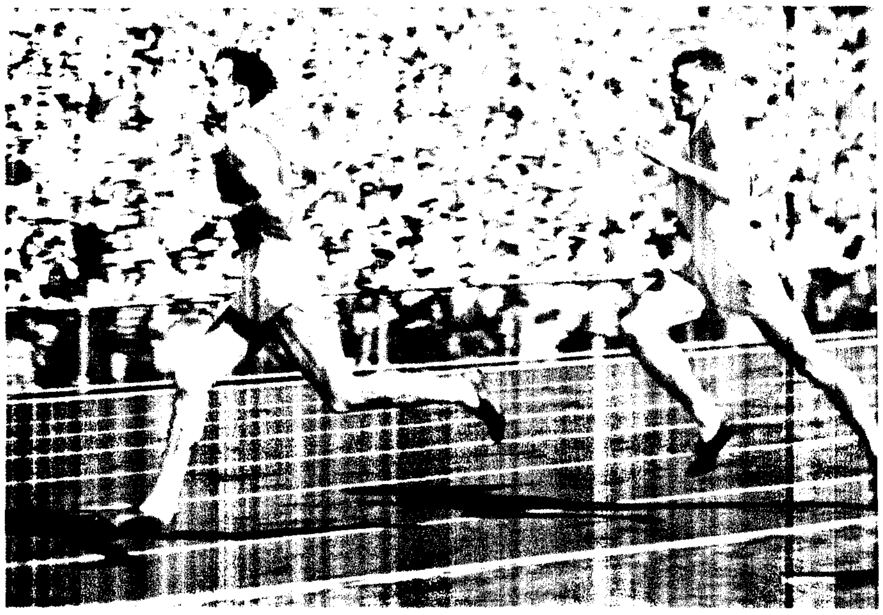
If he develops a real liking for you the taxi driver might even advise you

Sports-happy Melbourne is going all out to prepare for the Olympic influx. You can win your fare home in the local lotteries—but don't try spending it on Sunday

Olympic village, above, will contain 4,000 rooms for athletes and officials, a shopping center and 20 dining halls. Brigadier C. M. L. Elliott, below right, is importing 100 chefs to cater to the appetites of some 70 national teams

A thirsty Aussie blows the froth off the "world's best beer" at a Melbourne bar. A "pot" like this costs 15 cents





A noisy mob of Melbourne barrackers cheers on Australia's John Landy, left, as he breaks four minutes for the mile again on the new Olympic Park track

against tipping. "Don't get throwing those dollars round, mate," he'll say. "Dinkum (native-born) Aussies don't want tips. We got a 40-hour week and a court to fix decent wages."

It's a fact that Australians themselves rarely tip, and when they do the tip is small. The average Australian does not tip his barber; only on the rare occasion does he buy his bartender a drink; he never tips the snack-bar girl; he gives the taxi driver his exact fare, perhaps leaves him the change if it is only a few cents; he tips the restaurant or hotel waiter well only when he is doing the town.

We aren't miserly; there is just a strong streak of independence in our make-up that makes even the Aussie bottle washer feel he doesn't want charity from anybody.

You won't be in Melbourne long before somebody gets round to The Subject: the city's Olympic preparations. I'd like you to hear Jim Cotchett on it. Jim is a big, smiling Californian who came out here 30 years ago. He is a successful executive in the wire-strapping business today. He's still a Californian, but he's an Aussie too, with four Aussie children.

"Fair dinkum (honest)," he'll say, with his American accent, "we'll stage the best games yet. And I saw the ones at Los Angeles! Australians are spending $11,000,000 on new stadiums, swimming and diving pools and a mighty Olympic Village—and remember that a dollar spent on building here goes twice as far as it does in the States. The average rate of pay in Australia is about $40 a 40-hour week."

YOU SHOULD ALSO LISTEN to Don Bruno, an ex-soldier from Brooklyn, who settled in Melbourne three years ago. With his crew cut, Don is a landmark in any Australian crowd. He edits GI, the official newspaper of the local American Ex-Servicemen's Association, has his own private investigation service, a pretty Italian wife, Santa, and an Aussie son, Robert.

"Melbourne will do me," he'll say. "It's a bit raw in parts, but it's got all the essentials, except one—the Dodgers! I know more than 200 ex-GIs here, all doing well. There's real opportunity here."

Don't make up your mind on Melbourne yet. I fear Don, and Jim, are maybe just a little biased.

You'll jostle in bigger crowds, however, in downtown Melbourne than even in New York, Boston or Los Angeles. Melburnians have not yet lost the downtown shopping habit. The central business district, on the Yarra River six miles upstream from Port Phillip Bay, has a graceful sky line of spires, towers and minarets. Contemporary office blocks and hotels of glass, slashed with bright colors, are now rising to relieve the grubby, gray monotony of its old stone-and-concrete buildings.

You'll probably stroll down the sun-drenched, mile-long Fifth Avenue of Australia—Collins Street—preferably at noon when the brown-skinned office girls in their bright cottons and stilt heels are out on the sidewalks too. Perhaps you'd like to sit on a bench under the shady elms that line the street, and watch the green-and-gold streetcars rattle by. (Some have female conductors.) Just off the sidewalks, down a few steps or a narrow corridor, are tiny coffee lounges and Continental restaurants, cozy and beckoning, the tantalizing aroma of hot coffee and fresh raisin bread issuing from them.

Nearby, in Bourke Street, are the smart department stores, led by the mammoth Myer Emporium which claims the world's record (previously held by Macy's) for one day's turnover by one store: $2,000,000 taken on the first day of a 1954 winter sale.

You'll find the movie houses are as modern as America's best and show new films concurrently with New York and London. The year-round Melburnians see Broadway and London hit shows, and in recent years Amer-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN LAMBERT

ican stars such as Bob Hope, Louis Armstrong, Frank Sinatra, Betty Hutton and Spike Jones have found Melbourne stopovers very profitable.

Speaking of money, how would you like to win back your expenses for the trip here? The government lottery office is only five minutes' walk away in Flinders Street. Here you will see thousands of people queuing for tickets in Tattersall's, the nation's oldest lottery. There's a Tatts drawn nearly every day. You pay 60 cents for a ticket which gives you a 200,000 to 1 chance of winning the first prize of $22,500. Sixty per cent of the money is returned in prizes ranging down to 1,600 awards of $11.25 each. There are five separate official government lotteries in Australia, with prizes as high as $300,000. Lottery winnings are tax free. But the strict currency exchange laws make it impossible for you to change much of your winnings into dollars.

You can't squander your winnings in night clubs either. Melbourne hasn't any clubs on the New York, New Orleans or Parisian scale. A stripteaser would freeze to death waiting for a job in Melbourne. Some U.S. visitors once described Melbourne as Boston without Scollay Square. I admit a Melbourne Sunday can be a harrowing experience for a stranger. All the stores, most restaurants and the public bars are closed. You could fire a cannon of shot down Collins Street without hitting even a town hall pigeon. But you can always get a drink at your hotel, and now a few of the best hotels have music and floor shows in the evening. This is a tremendous advance on nothing, which is all we had a few years ago.

MELBOURNE'S BIG HOTELS have all been earmarked for Olympic officials and visiting journalists, but locals have offered nearly 20,000 beds in private houses for Olympic visitors. Nine tenths of us Melburnians live in our own homes, along quiet, shady suburban avenues, with our neat gardens and grass plots, the whole surrounded by a fence. We value privacy; it's a hang-over from our British ancestry. But we know how to have a heck of a good time, as you will discover when you penetrate our fences.

I'd like to kill an ugly canard I heard abroad that we subsist on steak and eggs. This palate-pleasing combination does come close to being Australia's national dish, and you will certainly come by it more often than turkey, hamburger, hot dogs or Southern fried chicken. There's nothing wrong with a thick, juicy steak slightly underdone in a land where the best steak can still be bought for 40 cents a pound.

We do eat other dishes. A few hardy souls occasionally eat kangaroo-tail soup, or crocodile barbecue. The croc steaks are flown down from our northern rivers in the continent's tropic zone. When a Melburnian wants a good meal, out he goes to a favorite downtown hotel or restaurant, Italian usually, where he enjoys superbly cooked Continental-style food with a bottle of local vintage wine for about $3 or $4. The local Chinese say Melbourne's Chinese cooking is the best south of Canton, while if your tastes run to Hungarian, Polish, Greek, German or French cooking, they can be satisfied in the small downtown fringe cafés now being opened by migrants.

If you don't have time for a sit-down meal, there are plenty of stand-up "bars." These are friendly places where a stranger can find a local ready to chat over a few beers while he eats a counter lunch of hot pies (meat-and-rich-gravy-filled pastries), sandwiches or a hot plate for about a quarter.

"What do you think of our beer?" the local will ask, and before you can reply he will continue: "It's the best beer in the world. Nothing like it anywhere." That is something we are aggressively dogmatic about, the excellence of our strong, malty beer with an eight-per-cent alcoholic content. It costs only nine cents a seven-ounce glass.

It always has been something to see one of these bars in the barbarous final hour before they close at 6:00 P.M. (A referendum for a later closing is about to be voted as this is written.) The "six-o'clock swill" as it is called locally, when the bars are packed tight with men striving to get drinks, is a peculiarity of Australia's "wowser belt" stretching from Melbourne to Adelaide. Wowser is an Australianism for a kill-joy who doesn't smoke, drink or smile, and tries to force others to do likewise.

Fifteen years ago an Australian might have raised an eyebrow when he heard other than English spoken. Even the English accent annoyed him. We had been alone so long in our Pacific back yard we had forgotten the outside world. The GIs who came here during the Pacific war gave us our first home-ground lessons in foreign relations. After the war the job was continued by Europe's displaced persons. More than 1,000,000 migrants have settled in Australia since 1946, half of them from Britain, more than 10,000 of them Americans.

Today, one out of every nine people we pass on Melbourne's sidewalks arrived here from abroad in the past decade. We are developing into a genuine American-type melting pot. You hear a dozen different languages spoken in the streetcars and trains. We "old" Australians no longer wince when we hear other than English; we welcome the migrants as cobbers (mates) who are ready to fight with us, if necessary, against the Asian Communists.

You've met the residents, and seen the city. Now what about a quick swing round the Olympic sites?

The $6,000,000 Olympic Village rises on 112 acres in the fringe suburb of Heidelberg. Here you'll see 837 new houses and apartments, and a shopping center in various stages of construction. Whole streets of houses are already painted in bright reds, greens, yellows and grays. There are 4,000 rooms here for the athletes and officials. Each will have a bed (seven-foot-six-inch ones for American basketball players!), inner-spring mattress, wardrobe, cabinet and drawers.

That high, heavy wire-mesh fence round the village is to keep "squatters" out during construction, and to protect the visitors from rubbernecks during the games.

A "squatter" is a house-hungry Australian who moves his family into a house without permission, offers the rent, and stays put. If he is an ex-serviceman it could take years to shift him. After the games the village units will be rented at from $7 to $9 a week to some of the 9,000 families on the State Housing Commission's waiting list.

On the parkland in the center of the village are rising another million dollars' worth of temporary Olympic facilities, including an entertainment hall, 10 kitchens and 20 dining rooms. The 10 kitchens will cater separately for British-American, Asian, Israeli, French-Belgian, Hungarian, Italian, Mid-European, Russian and Eastern European, Scandinavian and Spanish-American cooking.

The Olympic Village catering-and-accommodation officer, Brigadier C. M. L. Elliott, is a Falstaffian dynamo who loves to talk about food. "Melbourne games athletes will be the best fed in history," he says. And to make his point, he adds, "Look at my figure!" (Two hundred and twenty-five pounds on a five-foot six-inch frame.)

"I like food," he says, "but I'm a fad. It's got to be cooked just right. Athletes want the best if they are going to break records. We want 140 high-grade cooks. We are getting 100 in Europe, and we've asked each team to bring along a 'head spicer.' "

He closes his eyes in ecstasy when he recites the good things he's got in store for the visitors. There's . . . *"Crème florentine d'épinards* and *rôti d'agneau* for the Belgians . . . *Tsimmes, chulent, kishke,* asparagus, sauterne and muscat for the Israeli . . . *Sikh kabab, pulao, suji halwa,* chicken and egg curries for the Indians . . . *Fooyoong darn* and *hang-yan gai ding,* among other things, for the Chinese . . ."

By request he's arranging soup for breakfast for the Japanese, and he has an extra special surprise for Americans on Thanksgiving.

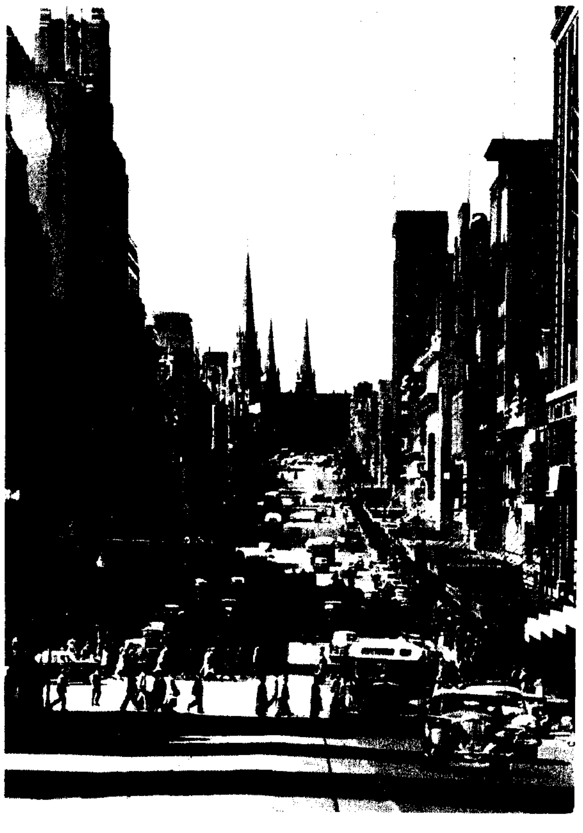
He expects the visitors to eat daily more than 5,000 pounds of fresh meat, 7,000 pounds of vegetables, vast quantities of other basic foods, and to drink 10,000 pints of milk. In addition to the special menus, each dining room will feature a giant daily *smörgåsbord* containing a wide variety of meats, vegetables, cheeses, sauces and pickles. More than ten types of beverages will be served, including beer and wines for those teams that "normally" have these beverages with their meals.

A SHUTTLE SERVICE of 200 buses and a fleet of new automobiles driven by 300 of Melbourne's most photogenic girls will carry athletes and officials back and forth along the seven and a half miles between the Olympic Village and the main stadium, the Melbourne Cricket Ground.

The main stadium additions, worth $1,500,000, include a triple-deck steel and concrete stand to accommodate 40,000 people. This will bring the arena's capacity to 110,000. Ten minutes' walk away on the bank of the Yarra River, in a garden setting, is Olympic Park, where three new sports arenas and a swimming stadium of unique design will hold another 80,000 spectators. The area contains a soccer ground, a cinder track, a hockey ground and a cycling track.

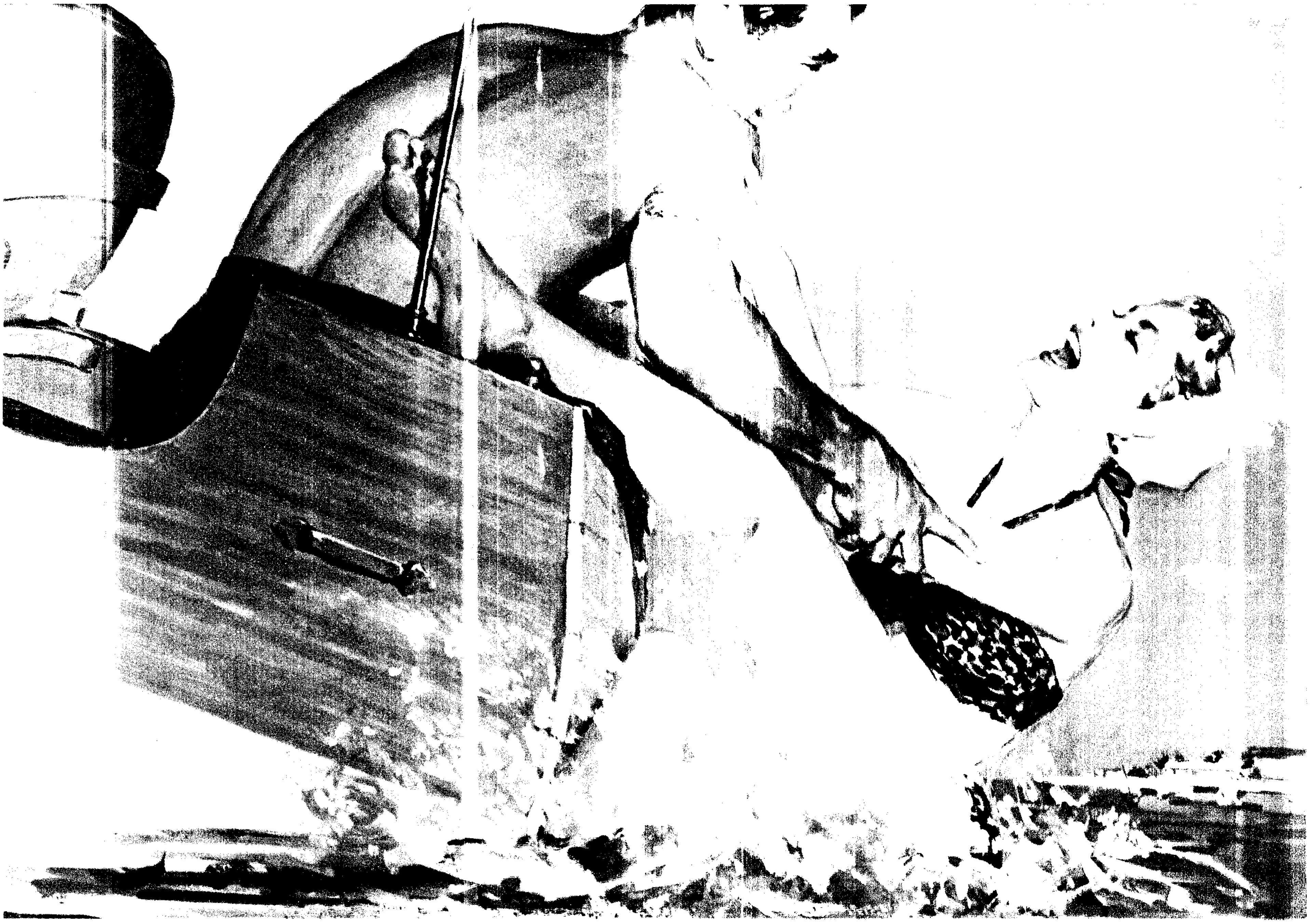
If you do come down under for the games, bring your bathers (no bikinis, please; remember the wowsers!), your golf clubs (there are 26 courses in the Melbourne area), fishing rods, sporting guns, tennis racket, even your baseball bat and glove. There'll be plenty to do if the official sports drag.

Now, take a look at a map of the world. Trace your finger down the Pacific, way down to Melbourne. Close your eyes. See if you can't hear the aborigines chanting *"mele mung'il . . . mele mung'il . . ."* That's aboriginal for "welcome"—and, believe me, you will be. THE END



AUSTRALIAN INFORMATION BUREAU

Bourke Street, with Parliament House at far end, is Melbourne's busiest shopping center. Myer Emporium can be seen at left



Lee hooked a shapely leg over the side and said, "You'll have to bear a hand, darling." Jerry pulled, and she pulled, and suddenly the boat was rocking wildly

The four-way kiss

Jerry was bored with being in the Navy—and even, at the moment, with being married. Unfortunately, he found a kindred spirit: his executive officer's wife!

By COLIN G. JAMESON

LIEUTENANT GERALD BLACKBURN, USNR, had shut off the alarm when he went to bed, yet when it clicked at six thirty he was ready to get up. He didn't have to report to the ship till Monday, but Key West was already too hot for sleep.

He glanced over at Marcia. Obviously the heat wasn't bothering her; she was sleeping soundly. A wisp of blue-black hair had fallen across her cheek to touch her parted lips, where it lifted gently with each breath.

Looking at Marcia reminded Jerry of last night and their fight after the dance at Fort Taylor. Whose fault had it been this time? He couldn't even remember how it had started or what it had been about. The fights had been growing more frequent as the months went by and his return to his law career still seemed far off. Lately, all that had been necessary to get one under way had been the proper "climate." The proper climate usually consisted of another late evening at the club.

Jerry got up and tiptoed into the bathroom to brush his teeth. The tiptoeing was not the result of thoughtfulness; he simply couldn't face a renewal of the fight. Afterward, he put on shorts and a pair of sneakers. As he straightened from tying the laces, Marcia said something that sounded like the names of half a dozen Russian statesmen run together. Then she began to snore gently.

Jerry contemplated her without enthusiasm. They didn't have to snore, did they? He wondered if Elizabeth Taylor snored. Well, maybe Elizabeth Taylor could get away with it. Marcia, who distantly resembled her, clearly could not.

He noticed his cigarette lighter and several packs of matches lying on the small table by the bed. He gathered them up and put them in the top bureau drawer. Later on, Jerry, Jr., and the Fleming kids might wander into the room.

The Fleming kids. Why did the Flemings have to barge in on them almost every Sunday? Wasn't it enough to be afflicted with George Fleming

ILLUSTRATED BY ROSWELL KELLER

All RCA Victor Big Color TV sets bring you a *full 250 square inches* of viewable picture. Shown: **Haviland 21** (21CT660). Mahogany or limed oak grained finishes. **$695.**

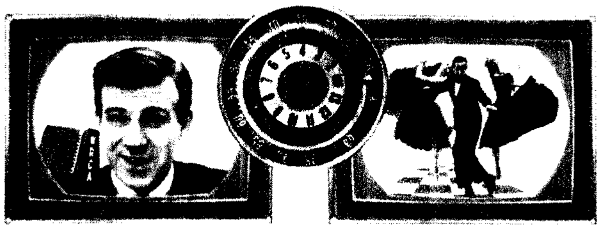
THE WONDER WORLD OF COLOR IS YOURS WITH RCA VICTOR BIG COLOR TV FROM $695

And what a big, wide, colorful world it is! The picture you see here can't possibly show *all* that Big Color adds to TV—the realism, the depth, the emotion, the *impact*, the almost unbelievable beauty. For this is an entirely new kind of TV entertainment—Big Color TV by RCA Victor—yours at the lowest price in history.

Musicals, comedy, drama, children's shows—you see them all *clearly*, *sharply* on beautiful RCA Victor Big Color TV. And the colors are true-to-life, rich, stunning—incomparable!

Add Color to your family's TV life *now*. Stop in at your RCA Victor dealer's for a *free* demonstration of RCA Victor Big Color TV!

With an RCA Victor Factory Service Contract (optional, extra) your set is installed and serviced by RCA's own technicians. Available only to RCA Victor TV owners.

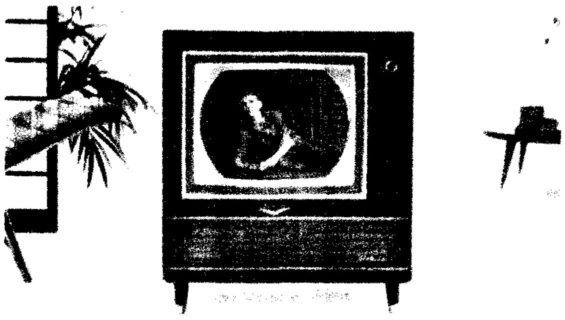


LIKE HAVING 2 SETS IN 1

You tune in both color programs and black-and-white shows on every RCA Victor Big Color TV set! This is Compatible Color, pioneered and developed by RCA.

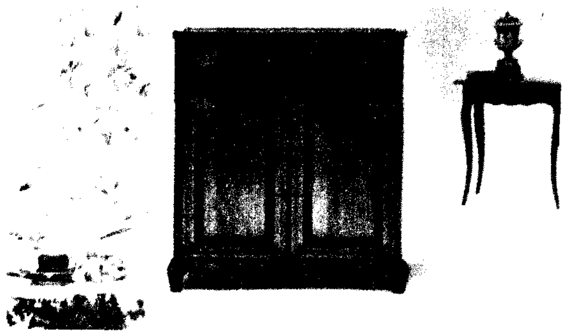
See Milton Berle, Martha Raye alternately on NBC-TV, 2 out of every 3 Tuesdays. And see NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in Color or Black-and-White, Monday, April 30. • Manufacturer's nationally advertised UHF-VHF prices shown, subject to change.

Tmks ® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA



Director 21 (21CT662). Mahogany or blond tropical hardwood finishes. **$895.**

Gainsborough 21 (21CT664). 3 speakers. Natural walnut or maple finishes. **$995.**



FIRST IN BLACK-AND-WHITE TELEVISION • FIRST IN COMPATIBLE COLOR TELEVISION and his puns all week on the ship? And Sandra Fleming was without a doubt the stringiest, brassiest blonde on the island. It made Jerry's head ache to think of her.

Lying at the front of the bureau drawer were a few brass shear pins for the prop of the outboard motor. They gave Jerry a thought. He smiled tightly. This Sunday, he would take the boat out and have himself a personal, private picnic, sans Flemings, sans Marcia, sans everybody and everything.

The more he considered the plan, the more attractive it became. What better way to renew your perspective on people—and on fights with people—than to get out on the water? Not, of course, on any damned destroyer escort with George Fleming. In a little fourteen-foot outboard by yourself.

ALONE, in the vast emptiness of sea and sky, you might also get perspective on *things*. For example, on the ever-present, nerve-racking fear that while the Navy held onto you your niche in society was closing, that all the clients so laboriously collected were drifting irretrievably to other young lawyers whose schooling and career had not been interrupted by a Presidential summons.

In the kitchenette Jerry drank a glass of milk, made a couple of peanut-butter sandwiches, and rolled up three cans of cold beer in newspaper. After checking on Jerry, Jr., who was asleep in the other bedroom, he carried provisions, paddle, gas can and toolbox the half block to Garrison Bight. He made a second trip for the ten-horse motor.

The morning was brilliant, with no breeze. Even the fronds of the coco palms were motionless. The city as a whole, usually so noisy, seemed dead. It was much too early for the church bells.

The bight was so calm that the water looked like a motionless sheet of aquamarine metal. But invisibly, secretly, the tide must be running out, because all the anchored skiffs pointed straight at Jerry. They looked as if they were accusing him of some crime.

"Oh, give it up," he said under his breath. "You'd think you were deserting her."

He scanned the clouds in the blazing blue of the sky. Several different kinds of weather were visible, but this was normal for the season, and there was nothing that looked like a squall. Satisfied, he laid a narrow track of driftwood and hauled the boat down it to the water and affixed the motor to the transom stern.

The boat, which had U.S.S. Ike stenciled inconspicuously on both bows, was sturdily built and weighed about 500 pounds. The heaving and pulling had made Jerry breathe heavily, and this reminded him of how late he and Marcia had stayed up the night before. Also of their fight. Also of the fact that he had been in such a hurry to escape from her that he had forgotten to leave a note saying he was going out in the boat.

Well, she could see from the bedroom window that it was missing.

On the first pull of the starter lanyard, the motor coughed into life. The engine was secondhand, but it didn't have too many hours on it. It would push you along at twenty knots if you were alone. Jerry started off slowly, though, and did not speed up until he had skirted the bows of the long line of charter boats moored along Roosevelt Boulevard. He cut round the stern of a shabby, grayish yacht and then pushed the throttle wide. The engine responded with an exhilarating roar. The boat's nose pulled up from the water. Sheets of spray began to arc out from midway along her sides.

HE WAS nearing the Aeropalms officers club and was about to make the required swing outside the buoys when he saw a figure dive off the club dock. Odd, he thought, that anybody should be swimming so early on Sunday morning, especially in the Outer Bight. He changed course to find out whether it was someone he knew.

A moment later a bright yellow bathing cap had bobbed to the surface and informed him that the swimmer was a woman. As he approached the dock, he recognized her. It was Lee McIntosh, wife of the exec of the Darrel T. Pringle, the DE to which Jerry was attached. At twenty yards she looked annoyingly fresh, and as whistle-worthy as usual. But Jerry suspected that she was as tired as he from the party last night. When the Fort Taylor bar had closed, Lee had still been there, surrounded by an admiring group of jg's.

Jerry's curiosity was satisfied; he would gladly have veered the Ike away. But he knew that by now Lee must have identified him, and of course you had to be polite to the exec's wife.

He cut the motor and drifted toward her. In the silence, the sound of the wash as it caught up with the boat's stern was astonishingly loud. Jerry said. "Mrs. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Hello, George," said Lee. Five of the eight officers in the Pringle's wardroom were named George. As a consequence, everybody on the ship was called George, no matter what his rank or rate.

"What brings you out to the dangerously crowded shipping lanes?" Jerry inquired. "Pool dry?"

"Afraid of sharks," she said. They both laughed, remembering the Sunday morning when the seaplane base commander had dived into the pool and come face to face with a defunct, eight-foot hammerhead shark, which pranksters had somehow sneaked by the Marine on the gate.

"But it's so early," he said. "What's the idea? Drowning a hang-over?"

"No, myself," said Mrs. McIntosh, treading water. "George and I got into a frightful battle last night. It seems I said 'Kiss me, George' to some character at Fort Taylor, and it was the wrong George. It wasn't you, was it?"

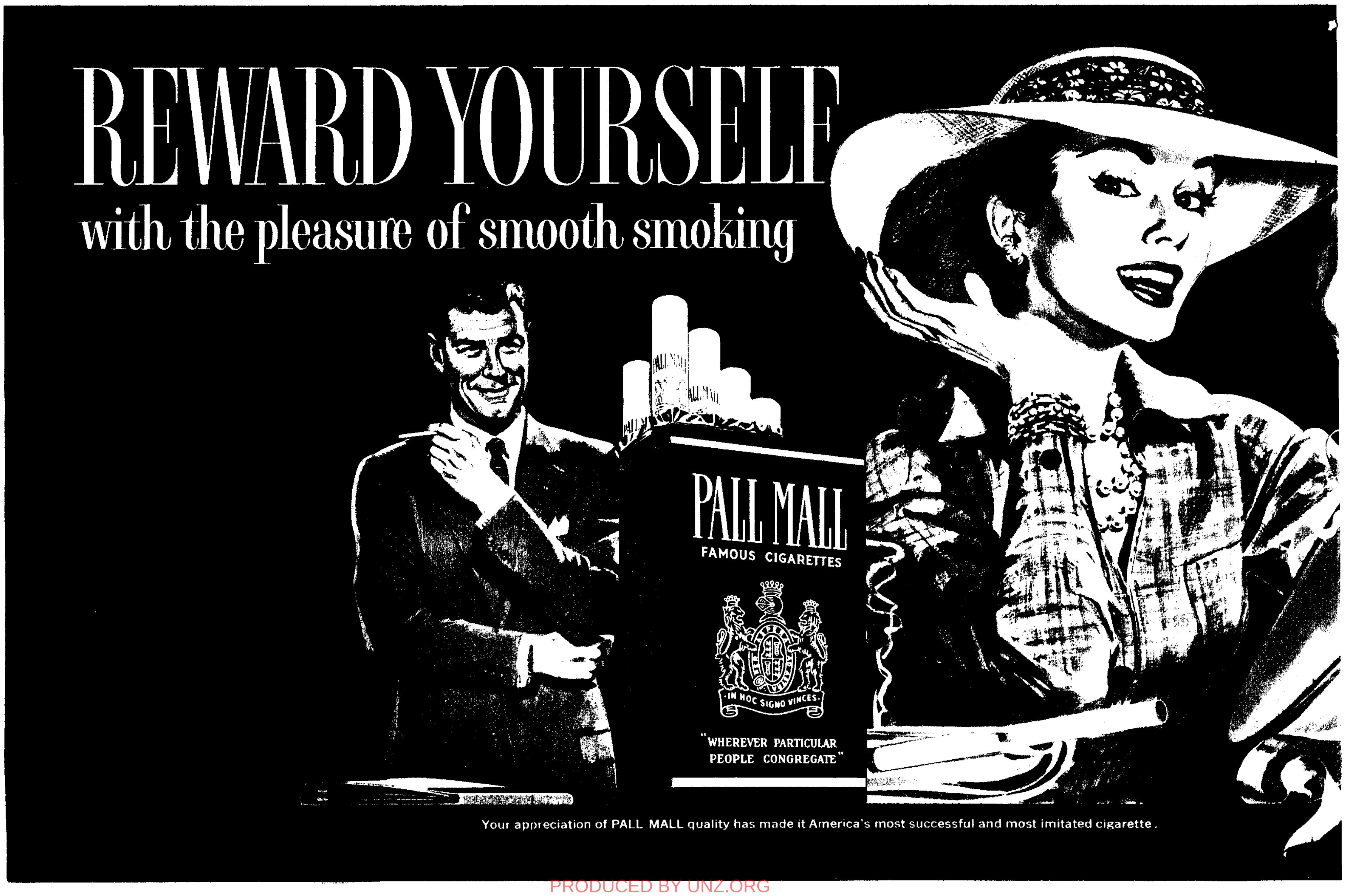
"No, indeed," Jerry said. "I was too busy insulting Marcia to get around to kissing people. Or so I hear."

"You too," said Lee. "My pal." She took a couple of leisurely strokes and grasped the gunwale of the boat with her slim right hand. "And now you're going to atone by capsizing your frail little craft amidst a school of ravenous barracuda."

"No fair," Jerry said. "You've been reading my mind."

"Any objection to my joining you?" Lee said, gazing up at him with a peculiarly intense expression in her blue eyes. "I mean, what do you think I'm hanging around like this for?"

"Search me," he said. "Thought you had a cramp or something." Desperately he searched for an out. He didn't want to give Lee McIntosh or anybody else a ride this morning. "I'm just going down to the bridge and back," he lied. "Testing the motor."


REWARD YOURSELF
with the pleasure of smooth smoking
PALL MALL
FAMOUS CIGARETTES
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES
"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"
Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

"Of course, if you don't want me," she said, with a counterfeit catch in her voice. The blue eyes were daring him. Unless he wanted to be rude, he would have to make the best of it.

"*Want* you?" he said, laughing. "What do you think I came all the way inshore for? Hop in."

LEE extended a glistening and shapely leg from the water and hooked her heel on the gunwale. "You'll have to bear a hand, George, darling," she said. "By myself I can't even sortie from a bathtub."

"So who helps you when George is at sea?" Jerry asked.

"Don't be too blunt, George." She pulled and he pulled and eventually both of them tumbled into the bilges together, with the boat rocking wildly. Suddenly everything seemed amusing and all right.

"You nearly yanked my bathing suit off," Lee panted, climbing onto the middle thwart and facing him.

"Well, I did my best," he said. "Don't tell George."

"That sea scout?" Lee said scornfully. "I wouldn't tell him the time." She gazed morosely at a passing gull. "Why couldn't he have stayed married to the Navy?"

"Why did he, you mean," Jerry said. She glanced at him curiously, but said nothing. He grasped the starter lanyard's handle. "Where away?"

"Who cares?" she said. "It won't make any difference in the blast I'll get for hooking out without preparing the mahstah's chow. But this morning, between you and me, I simply couldn't stand to look at the guy."

Not any more than I could stand to look at Marcia, Jerry thought, and he felt that he understood Lee McIntosh.

"There's a little beach two keys beyond the sailboat channel," he said, gesturing to the north. "It's real private for picnic breakfasts *à deux*."

"Why, George!" Lee exclaimed. "How dashing. But what will we eat?"

"Peanut-butter sandwiches," Jerry said. "Okay, Mrs. McIntosh?"

"Not without beer," she said.

"It so happens that we carry a modest store of beer," he said. "Subconsciously I must have known I'd find you floating thirstily about out here." He lighted a cigarette and passed her the pack and the matches.

"And you were just running down to the bridge to test your poor old broke-down motor," she said, striking a match and eying him meditatively over the flame. "Well, you certainly tried to spare my feelings, which is more than George, the sea scout, would have done. Would you consider some sort of interfamily reshufflement?"

"I don't know," Jerry said. "Do you snore like Elizabeth Taylor? You don't look like her."

"I do too." Lee removed her bathing cap. Sun-bleached blonde hair cascaded to her shoulders. There was probably nobody in the world, Jerry reflected, who looked less like Elizabeth Taylor. But that didn't mean Lee McIntosh wasn't beautiful. Almost frighteningly beautiful. How mild Marcia seemed in comparison.

"No, I guess you don't snore," he said. "Not loud, anyway."

He started the motor and set a course for the seaplane channel off Dredger's Key. The noise cut off conversation. After a few moments Lee pointed to the sun, now well on its way into the sky, and made brow-mopping motions.

Jerry yelled, "You bet it is, and you're liable to get a honey of a burn."

"Not this chick," she shouted back. "I tan. You'll love me tan, George."

"Well, get busy," he said. "We've only got all day."

Occasionally a shoal of small fish would leap clear of the water, escaping invisible pursuers, and the sun would make rainbows in the spray. Far off on the starboard bow, two early-bird sailboats had put out from the Sigsby Park housing development.

It was a beautiful morning and Lee McIntosh was a beautiful girl. Perhaps not a girl to be trusted, judging by these Saturday nights when she seemed to find it difficult to remember which of the Pringle's Georges she should ask to kiss her. But a beautiful girl and a girl who was fun to be with. Jerry was beginning to enjoy himself. The picture of Marcia asleep this morning was becoming more and more foggy.

IN HALF an hour they reached the pass that opened on the Gulf of Mexico. They went by one key that was solid with mangroves. Beyond the next islet, Jerry swung the boat into a cove ringed by windrows of shells and patches of coarse coral sand. Here you could have thought yourself alone in the universe. Even the radio masts of the naval base, less than five miles away, were invisible. The only evidence of civilization was a couple of smashed orange crates and some green coconuts with the ends sliced off.

They anchored the boat a few yards from land and waded ashore, watching out for black-spined sea urchins.

"Maybe we better polish off this beer before it gets hotted up," Jerry said.

"Attractive idea," Lee said. "But that lovable old sea scout, George, would say that's not the way to steer a true course, or some such nautical rubbish."

"Well, we don't permit nautical rubbish on Jerrilee Key," Jerry said.

They sat side by side on a tattered towel, which he had found under the boat's short foredeck, and drank two of the cans of beer.

Lee said, "This is the life, Crusoe, my lad. The sea and the sky make you forget about all the silly fights."

"Right," Jerry said. "Except that you've just proved that they don't make you forget a thing. I wish I knew what to do. The longer Uncle Sam keeps me in his Navy, the worse the snapping and snarling gets. Seems as if the healthy, austere life's the only answer."

"I doubt it," she said. "If you start throwing things when you're tired from the gay life, it merely means your inhibitions are getting loosened up. The antagonism is there, no matter what."

Lee picked up a small, bright-colored shell, examined it with care, then convulsively crushed it into tiny shards. "Sometimes I get the feeling I'm in jail for something," she went on, "in Portsmouth Naval Prison, to be exact. George is *so* determined to act like a trade-school boy. I suppose it's the only way he can compensate for not being one, poor guy. And on top of that—" She hesitated and gave Jerry a quick sidelong glance.

"On top of what?"

She raised her bare shoulders in an almost imperceptible shrug. "In words of at least one syllable," she said, "the Navy doesn't leave me enough of George, and that's not good."

Jerry looked down at her and their eyes met, and again there was that high-

Get a fresh start with a freshly-lit PALL MALL

Smoke

Whenever the occasion calls for something special, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool and sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.

Longer

Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.

Finer

You get more than greater length when you smoke PALL MALL. For PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious, and distinctively PALL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.

Milder

PALL MALL

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gives you natural self-filtering action. PALL MALL filters the smoke, so it's never bitter, always sweet—never strong, always mild. Get that certain feeling of contentment with PALL MALL today.

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY

OUTSTANDING...and they are MILD!

© A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

Make

the drinks

that

make it a party

with

DuBouchett

Cordials

DuBouchett
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
Delightful straight drink.
Makes delicious coolers.
70 proof

DuBouchett
Creme de Cacao
Mix with equal
parts gin and
sweet cream for
a delightful
Alexander Cocktail
60 proof

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
GREEN
DuBOUCHETT
Creme de Menthe

Creme de Menthe Frappe
Pack shaved ice in
cocktail glass.
Fill with DuBouchett Green
Creme de Menthe
(60 proof)
Serve with 2 small straws.

Try a DuBouchett Cordial *straight* after dinner tonight. And later, when friends drop in, serve delicious mixed drinks made with DuBouchett Cordials. That's *smart* entertaining!

Many, Blanc & Co., Schenley, Pa.

Free! Recipe book featuring 23 incomparable DuBouchett Cordials
Write DuBouchett Booklet, Suite 3622, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

voltage intensity in the blue depths of hers, bluer than ever with the reflected color of sky and sea.

He turned his head away. "What about that last can of beer?" he said. "Too bad if it blew up or something."

"George, darling," she said. "Are you trying to change the subject?"

FEELING transparent and foolish, he got up and went to the rock and got the beer and sandwiches. "Oh, not *those!*" Lee said, wrinkling her nose. "It can't be even nine o'clock yet."

He opened the beer. As he gave her the can, he found it hard to tear his eyes away from her. How diabolically clever was the design of the female form, with each flowing curve drawing the eye into the next. A flesh-and-blood magnet calling to flesh and blood.

He could sense that Lee knew he was staring at her. To cover his embarrassment he said as he sat down, "You look as if you're getting sunburned."

"No," she said. "I never do."

"You ought to have a hat, though," he said and moved away a bit.

She laughed. "George, darling," she said, "I do think you're afraid of me. I'm quite harmless."

"Totally. You don't scare me a bit."

"I don't believe you," she said. "Prove it."

"How?"

"Kiss me."

The two little words told Jerry that true danger had appeared on peaceful Jerrilee Key. What an idiot he had been to pick up Lee McIntosh! He knew she was an outrageous flirt who played at collecting men at dances. Had he subconsciously wanted to be one of the Georges who had kissed her? No, he most definitely had not.

"It's only nine o'clock," he said inanely. He could feel himself blushing.

"Oh, George, darling!" Lee cried, delighted at his discomfiture. "You're terrified of me, aren't you?"

Without at all planning it, Jerry turned and seized her by the shoulders and kissed her fiercely on the mouth, first because he was angry and then because he wanted her.

She melted against him for a moment, and then stiffened and pushed him away. "Well!" she said, with a nervous little laugh. "I guess you win, Jerry." It was the first time she had ever called him by his right name. "I'm the one who ought to be scared."

She didn't sound at all like the girl who had been taunting him. She was younger, almost naïvely young; the aura of the blasé woman of the world was gone. And she *was* scared.

Jerry too was frightened, both by the startling change in her and, even more, by the strength of the impulse that had made him do something he should not and must not do. The worst of it was, he wanted to kiss Lee again and he knew he was going to, no matter what it might mean.

Was all this a sign that what had been between him and Marcia for six long years was gone? It could not be more than that, for he certainly wasn't in love with Lee. Actually he doubted if he liked her. But you didn't have to like a girl, did you, to fall in love with her? Or to want her? Or to kiss her?

"Kiss me." Two little words of danger. Before they had been spoken, there had been nothing but a thoughtless game. Now the game had become deadly serious.

He undoubtedly would have kissed Lee again if an interruption had not given reason a chance to take charge of impulse. A whirring sound came from behind the mangroves at their backs. With no further warning, a Navy helicopter swooped over them at a height of only a dozen feet. Lee screamed and clutched at Jerry. He picked up a beer can and wagged it derisively at the departing aircraft.

He said, "They're always looking for a beach party so they can feel sorry for themselves. But this one surprised me. They're scarce on Sunday." The calmness of his voice amazed him. It was as if there had been nothing at all.

Lee got up from the towel. "Well, he may have found a party," she said, "but it's over." The youth and the uncertainty had vanished. She was back behind the gray ramparts of reality. "I think it might be an idea if we went home," she said.

"I agree," he said, getting up too.

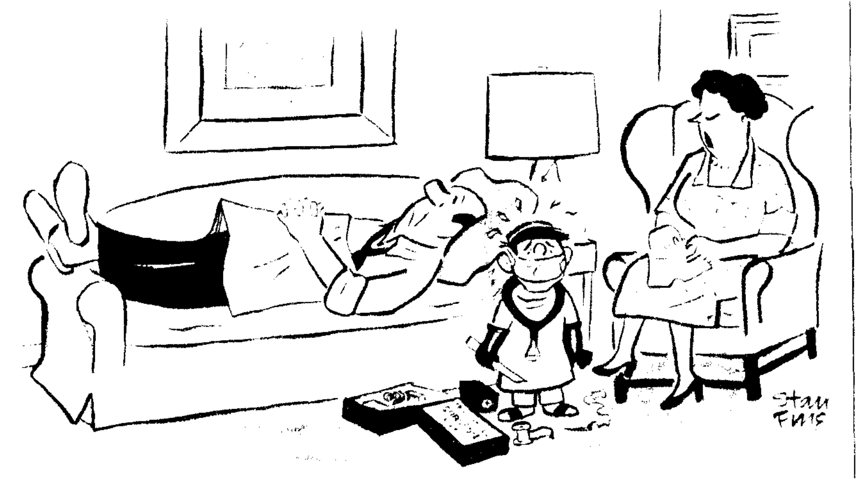
THEY waded to the boat, which was swinging gently in the outflowing tide. Jerry did not help her aboard; he did not dare touch her. The danger, he knew, was still present, not because he had kissed her but because he had seen inside her and inside himself.

He climbed in and filled the fuel tank from the spare can of gas. As Lee boated the anchor, he opened the fuel line, pulled out the choke and yanked the starter lanyard. Nothing happened. He tried it again. And again.

No business.

Lee dropped the anchor overboard and stood gazing at him without expression. "Don't tell me," she said, "that the thing won't go."

"Probably just flooded," he said. He jerked the lanyard. There was a rapid



"For heaven's sake, co-operate! You know all the child wants to do is take your appendix out!"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

"phtt-phtt-phtt-phtt!" but it was merely a compression sound. He kept on trying till his arm ached and the sweat was beginning to trickle down his chest. Then he broke out the toolbox and started to take the water shield off the motor. "Either a fouled plug or a bum coil," he said. "But if it's a coil we're out of luck. We haven't got a gadget you need to get at it."

THE spark plugs, Jerry discovered, were almost as clean as new. Lee said, "So what do we do now, Captain? What's your estimate of the situation, to quote Lieutenant George McIntosh of the Regular Navy?"

"It's low tide," Jerry said. "We might be able to walk it if you had shoes, though the muck's pretty deep in spots. But without shoes you'd get cut up by coral or stabbed by urchins. So walking's out. If it were a weekday, we might be able to flag down a blimp from Boca Chica, or a whirlybird; but today's Sunday, and the one copter that's been over isn't likely to come back."

"Well, how about a boat passing?" Lee asked.

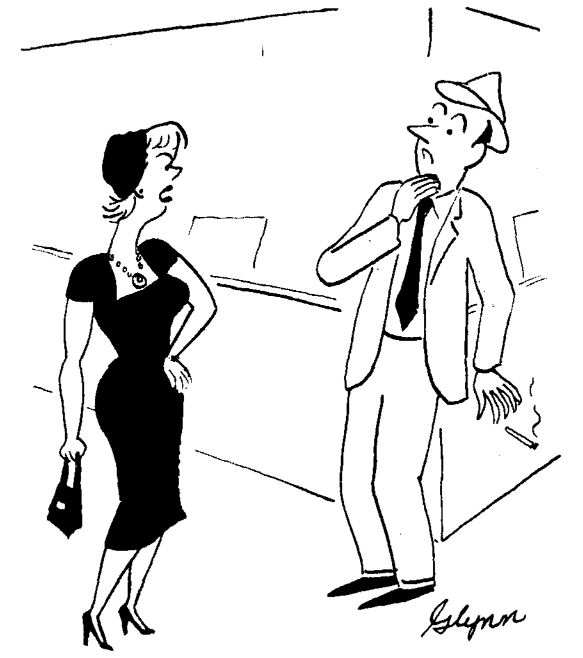
"I don't see why a boat would pass," he said. "This isn't on the way to anywhere."

"So?"

"So discounting the remote possibility that a whirly or a boat does show up—also discounting the possibility that it sees we're in trouble—I guess we have to wait for them to find us. And that won't be till tomorrow, because they won't know we're really missing till tonight and you can't find much of anything in the dark. To put it in a nutshell, I think our face is red. I wish we had some water."

"But this is an awful mess!" Lee said, eyes very wide. She had tied the towel around her head to keep off the sun, but it did not spoil her looks; he wondered if anything would.

"You bet it's a mess," he said.



"You whistled. I stopped. Well, what now?"

COLLIER'S MIKE L. GLYNN

Not many minutes ago, the prospect of spending the night on Jerrilee Key would not have seemed so grim. But it did now. Mostly, there was Marcia. Marcia might not be the easiest girl to get along with. On the surface she might be considerably less alluring than Lee McIntosh. But she had never done anything to Jerry that merited the severe punishment she was about to receive. Illogically enough, the injuring of someone by coincidence and circumstance seemed even more unfair than when premeditation was involved.

Jerry could readily imagine the whispering campaign that would be launched as soon as it was known that he had stayed on Jerrilee Key all night with his executive officer's wife.

". . . And my dear, he was naïve enough to think that people would swallow that ridiculous story about their chance meeting and the unplanned picnic and the motor breaking down. Isn't it too utterly fabulous?" Jerry could hear them now—at Officers' Wives' Club luncheons, at the Thursday-evening bingo games, at the Saturday-night dances.

Lee had started to weep quietly. Here, at last, was something that marred her looks. It was almost a relief. "I don't give a darn about myself," she sniffed. "I play games. I probably deserve what they'll say about me. But it's not fair to George, because he'll think it has damaged his career even if it hasn't. Of course it's not fair to you, either, but it doesn't mean so much to you. You're not the way a regular is about the Navy—I mean George. Oh, poor George!"

Jerry went forward and sat beside her on the middle thwart. She did not look at him, though she had to move over to make room. Her face was hidden in her hands, and she was shaking with sobs.

He put his arm around her and held her tight against him. The gesture was spontaneous and impersonal, like that of a friend. And in this moment Jerry suddenly did feel a real affection and sympathy for the girl. The other thing seemed gone, not even to be revived by the touch of her body. "Take it easy, kid," he said.

"Take it *easy!*" she echoed. "I haven't even got a handkerchief!" She whipped the towel from around her head and tore a piece off it and dried her eyes and blew her nose. "Jerry," she said, not crying any more, "the cruelest punishment of all is when you make someone close to you suffer, isn't it? Well, it looks as if I'm going to be punished, by hurting George, for not pulling a little more of the load. I bought it, and I've got it, and I hope I'm satisfied."

"*You* bought it?" Jerry said. "What about me? I've been a bigger stinker around home than anybody. And who's going to get most of my punishment? Marcia, that's who."

"Jerry!" Lee said. "Go yank that blasted motor again."

"It won't do any good," he said.

"We've confessed," she said. "We're sorry. Sometimes there's forgiveness." Jerry started aft. "Oh, don't bother, darling. Pardon me if I sound like a drooling idiot. It so happens that I *am* a drooling idiot."

Jerry gave the lanyard a halfhearted pull. The engine roared into action. If it had not been for the anchor, the boat might have run ashore before he recovered his wits.

Behind his back he could hear Lee yelling. He couldn't get it all, but the last words were, "Better brace yourself. This time *I'm* going to kiss *you!*" . . .

Jerry dropped Lee off at the Aeropalms dock, where her car was parked, and then raced on into Garrison Bight, meeting several charter boats on their way out for the day's fishing. Never had the U.S.S. Ike's motor sounded sweeter or, it seemed, run faster. He did not bother to beach the boat, but dropped anchor and waded quickly ashore through the mud.

Jerry, Jr., was on the living-room couch, with crushed banana liberally smeared on his face. He had the Sunday paper strewn around the room and was poring over the comic section.

"How'd you get hold of the paper?" his father inquired, puzzled. "Your mother give it to you?"

"Nope," he said proudly. "I went out and got it off the steps. And I was hungry, so I had a banana. Read me the funnies, Daddy."

"Sure, sure," Jerry said absently. "In a couple of minutes." Had Marcia got worried and gone to look for him? Had she somehow found out whom he was with—and gone, period?

"Where's your mother?" he asked the boy.

"Oh, her," said Jerry, Jr. "She's still asleep."

Still asleep! Jerry glanced through the open door of the kitchenette. The clock on the wall said ten thirty-five. Good gosh, he'd been gone only about three hours and a half! It seemed a lifetime. And it was, in a sense.

MARCIA lay exactly as he had left her. But she wasn't snoring, and there was a faint smile on her lips. She looked rested and astonishingly innocent. At the sound of Jerry's footsteps, she recited another string of Russian names, and then said in a loud, clear voice, "Kiss me, Jerry."

He could tell she was still asleep, but he was about to bend over and kiss her anyway when a thought struck him. He went to the living room and picked up the phone. In a moment, Lee answered.

Jerry said, "Is this the Perez Funeral Home? Well, fellows, you don't have to send for that corpse after all, thanks. Matter of fact, the executioner is still in the sack." He looked around at his son, ready to tell him he was joking. But Jerry, Jr., was engrossed in the comics again.

Lee said weakly, "I found a note from George; George Olson is sick."

"You mean—?"

"I mean they woke up George—my George—just after I left. How they did it, I'll never know. Anyway, he had to struggle down and take the duty for Olson. He thinks I spent the night at Elsie Hamer's. And—and Jerry!" She sobbed. "He said he was sorry about the fight last night."

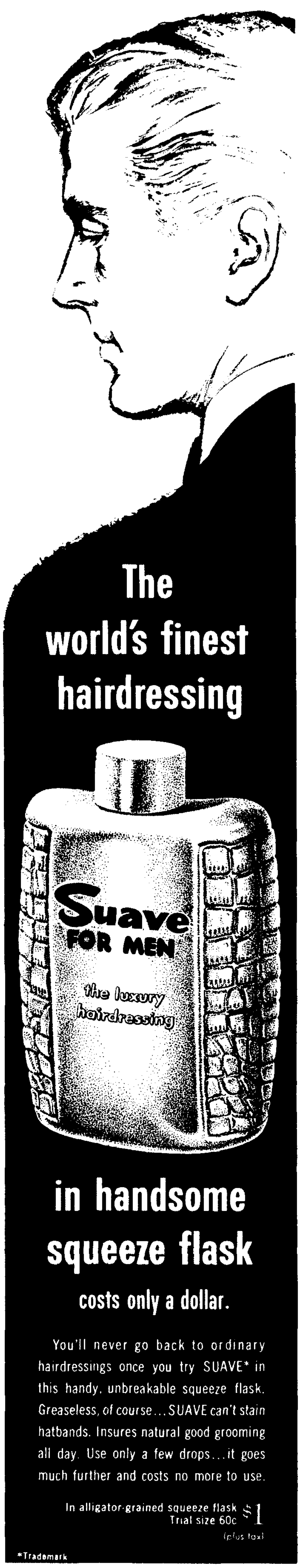
"Do tell," Jerry said. "So how would you like to celebrate with a nice quiet picnic in the boat? It's a lovely day for it." He snatched the telephone away from his ear in time to avoid the expected noisy reaction. "Well, come on over and have breakfast or something," he said. "We can give Marcia a rough outline of our adventures, and you can help insulate us from our neighbors."

Silence. Jerry thought he could hear Lee breathing. At length she said, "Okay—after I drive down to the Pringle and forgive George. I'll be over."

"Which George is that?" Jerry teased.

"You know perfectly well there's only one," Lee said.

—COLIN G. JAMESON



The world's finest hairdressing

in handsome squeeze flask

costs only a dollar.

You'll never go back to ordinary hairdressings once you try SUAVE* in this handy, unbreakable squeeze flask. Greaseless, *of course*... SUAVE can't stain hatbands. Insures natural good grooming all day. Use only a few drops...it goes much further and costs no more to use.

In alligator-grained squeeze flask $1
Trial size 60c
(plus tax)

*Trademark

The most American of all foods, the bean provides a wealth of hearty dishes—as varied in looks and taste as the rich heritage we share from many nations. Here and on the next pages you'll find a sampling of famous, favorite bean recipes of yesterday and today

BEANS, U.S.A.

By HELEN EVANS BROWN and JAMES A. BEARD

Miss Beecher's succotash

Black beans and rice

THE bean has brought more comfort to the hungry and pleasure to the greedy than almost any food known to man. Its history is a venerable and varied one. The prehistoric lake dwellings of Switzerland, the cliff houses of the American Southwest, the writings of early Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Hebrews and of the first American explorers, the graves of Egyptians and Peruvians, all testify to the ages-old existence and importance of the bean. It has been the subject of silly superstitions and of ribald jokes, has been credited with the power of evil and of good, has had its use in politics, in gaming, in sorcery and in medicine. Yet, because of its very commonness, the bean is often lightly dismissed.

To extol the virtues of the bean is to praise not one dish but scores of them. There is the salubrious bean soup of the United States Senate, savory with the goodness of a ham bone; and the sweet juicy tenderness of the Boston baked bean, with its shiny brown nuggets of succulent salt pork; there is the hopping John of the South, its flaky white rice combining happily with buttery black-eyed beans—a dish traditionally sure to bring good luck to the partaker.

Not to be forgotten either is the delectably smooth black-bean soup with its fragrant slice of lemon—a dish claimed by Connecticut, the Carolinas, Philadelphia and who knows what other regions? There is the thick and flavorsome Brunswick stew, beloved by all the South; and the hearty and heavenly concoction of Kentucky, the burgoo. Nor must we overlook the highly seasoned choice of Texas, chili con carne; or the rightly famous red beans and rice of old New Orleans; or the unbeatable chuck-wagon beans of the rugged West. All these bean dishes we must laud, plus dozens of others that have been brought here from other countries and are rapidly becoming a part of our American cuisine.

When *we* say "beans," we speak of the kidney beans—the family to which

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THOMAS YEE

Boston baked beans

Pork and beans with apple

most of our everyday beans belong—or of the Lima bean or of the black-eyed bean. The soybean, known in China since at least 2838 B.C.; the mung bean, from which bean sprouts are germinated; and the broad bean are looked upon as foreign fare, though they are both important from a culinary point of view.

The kidney bean, in its many sizes and colors, is the bean that early colonists found here. Its wild ancestor is unknown, but many varieties were cultivated by the Incas, the Mayas and the Aztecs, as well as by our North American Indians. Kidney beans now commonly used include the white pea or navy bean, the larger white great northern bean, the pink, red and pinto bean, and the black or turtle bean. Also popular are the black-eyed bean (often called the black-eyed pea), and the Lima bean (called "butter bean" in the South; it was found in Peru and named after the capital).

The great Lima bean industry in California began when a clipper ship captain, sailing into Carpinteria for hides, served some of the succulent beans to a Ventura rancher. Today California grows 75,000 tons of Lima beans annually, including both large and small white ones and the calico Limas. The latter (known as "speckled butter beans" in the South) are imposing affairs, mottled with a gorgeous purple.

Another legume that perhaps should not be overlooked is the *garbanzo,* or *ceci,* also known as the Spanish bean. It is delicious served vinaigrette, as an appetizer, or in a casserole well laced with garlic.

But think of beans and most Americans think first of Boston, "land of the bean and the cod," for the Boston baked bean will probably always be the most famous of American bean dishes, though some of us may not agree that it is the best. The bean was a godsend to the hard-working and pious colonists. The Indians showed them how to plant and grow them, and how to bury them in a clay pot in the ground, first covering them with hot ashes. Later, as more modern equipment was acquired, the Yankee housewife cooked her beans in a brick oven in the fireplace, using a fat-bellied pot with a small covered opening. That very same type of pot is used today, and the sight of its bulging sides with rivulets of bronze sirup running down them and the fragrance of beans, molasses and browning pork will still set most New Englanders to drooling. Recently some of these bean pots have been wired to heat electrically for convenience.

In the old days these beans were baked every Saturday and saw the family through the Sabbath. The beans were usually served Saturday night, with Boston brown bread and coleslaw, and appeared again on the breakfast table, sometimes accompanied by codfish cakes. Very often they were Sunday-night supper, too. Still, the true Yankee never wearied of them.

When Boston baked beans first were sweetened is not quite clear. Some say that the original way was to use maple sirup for a sweet touch, and that the use of molasses did not begin until the colonists began trading with the West Indies.

The earliest Boston cookbook in our possession containing a baked-bean recipe, Mrs. Cornelius' Young Housekeeper's Friend, published in 1860, merely adds at the end of her recipe: "Many persons think it is a decided improvement to put in a large spoonful or two of molasses."

The first edition of Mrs. Lincoln's Boston Cook Book, in 1884, calls for a quarter of a cup of molasses to a quart of beans—to our palates a more reasonable proportion of sweetening than some present-day recipes that call for four times that amount. Here is an adaptation of her recipe that we like:

Boston Baked Beans—Soak a pound of pea beans overnight in water to cover. Next day add more water and cook until a couple of beans when blown upon will split their skins. (This takes about 40 minutes.) Cut in half a pound, or even larger piece, of salt pork and score the skin. Put one half in the bottom of the capacious bean pot, add the beans, bury the second piece of pork under the top layer of beans. Mix a teaspoon of salt with ¼ cup molasses, and pour on the beans, adding enough boiling water to come to the top of the beans. Cover and bake 8 hours at 300°, adding water as needed. Uncover during the last hour of baking so the rind will become gorgeously brown and crisp. Makes 6 servings.

ANOTHER FAMOUS Yankee bean dish was succotash. How long beans and corn have been wed is anybody's guess. We do know that ancient Peruvian figures held beans in one hand, corn in the other; and that a Narragansett Indian legend said that a crow flew into New England from Indian heaven, bearing a bean in one ear, a grain of corn in the other. This, said the Indians, was the beginning of their crops, and subsequently of *sauquetash* or *m'skiwatash.* Early settlers said the dish, as made by the Indians was "beyond comparison delicious." And here's an 1846 recipe for succatosh, *(sic)* from Miss Beecher's Receipt Book (Miss Beecher being the sister of Harriet Beecher Stowe).

Miss Beecher's Succatosh—"If you wish to make succatosh, boil the beans for half to three quarters of an hour, in water, a little salt. Meantime cutting off the corn and throwing the cobs with the beans. Take care not to cut too close to the cob as it imparts a bad taste. When the beans have boiled, take out the cobs and add the corn and let the whole boil from 15 to 20 minutes for young corn and longer for older corn. Make the proportions two thirds corn and one third beans. When you have a mess amounting to 2 quarts of corn and 1 quart of beans, take two tablespoonfuls of flour, wet it into a thin paste and stir it into the succatosh and let it boil for five minutes. Then lay some butter in a dish, take it up into it and add more salt if need be." Makes about 12 servings.

Bean soup, too, has a long national tradition. A Civil War marching song, for example, went: "Hay foot, straw foot, belly full of bean soup." The soup was a thick one with added meat, when and if it was available. Probably the most famous American bean soup is the one which has been served in Washington at the United States Senate Restaurant since the turn of the century. It is said that a Minnesota senator, who was extremely partial to bean soup, first gave the old Scandinavian recipe to the chef. At any rate the soup is a daily item on the menu, is a favorite with the senators, and it has been said to have a mellowing effect on them. There are several versions of it, but none vary greatly.

The Senate Bean Soup—Wash a pound (or about 2½ cups) of dried navy, pea or great northern beans, and put them to cook in 2 quarts of water. Add about a pound of ham hock and cook for 2 hours. Chop a medium-sized onion and brown it lightly in ¼ cup of butter and add to the beans, cooking until beans are tender. Water may have to be added to the beans. Crush the beans slightly and cut the meat in pieces and season with salt and fresh-ground pepper just before serving. Serves 6 to 8 persons.

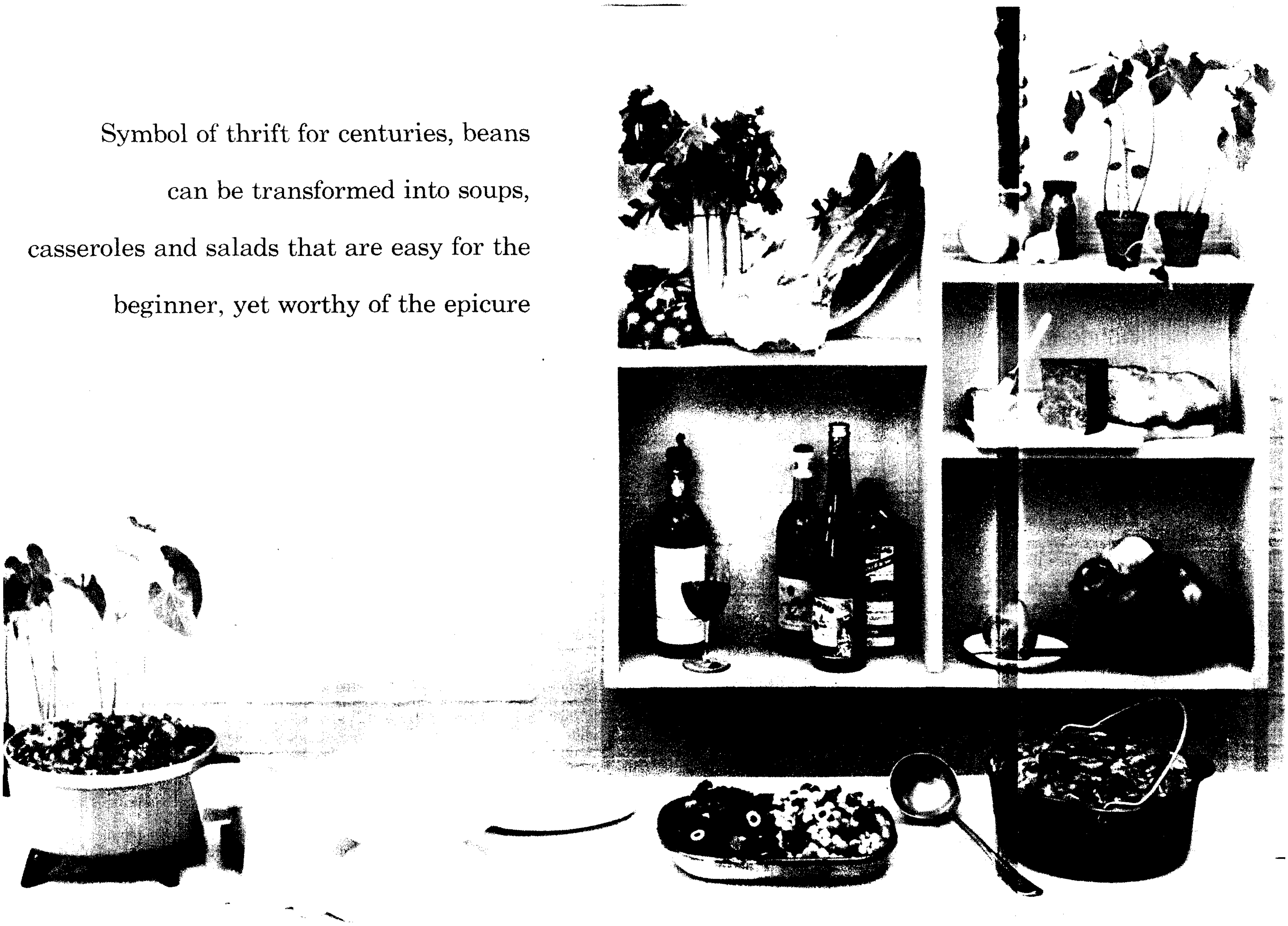
THERE'S NO END to the versatility of the bean: main dish, soup, salad; economical family meal, rich-tasting party fare—all are possible. Here's a sampling of recipes which emphasize the bean's infinite variety:

Black Beans and Rice—Soak a pound of black beans overnight in 2 quarts of water. Cook with ½ pound of ham cut in pieces, or a ham bone. Mince 2 large cloves of garlic, chop 2 large onions, and cook until wilted in a cup of olive oil. Add to the beans, along with a bay leaf, and cook until the beans are tender and the liquid absorbed. Season with salt, pepper and a little vinegar to taste. Serve over flaky steamed white rice. Accompany this dish with a bowl of finely chopped onions and cruets of olive oil and wine vinegar, that each guest may season to his own taste. Makes 6 servings.

Black Beans Vinaigrette—We choose black beans for this dish because of their theatrical appearance. However, we will not quarrel with any cook who prefers white, red, pink, pinto, Lima or *garbanzos* for this lovely summer salad. Cook beans tender, drain, salt and cool. For each pound make a vinaigrette sauce of 1½ cups of olive oil, ½ cup of wine vinegar, ¼ cup each of capers, chopped green onions, chopped green olives, chopped red pepper, and parsley, and salt and fresh-ground pepper to taste. Pour over the beans, mix lightly, and chill before serving. Makes 4 servings.

California Cassoulet—This dish may be made with white beans, such as great northern, or pea beans or with California's famous dried Limas. The meats too may be many and varied or may be but a simple combination of mutton and sausage, or ham and veal. For a large (2 or 3 quart) casserole —and you'll want a large one, for this is party fare—soak 1 pound of the above-mentioned beans overnight. Next day simmer them for 15 minutes with an herb bouquet consisting of some parsley, a bay leaf, a rib of celery and a sprig of thyme. Discard herb bouquet. Drain beans and save liquid. Brown 1 pound of small pork sausages, and in their fat cook 1½ medium-sized onions, chopped, and a finely minced clove of garlic. Or if you are using pork, bacon or ham instead of the sausage, use those drippings, or use butter or the fat from chicken or goose. Combine the meat you've chosen, cut in sizable chunks, with the onions and the beans, and put a layer in casserole. Cover with a layer of other cooked meat in slices and then with more beans. (The cooked meat may be lamb, mutton, goose, duck, turkey, veal, pork chops, venison, game birds, pigs' feet, ham—almost anything goes. You'll want 1 pound of it or more, depending upon how lavish you're feeling.) Continue with another layer of beans, and then more meat, and so on to the top. Pour over the beans a mixture of 1 cup of white wine and ½ cup of tomato purée and add enough bean liquid to come almost to the top of the beans. Taste for seasoning and add salt if necessary. Now mix together 1 cup of dried crumbs, ½ cup of melted butter in which a crushed clove of garlic has previously reposed and ½ cup of finely minced parsley. Spread this over the top of the mixture. Bake at 350° until the beans are tender. Serves 6 to 9 persons depending on the capacity of the guests and on the rest of the menu. Actually, little else is needed: a salad of greens, some crusty French bread and sweet butter, a good full red or white wine, some fruit and cheese for dessert.

Symbol of thrift for centuries, beans can be transformed into soups, casseroles and salads that are easy for the beginner, yet worthy of the epicure



The versatile bean gives us such diverse dishes as chili con carne, traditional bean soup of the U.S. Senate, chilled beans vinaigrette and California Cassoulet

And let's not forget canned beans. A quick version of almost any one of these recipes can be made from one or another of the various kinds of canned dried beans: baked beans, pork and beans with or without tomato sauce, dried Limas, kidney beans, *garbanzos* and black-eyed beans. Brunswick stew, burgoo and hopping John can all be made speedily when cans come into play. A very reasonable facsimile of frijoles *refritos* is made by whirling a can or two of red kidney beans in a blender, then frying them in a large amount of bacon fat or lard. Or canned baked beans with tomato sauce, simmered with chopped onion, seasoned with rosemary, garlic and bay, and laced with cognac, will make cognac beans only a food snob would reject. And cowboy beans are a cinch when made by adding chili powder to beans with tomato sauce.

Bean Salad—Particularly good when served with meats from the charcoal grill: For each can of red kidney beans add 2 tablespoons of minced onion, ½ cucumber, diced, ½ cup of diced celery, and a large tomato, peeled and cut in small pieces, and drained of the juicy pulp. Add salt to taste and a hint of curry powder, then fold in ½ cup of mayonnaise. Serve cold on lettuce leaves. Makes 4 servings.

Pork and Beans with Apple—Popular for Sunday-night supper, this casserole is made with canned pork and beans. Arrange in layers 3 one-pound cans of baked beans, 2 apples not peeled but cored and sliced ½ inch thick, ½ pound of thinly sliced pork tenderloin, and 2 onions, sliced thin. Cover the top with 4 slices of bacon, cover and cook in a 350° oven for 1¼ hours, adding ¼ cup of sherry wine toward the end of the cooking. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Beans and Cheese Casserole—One of the easiest and most popular of bean dishes is made by sautéing a medium onion, chopped, in 3 tablespoons of bacon fat. Combine with 2 one-pound cans of baked pork and beans, 6 slices of chopped and cooked bacon (that's where you got your bacon fat), and topped with a cup of grated cheese. It is then allowed a half-hour sojourn in a medium (350°) oven, and served with coleslaw and corn-bread sticks. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Bean Lunch—Heat a can of your favorite beans with ½ cup of diced cheese until the cheese melts. Serve on toast and top each serving with a couple of slices of crisp bacon.

Chili con Carne—Simmer a pound of Mexican pink beans in water to cover, with ½ inch more, until they are not quite cooked (check often and add water as needed; beans will absorb water as they simmer). Cut ¼ pound of salt pork into small pieces and cook crisp in a large iron skillet or Dutch oven. Add 3 cloves of finely minced garlic and 2 large onions, chopped. When wilted add a pound each of diced pork and beef (shoulder cuts, in both cases, are good), ½ teaspoon of *orégano,* a healthy pinch of ground cumin, 2 cups of tomato purée, and 3 tablespoons (or to taste) of chili powder. Salt and pepper, also to taste, and add the beans. Simmer for an hour and a half. Taste and correct the seasoning. Old-fashioned soda crackers and beer with this, please. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

AND FINALLY, here are a few quick ideas for transforming canned baked beans into company fare:

- Add cognac or rum in judicious amounts, along with a little butter and a few drops of lemon juice. Serve sprinkled with minced parsley.
- Cook chopped onions in white wine or apple cider until the liquid is absorbed. Mix with beans and serve with lamb chops.
- Brown a chopped carrot and a chopped onion in bacon fat. Add ½ cup of red wine, reduce one half and combine with a large can of baked beans. Add 2 tablespoons each of butter and minced parsley. Serve with spareribs.

THE END

Mothers!

Wonderful New First Aid for Children's Skin Injuries!

Unlike iodine and other harsh liquid antiseptics which may sting and actually burn delicate tissues—new Unguentine works these four ways:

1. Relieves pain fast!
2. Provides long-lasting protection against infection!
3. Promotes healing!
4. Prevents gauze from sticking to the injury!

For scrapes and burns—helps ease the pain! Soothe on—no sting! Wash off—no stain!

A Norwich Product

New Improved UNGUENTINE® with DIANESTOL® the miracle pain-reliever

ANTISEPTIC FIRST-AID DRESSING
UNGUENTINE
WITH DIANESTOL—The Modern Pain Reliever

You'll look better... IN A Lamb Knit sweater

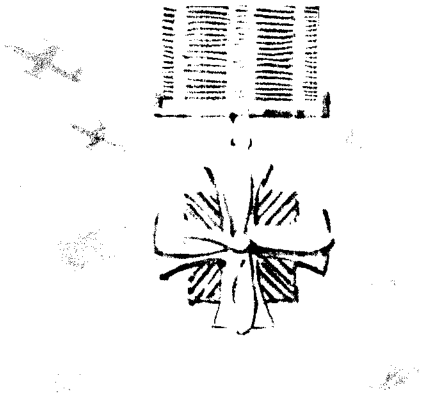
the pick of the flock

Always the fashion in sweaters that says "QUALITY" . . . always the color selection and fine yarns that give you luxurious economy. At most good men's shops. If your dealer does not stock, write Lamb Knit Goods Co., Colon, Mich.

for business or pleasure, you'll always fit with LAMB KNIT

LAMB KNIT GOODS CO.
Colon, Michigan

Lamb Knit Goods Co.
WOOLS and SYNTHETICS



Distinguished Flying Cross (above) went to Durkee, gold Airmanship trophy to Browning

"BELLY IT IN!"

continued from page 33

Going at seven miles a minute, two miles high, Durkee flew with one hand—and held his smashed leg with the other, trying to keep himself alive

another. Theirs was one of the great peacetime exploits of the U.S. Air Force, of a pattern with the exploits of the Doolittles and the Jabaras, the Colin Kellys and the Richard Bongs. And the Air Force has made due and official acknowledgment of the fact.

CAPTAIN RICHARD T. DURKEE, of Newport Beach, California, a trim, boyish-looking flier of thirty with the inevitable crew cut, arose early that morning. He was marked down for one of the day's first missions.

He and his wife, Bunny, and their three children had a home in the little town of Goodyear, a few miles south of Luke. By six thirty he had left the house, quietly so as not to wake his family, and by seven o'clock he was at the base, ready to brief his flight. Durkee was an old hand at jets—in fact, at flying in general. He had gone into the Air Force during World War II, fought in Korea and racked up 2,400 hours in the air.

His assignment that morning was to fly as instructor on an air-to-air gunnery mission. His flight, consisting of three students and himself as leader, in subsonic F-84s, was to rendezvous with the tow plane 70 miles southwest of Luke. They were to make a stipulated number of firing passes on the moving target, at about 500 miles per hour, and then fly home. Durkee's call sign in the air was Alpine. He was Alpine Leader. His students were Alpine 2, 3 and 4.

All three of the students were strangers to Durkee. He had never flown with them. And all three were foreigners, stationed temporarily at Luke under what is known as MDAP. This is the Mutual Defense Assistance Program, by which Uncle Sam helps to beef up our smaller and weaker allies by training their fliers at various Air Force bases.

At about 7:40 A.M. the flight took off, sweeping down the runway and then lifting gently skyward in the furious miasma of sound that four jets make under full power.

A few minutes earlier, another flight of F-84s had taken off from Luke. It also consisted of three students—Americans in this case—with a veteran pilot as leader. He was First Lieutenant Howard J. Browning, of Pickton, Texas, a pleasant, outgoing, round-faced man of thirty, with slightly thinning hair and a pure Texas twang. He had joined the Air Force in 1951, and he and his wife, Kathleen, and their two children lived in a small house on the base.

Browning and Durkee were not acquainted. But Browning, like Durkee, had fought in Korea and had many hours in the air. His mission that morning was to lead his flight on a low-level strafing of the "tactical range." This was a large section of desert littered with old trucks, tanks and cars, arranged so as to simulate a battlefield.

Browning's call sign was Bluebird.

At about 7:55 A.M. Durkee's flight rendezvoused with the tow plane. The sky was cloudless, as blue and bright and washed-looking as only a desert sky can be on a day in late spring. The desert, as seen from that altitude, is a light chocolate sea. Here and there rise dumpy, rock-encrusted mountains that seem like darker blobs of chocolate floating half immersed upon the sea's surface. It is a vast and forbidding expanse of desolation, without human life and without mercy for any human life which might be inadvertently cast upon it.

Durkee checked in with the tow plane: "Alpine Leader to tow ship. We're ready to fire."

The tow pilot called, "Roger, ready," and Durkee led his students in a screaming, wrenching climb to their "perch" position, a mile up and a mile out from the tow target.

In the training of jet-fighter pilots, air-to-air gunnery maneuvers, like all other maneuvers, are planned and synchronized to the last ultrafine detail, to prevent mishaps. Jets firing on a tow target may appear, from a distance, to be dancing, tumbling and pirouetting haphazardly through the sky. But it's all meticulously prearranged. The intervals between each plane are prescribed, and so is the exact position of each pilot, at every split second. Discipline is of the essence, and safety, with the Air Force, is a fetish.

When a pilot flips down to start his dive on the target, in a great, flashing sweep toward the earth, he calls, "Alpine Leader in." (Or "Alpine 2, 3 or 4 in," as the case may be.) As soon as he gets off his burst of machine-gun fire, and as his jet is whipping past the tow plane and just beneath it, he calls, "Alpine Leader off." At all times each pilot must have the other three planes clearly in view.

The first pass which Durkee's flight made at the target was a dry run. He observed that No. 2, behind him, was a little close, but not dangerously so. He decided to let it ride for two or three passes. If the man didn't open the gap by then, he'd speak to him.

They made their first firing pass. Nothing out of the ordinary happened. They made their second pass. Nothing happened.

On the third pass it happened.

Riding too close behind Durkee, the No. 2 man allowed his leader to slip out of sight below his nose. As he plummeted toward the target, his finger hovering over the gun button, he saw a plane ahead of him clear the target and arch back up toward the "perch." He thought it was Durkee. Actually it was No. 4, ahead of Durkee. He thought he heard Durkee calling "Out." What he heard was No. 4 calling "Out."

Then, as the target swung into his sights, No. 2 squeezed the trigger. His burst went wide. But at that moment Durkee's plane skimmed out from beneath him, dead ahead, directly in his line of fire.

With instantaneous, horrifying realization of what was happening, the student released his gun button. It was too late. Ten bullets had left his machine guns. Five of them hit Durkee's jet, and two of the five did vital damage.

One plowed into the gun-deck compartment in front of the cockpit. It severed an oxygen line, causing an explosion and short-lived fire which knocked the air-speed indicator out of commission. The other smashed into the cockpit and struck and activated the canopy ejection mechanism. The canopy blew off.

Then the ricocheting bullet ripped down the outer side of the pilot's right leg. It raked away a pound or two of flesh from mid-thigh to upper calf, tearing out whole chunks of muscle and nerve and leaving a hideous wound about 12 inches long, three inches wide and up to two inches deep.

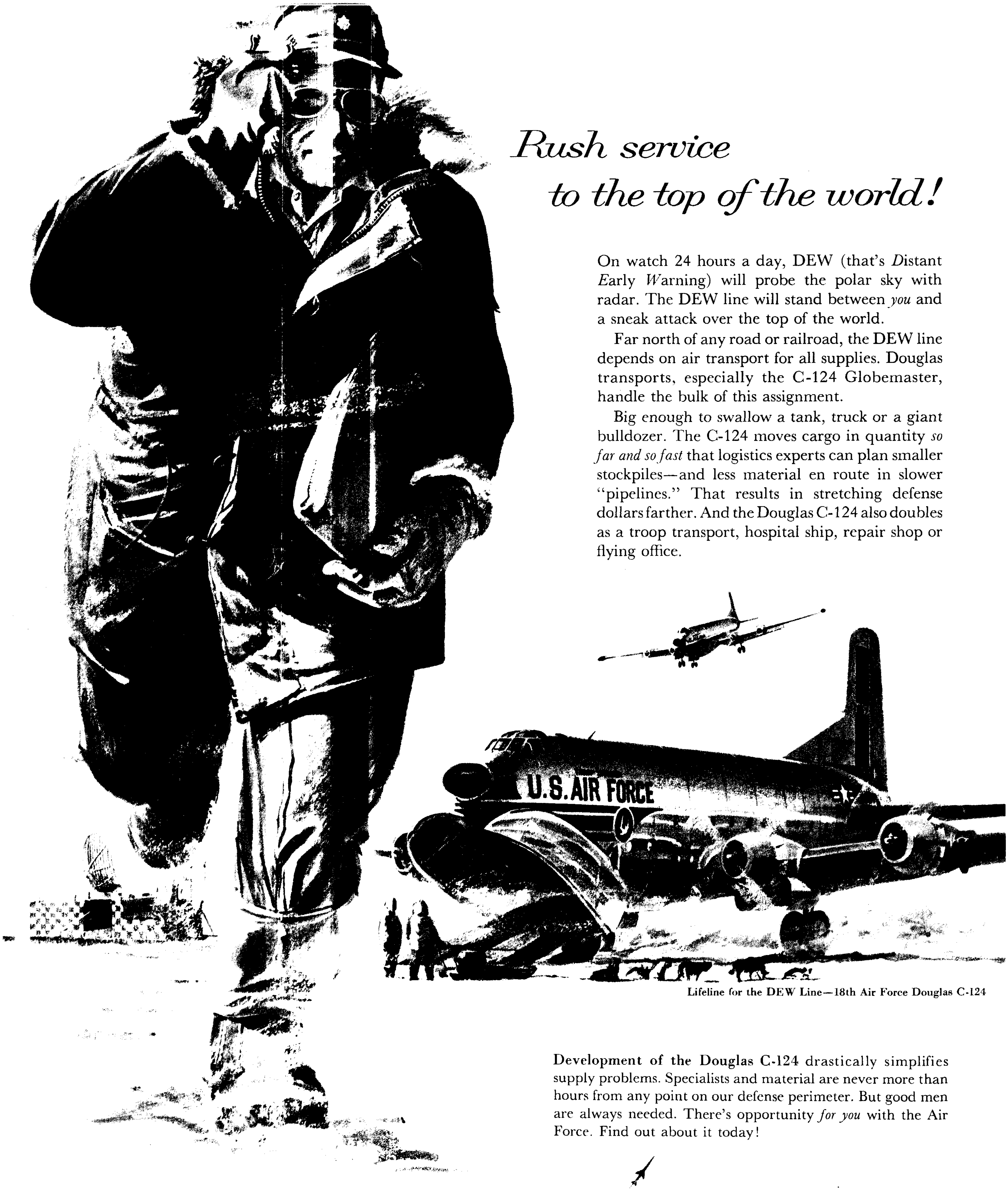
DURKEE, who was traveling about 400 miles per hour, didn't realize that he'd been shot. His first swift thought was that he'd had an internal explosion—an explosion which, for some reason, had blasted off his canopy. When the bullet hit his leg, he felt a mighty jab of pain. Then, quickly, the pain dulled. He looked uncomprehendingly at the leg. Blood was flooding out of the wound and down upon the cockpit floor. There was blood splattered over the instrument panel.

Durkee's immediate reaction was to panic. He had to get out fast. He had to jump. He reached for the seat-ejection handle. He needed only to pull it up and he would be blown out of the cockpit. But something held his hand. He was regaining his wits. Panic ebbed, and reason took its place. Durkee's mind went icy-hard.

He realized that his airplane was still functioning. He had no canopy, and he was flying at a speed of nearly seven miles a minute in an open cockpit, more than two miles above the earth. But, by hunching down in his seat, he could stay just below the battering slip stream. He had to fly with one hand—his left—while he kept his right hand clamped around his thigh to try to stanch the flow of blood. But he could still fly.

If I bail out, he thought, I'm liable to bleed to death on the desert before they can get a helicopter out from the base to pick me up. Even if I'm spotted from the air, it'll take a half hour,

Rush service to the top of the world!



On watch 24 hours a day, DEW (that's *D*istant *E*arly *W*arning) will probe the polar sky with radar. The DEW line will stand between *you* and a sneak attack over the top of the world.

Far north of any road or railroad, the DEW line depends on air transport for all supplies. Douglas transports, especially the C-124 Globemaster, handle the bulk of this assignment.

Big enough to swallow a tank, truck or a giant bulldozer. The C-124 moves cargo in quantity *so far and so fast* that logistics experts can plan smaller stockpiles—and less material en route in slower "pipelines." That results in stretching defense dollars farther. And the Douglas C-124 also doubles as a troop transport, hospital ship, repair shop or flying office.

Lifeline for the DEW Line—18th Air Force Douglas C-124

Development of the Douglas C-124 drastically simplifies supply problems. Specialists and material are never more than hours from any point on our defense perimeter. But good men are always needed. There's opportunity *for you* with the Air Force. Find out about it today!

Depend on *DOUGLAS* First in Aviation

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose

YOU CAN'T LOSE WITH AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

300.000.000
American Express Company
John Traveler

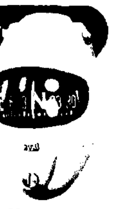
- Immediate refund if lost or stolen
- Instantly accepted everywhere—only when *you* sign them
- Sold at any BANK, at Railway Express, and Western Union offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

***Now* START A PAYING BUSINESS** *by telephone and mail!*

Collier's offers both men and women an opportunity to make a substantial, spare-time income by telephone, mail or personal calls. Take care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and all popular magazines. For details, *mail a postal card to—*

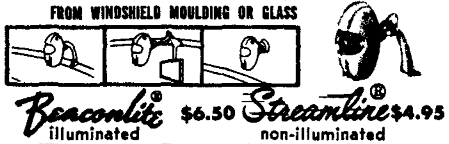
Independent Agency Division
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

NEW CONVENIENCE AND BEAUTY . . .
NEW HULL AUTO COMPASS



Enjoy greater-than-ever-convenience with the NEW Hull Auto Compass . . . easier installation, easier compensation, easier reading. Its sparkling, new beauty of styling is easy to admire, too. At better dealers everywhere. Write for literature.

NEW COMBINATION MOUNT STANDS ON DASH, OR HANGS FROM WINDSHIELD MOULDING OR GLASS

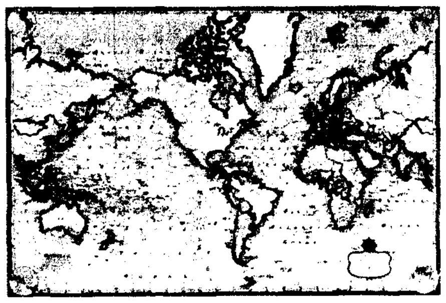


Beaconlite® $6.50 illuminated **Streamline®** $4.95 non-illuminated

HULL MFG. CO. P. O. Box 246 Z-4 WARREN, OHIO

Keep up with the world!

Ideal for children's room, den. and recreation room decoration.



NEW . . . all-purpose . . . C. S. Hammond INTERNATIONAL WALL MAP OF THE WORLD. Size 50" x 33". Printed in 8 gorgeous colors on fine quality map paper. Children are fascinated by this detailed map and learn quicker using it. The grownups become better informed on world affairs. Travelers, students, business and professional people will find it invaluable. No home, school, or office should be without one.

Regular retail price $2.00

YOURS FOR ONLY $1.00 ANY 3 FOR ONLY $2.50

. . . plus 25c per order if you desire map unfolded and in a mailing tube.

. . . Sorry, no C.O.D. shipments. Items shipped to Canada subject to Canadian tariff.

Also—**MAP OF THE UNITED STATES.** Size 50" x 33"; on polyconic projection. $1.

Also—**MAP OF EUROPE.** Size 44" x 32"; on conic projection. $1.

Also—**MAP OF ASIA.** Size 44" x 32"; Lambert azimuthal equal-area projection. $1.

P. F. COLLIER & SON (MAP DEPT.)
202 W. High St. • Springfield, Ohio

I enclose remittance in full—please send me immediately the wall maps checked below.

☐ World ☐ Europe
☐ United States ☐ Asia
☐ I enclose 25¢ extra—send maps unfolded in a mailing tube.

Send maps to:

Name__________ (Please print)
Address__________
City__________ State______

maybe an hour. And if nobody spots me . . .

He pressed his radio transmission button.

"Alpine Leader, Mayday!" he called. "Alpine Leader, Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!" It was the universal cry of the flier in distress.

Then he spoke to the tow pilot.

"Alpine Leader to tow ship. Do you have me in sight?"

"Tow plane to Alpine Leader. Roger. I have you in sight."

"I've been hit! Keep me in sight!"

THE TOW PILOT had no inkling of what had happened. He vouchsafed the only advice he could think of at the moment: "Alpine Lead, go Bravo and contact Gila Bend!"

Gila Bend was an emergency landing field and radio station about 40 miles southwest of Luke. From that field all operations on the gunnery ranges were controlled. Pilots flying onto the ranges had to check in with Gila Bend, and, when they left, they had to check out. Gila Bend's radio channel was known as Bravo, and Bravo was its call sign.

Durkee said, "Roger." And he added again, "Keep me in sight."

But, by then, he had swept beyond the tow pilot's view.

"I've lost you," called the tow pilot.

Durkee was alone in the sky.

He switched to Bravo channel.

"Gila Bend, this is Alpine Lead. I have an emergency. I'm hit. Bleeding badly. Don't think I can make it back to Luke. I'm bleeding to death! I'd like to belly in on your airstrip!"

For the moment, at least, he was still thinking very clearly. He realized that, with his useless leg, he could not work his brake pedals. And without his brakes he wouldn't be able to control his plane on the ground. He knew, therefore, that if he landed—he would have to do it on his belly, wheels up.

He asked Gila Bend, "What medical facilities do you have?"

Gila Bend's reply came faintly; the field was still a good distance away.

"Alpine Lead, this is Gila Bend. We have one ambulance and one corpsman."

"Alpine Lead to Gila Bend. No doctor?"

"Gila Bend to Alpine Lead. No doctor."

Even through the static, Gila Bend could detect a note of desperation in Durkee's voice: "I guess I'll have to try to make it back to Luke. I may not make it, but I'll try. I need a doctor."

Now he began to get irrational. The shock and loss of blood were having their inevitable effect. Over and over again he asked Gila Bend if it had a doctor. And back would come the reply, "Negative. No doctor." And then, again, he'd call, "I need a doctor. Do you have a doctor?"

It was this weird, half-coherent colloquy that first told Lieutenant Browning—the man who had taken off from Luke a few minutes ahead of Durkee—that there was trouble in the vicinity. Browning and his students, at that moment, were making their final strafing pass at the ground targets on the tactical range, about 10 miles east of Durkee and 15,000 feet below him. As they turned homeward, Browning switched to Bravo channel to call Gila Bend and check off the range.

He heard Durkee say, "I'm bleeding." and "I'll try to make it back to Luke." Then he heard the odd, repetitious conversation about the doctor.

It didn't occur to Browning immediately to offer assistance. Pilots are chary about intruding on other pilots' affairs. You just don't go wheeling around the sky, handing out gratuitous advice, unless you're darned sure advice is required. But then Browning began to wonder. Why the gabbling about the doctor? The fellow had made his decision to run for Luke. Why didn't he get on with it?

And then Browning understood. The injured pilot was alone. Who he might be and how he came to be injured didn't matter. He was alone, and in bad shape, and he had to have help.

"Alpine Lead," Browning called quickly, "this is Bluebird Lead. Can I help you?"

The call acted on Durkee like a stimulant. During the preceding seconds, his voice had faded, as consciousness waned. But now it came through clear and sharp—and full of elation.

"You sure can! I'm bleeding badly! Can't see too well! Could you get on my wing and call my air speeds to me?"

Already the loss of blood had commenced to affect Durkee's vision. He barely could make out his instrument readings. He didn't even realize that his air-speed indicator was broken, its needle resting woodenly on zero. All he knew was that he couldn't see his instruments very well. And if he was going to land his plane, he had to know his air speed at every stage of the proceeding, so he would know exactly when to stall out and set it down.

"Alpine," said Browning, "what's your position and altitude?"

"I'm 15 miles southwest of Gila Bend. Headed for Luke. Altitude 13,000."

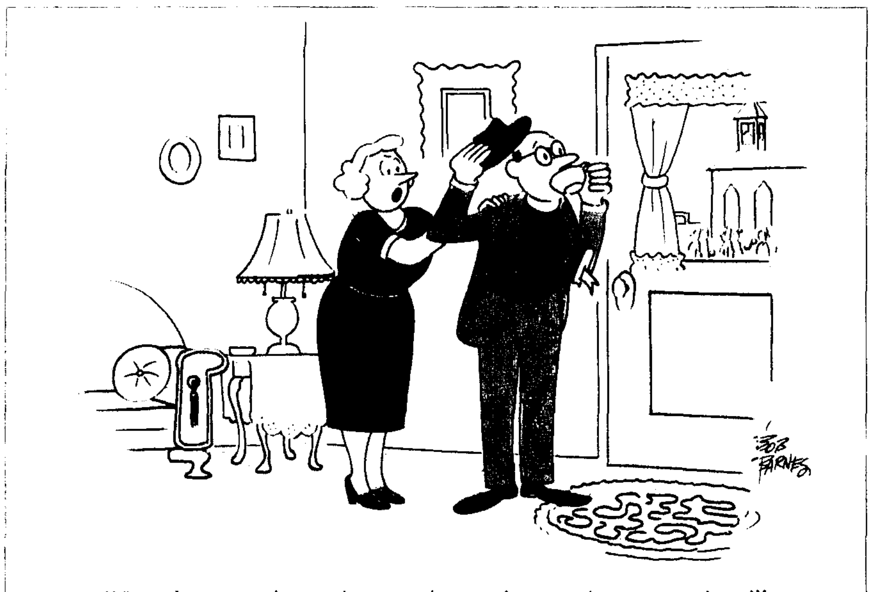
It was a fantastic bit of flying that Durkee was doing. Struggling desperately to ward off total blackout, his vision blurred, he yet had managed to pick up landmarks, and, like a homing pigeon, was pointed on a course straight for home. All the experience, training and discipline he had absorbed in years of flying had made him a human machine. The machine could function on instinct when rational processes were impaired. And it was this instinct which flew Durkee's jet that morning.

He was doing two things wrong, however. Unable to gauge his air speed, he was flying his plane alternately at maximum power and minimum power—nothing in between. He would feel himself going too slowly, approaching a stall, and he'd jam his throttle all the way forward. Then, as he inched up toward the speed of sound, the violent slip stream would lift his helmet from his head and telegraph "danger" to his muddled mind. And then, back would come the throttle, all the way.

THE OTHER MISTAKE was even more serious. Without realizing it, Durkee had put his jet into a shallow dive. Gradually, second after second, he ate up precious space between himself and the earth. He swept down to within 100 feet of the ground, and only then, as the desert flooded past beneath his wing in a greenish-brown blur, did he haul back on the stick. Again the action was purely instinctive. It was not the conscious Durkee that sensed his peril—it was the subconscious.

That was when Browning asked his altitude. Durkee, peering thickly at his altimeter, read it as 13,000. Actually it said 1,300. The ground elevation at that point was 1,200.

Browning, thinking that Durkee was still high in the air, climbed out to search for him, signaling his students to follow. He already had ordered them to switch to Bravo channel so they



"One day a week you have to be on time, and you oversleep!"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

could hear his conversation with Durkee. They heard Durkee say, "... pretty good-sized hole blown in my right leg" and ". . . gotta get right in." And they knew, without being told that there was a crippled pilot in the sky and that they were to help hunt for him.

But they hunted vainly. While they were sure that Durkee was somewhere near in terms of lateral distance, they had no way of knowing that he was about two miles below them.

Once more Browning called for Durkee's position.

"I'm over Buckeye," he replied. Buckeye was a small farming town between Gila Bend and Luke.

Then, a few seconds later, he changed it. "No, I'm not over Buckeye! I'm over Auxiliary 6!" This was an emergency airstrip on the desert—one of the landmarks by which Luke's pilots guided themselves home.

Browning was frantic. His head whirled from right to left, and back again. He looked behind him and above him. There was no plane to be seen. And there was so much air—so terribly much air. He couldn't scan it all . . .

"I've got to find him!" Browning muttered. "Right now I've got to find him!"

Then, suddenly, one of the students spotted Durkee. "Bluebird Lead!" he yelled. "He's at eleven o'clock! Very low! Right on the deck!"

Browning, reacting instantly, peeled off into a long, steep, screeching dive at full power. Now he could see the vagrant dot of silver, far beyond and below him, scudding over the desert and perilously close to it. And seeing Durkee, Browning grew even more frantic—frantic with anxiety to overtake him. For now, abruptly, jarringly, the truth of what was happening burst upon Browning. Durkee had said he was at 13,000 feet when actually he was on the deck . . . He must have misread 1,300 . . . A wounded pilot, verging on blindness, alone in a jet plane, planning to land it wheels up on an air base teeming with traffic . . .

"Bluebird Flight!" Browning called to his students. "Go upstairs and sit down! Throttle back to minimum fuel consumption and orbit!" He knew they had enough fuel to cruise, or "orbit," till he could come back to get them.

Swiftly Browning closed the gap. His air-speed needle was twitching past 600 mph when he caught up with Durkee. He was going so fast that he almost overshot the crippled plane. He jerked back on his throttle and flipped down his dive door. Then he porpoised and fish-tailed furiously to lose speed. He slipped abreast of Durkee and took up a position off his left wing, about 20 feet away.

"Hold what altitude you've got!" Browning barked.

"Roger!" Durkee's voice seemed stronger, as if now, for the first time, he had hope. "What's my air speed?"

"You've got 300. Slow it down!"

"Roger! I'm coming back on power. I don't know what power I'm coming back on, but I'm coming back."

BROWNING GLANCED at Durkee's plane and saw that the canopy was gone. He hadn't realized it before.

"Why don't you drop your dive door?" Browning said. Some instinct—some deep, unarticulated sense of consideration for the dignity of an experienced fellow pilot—made him phrase it as a suggestion instead of a blunt order. It was as if he were trying to tell Durkee that the decisions were, in the final analysis, up to him—that he was flying his own airplane. And thus, perhaps, he might somehow muster the self-confidence he would need to land his plane and get out of it alive.

Durkee acknowledged the dive-door suggestion with "Roger." And Browning saw the heavy steel shutter swinging down from the belly of the plane, into the slip stream, there to create drag and slow the ship.

But then, in one electric instant, there was no time for a polite and considerate suggestion. Without warning, Durkee began to lose what little altitude he had. His plane sank closer to the ground and headed straight for the tops of some trees ahead.

"Pull up!" shouted Browning. "Pull up!"

And Durkee pulled up, skidding over the trees, missing them by scant feet.

Now they were within 10 miles or so of Luke. Every few seconds Durkee would slough off course, and Browning would bring him back again.

"Why don't you shift three degrees left?"

"Roger."

And then: "Why don't you shift two degrees right?"

"Check."

They had long since given up the formality of "Bluebird Lead to Alpine Lead" and vice versa. They were just two men, in a world of their own, conversing in even tones as if across a table in the officers club.

Durkee was flying well—holding his

BLUE BELL clothes

Washable cotton pants, colorful shirts for school or sports. Her outfit by Blue Bell, too!

so long-wearing · so low-priced · so right for all the family

Blue Bell, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N.Y.

brisk
as an
ocean
breeze!

Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION

Old Spice

AFTER SHAVE
LOTION

1.00 PLUS TAX

Add Spice to Your Life . . .
Old Spice For Men

SHULTON New York · Toronto

altitude, good speed, on course. There was nothing, at the moment, that he needed to be told. Still Browning felt a compulsion to keep up a conversation—an aimless chatter. He had to preserve the invisible link of communication between them, to give Durkee the security of knowing that he was close by and watching.

"You're doing fine," he said. "Hold it right there. Not much farther. No sweat . . ."

But Durkee was worrying. It was as though he finally had leisure to worry, now that somebody was sharing the job with him. And once again he forgot that, minutes earlier, he had made his decision to go in with wheels up.

"Bluebird," he fretted, "how about my landing gear? I hate to break up the airplane. Can you think of any way I can land the thing with the gear down?"

"To hell with it!" said Browning. "*Belly it in!*"

BUT THE PROSPECTS of landing had Browning worried also. The two parallel runways at Luke lay southwest-to-northeast, and that was the direction in which they were traveling. The pattern of traffic, however, was toward them, not away from them. For a proper landing, they should fly around the base and reverse course so that Durkee could go in southwestward, pointing back toward the desert from which they came. Otherwise he would risk colliding with another incoming plane.

Yet Durkee had to be sent in against traffic. For Browning knew that there would be infinitely greater risk in keeping the injured flier aloft one single moment longer than necessary. He might slide off into unconsciousness during his go-around and crash.

Even then Durkee felt himself slipping. "I can't keep conscious much longer," he murmured.

They were approaching the base. Browning called Mobile Control. This was a radio-equipped trailer at the far end of the field where an officer regulated the heavy traffic—jets landing and taking off every few seconds.

"Mobile Control," said Browning, "are you aware that Alpine Lead is two minutes out and coming straight in against traffic? He's going to belly-land the thing if he lives that long. He's bleeding to death in the cockpit, half conscious and half blind!"

And all hell broke loose.

"All planes!" yelped Mobile Control. "Break out of traffic! Field's closed! Crash trucks and ambulance out—on the double!"

Browning couldn't see it taking place, but he could hear it, and he could visualize it. The whole vast machine of a jet-fighter base was springing to life, mobilizing swiftly and spontaneously for action. Men leaped to their emergency posts. Trucks roared across the ramp toward the runways. Planes wheeling around the base in landing pattern banked quickly in the opposite direction and swept back out over open country. Every radio was tuned in, monitoring the melodrama.

Now Browning had to make a dangerous move. He had to get Durkee to switch from the Bravo radio channel to Echo channel, which was used by Mobile Control. This was necessary so that Browning could be heard simultaneously by Mobile Control and by Durkee.

But there was enormous risk involved. Both of them would have to switch away from the channel connecting them. Then Durkee, at the very brink of unconsciousness, might not be able to find Echo channel—the channel on which Browning would be waiting. And the life-or-death thread of communication between them would be sundered, once and for all.

The chance had to be taken, though.

"Alpine, let's go Echo," said Browning, with forced casualness.

"Roger." Durkee's voice was weak.

Browning switched to Echo. Then he waited, his throat tight.

"Alpine," he said, "how do you read?"

THERE WAS DEAD and tormenting silence for a second or two. Then back came Durkee's voice.

"Read okay!"

He sounded almost chipper.

Browning took a deep breath of pure thankfulness and then called Mobile Control.

"Mobile, how do you read?"

"Read okay!"

And Mobile added, "I'll fire my flares at 20-second intervals." They were red and green flares normally used to signal airplanes lacking radio communications.

Browning saw a flare shooting up ahead. It told him that he and Durkee were on course. But they were too low to see the field itself. And Browning did not dare to have Durkee climb. Durkee was stabilized. He must be kept stabilized. So Browning pulled up a hundred feet or so alone and spotted the runways just ahead.

But now Durkee seemed to be losing his grip. He began muttering about a tourniquet.

"Hope they have a tourniquet. Sure hope they have a tourniquet."

They were a mile or so out now—two glistening wraiths floating over the desert, so close that they seemed bound together by a band of steel.

"I see the field!" Durkee called suddenly. "And I see the runway! But I don't know which runway I see!"

"It's the correct one," Browning said.

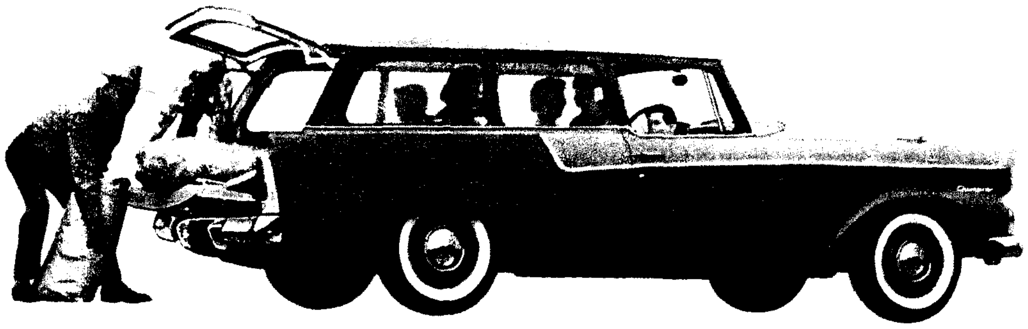
It wasn't—although Browning didn't realize it for a second or two. Durkee, who should have been lining up on the left runway, was actually lining up on the right. And that morning the right runway was closed for repairs. Trucks were scattered along the shoulders.

Browning quickly sensed what was happening. He decided to say nothing. If Durkee had to shift runways at the last minute, he might lose his precarious equilibrium and crash. Anyway, it is an unwritten law that no runway is closed to a pilot in trouble. And, even at that moment, Browning could see the trucks and workmen scampering off the asphalt. He had no idea what condition the runway might be in, but he had to risk it.

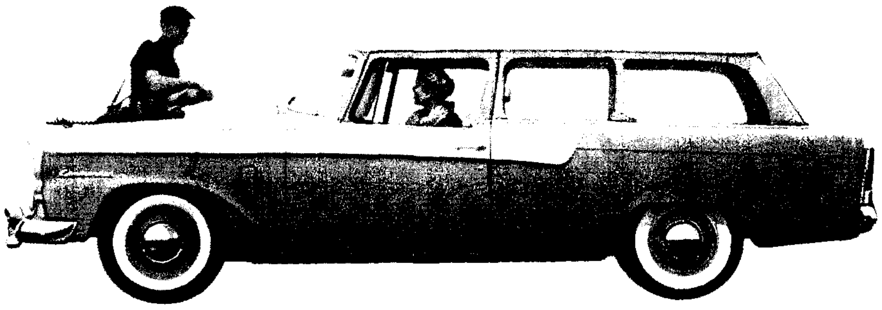
They were easing in toward the dirt extension ahead of the runway. Browning, glancing ahead, could see the waiting crash trucks and ambulance, and a crane to pick up Durkee's plane and free him from the cockpit if he overturned. And he could see the barrier at the beginning of the runway. That was a steel-cable-and-nylon-net device stretched across it to catch jets when they overshot their landings from the other direction. It could be lowered, but the men from the crash trucks had lowered the barrier on the other runway, thinking Durkee was coming in there.

"Shift two degrees right!" Browning called.

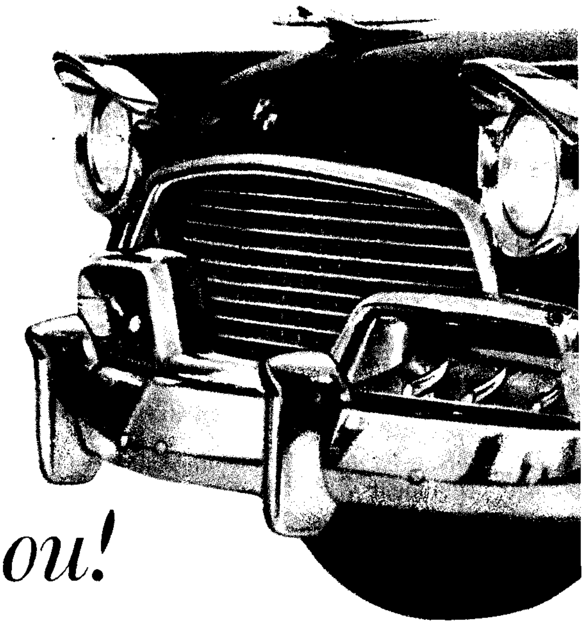
PELHAM . . . Big wagon ruggedness, room, and luxury at a low, low price. Plenty of power and zip from Studebaker's proven Sweepstakes 185 Six engine.



Wherever you go . . . whatever you do . . .



PARKVIEW V8 . . . Dazzling performance with distinctive beauty. Special double-teamed springs give you sedan comfort, even with heaviest loads.



One of these wagons is "right" for you!

Rugged and "right"—Studebaker brings you the most glamorous, stylish station wagons of them all. Here's *big* room . . . a richly comfortable ride . . . an extra-strong body and frame to take years of hardest service. See and drive the new Studebaker wagons at your dealer's soon!

Durkee shifted.

"Slow it down a little!"

Durkee slowed.

"I'm pulling up my dive door," he said.

Browning felt a stab of relief. Durkee's mind was still functioning. He knew that his plane would slide better on the ground with the dive door up. It was as if he were calling forth some deep and forgotten shred of strength for the last mighty effort being demanded of him.

NOW THEY WERE OVER the dirt extension and only a few feet above it. They were going not much faster than 150 mph. The F-84 lands at about 140. Browning himself was running dangerously short of speed. He couldn't remain airborne much longer, and he didn't dare land alongside Durkee.

"Chop your power!" he snapped.

"I'm stop-cocking it!" said Durkee. He was killing his power completely.

Then Browning went cold. Durkee was settling in too soon. He would hit the dirt extension, short of the runway, and plunge into the barrier.

"Why don't you hold it off to clear the barrier?"

In an agony of tension but fearful lest Durkee be unnerved, Browning fought to keep his voice calm.

And then he watched. And he saw Durkee's plane, as if held at the end of some giant puppeteer's string, lift sluggishly, float up over the barrier with only inches to spare and mush in toward the asphalt.

"Okay!" shouted Browning. "You're over the end of the runway! You've got it made! Good luck!"

And he rammed forward on his throttle. He skimmed the runway for half its length, gaining momentum, and then chandelled up and out over the desert. And, as he did so, he looked back.

He saw Durkee's plane, still right side up, skidding furiously down the runway on its belly, throwing out an avalanche of sparks and a great cloud of smoke and dust. It skidded nearly a mile before it jerked to a halt, its bottom crushed and torn.

Twelve minutes had elapsed since Durkee was hit.

Trucks and men swarmed in toward the damaged jet. Fire fighters swiftly laid a blanket of foam on the asphalt all around and underneath it to prevent spilled fuel from igniting. A towering 290-pound fireman named Jim Nochta was one of the first to reach the cockpit.

"Get out of the plane!" bellowed Nochta. Any second it might explode into flame.

"I can't move!" cried Durkee, unbuckling his seat belt.

Nochta leaped to the wing, alongside the cockpit. Reaching in, he lifted the bleeding pilot from the seat—all 175 pounds of him—and carried him to a waiting stretcher.

"I've gotta have a tourniquet," Durkee was mumbling. "Gotta have a tourniquet."

As he was laid on the stretcher, an Air Policeman hurriedly stripped the belt from his own pants and clamped it around Durkee's upper leg. At last he had his tourniquet.

Nochta says Durkee passed out just as he was placed on the stretcher. But Durkee says he was still conscious. He could hear voices shouting, and, as the ambulance sped toward the base hospital, he remembers saying, "Doc, don't let 'em take that leg off!"

At the hospital Durkee was given an immediate blood transfusion, and a flight surgeon, Captain R. C. Forman, cleaned the wound and dressed it. When Durkee came out from the anesthetic, his wife, Bunny, was at his bedside.

"It's okay," he said, and passed out again.

Luke had no special orthopedic facilities. And so, late that afternoon, Durkee was placed aboard an air-evacuation plane and flown to the Parks Air Force Base Hospital, southeast of Oakland, California. There, the next day, he learned finally that he had not had an explosion. He had been shot from behind. (Understandably, the name and nationality of the student who accidentally shot Durkee have been withheld. The Air Force permitted him to complete his training, and then he returned to his own country.)

IN THE MEANTIME, Browning had picked up his students and led them to a landing on a desert emergency strip. It was the same strip on which Durkee's students had straggled in a few minutes earlier. Not until afterward, when Browning returned to his home field, did he learn that Luke Air Force Base counted two brand-new heroes amongst its complement that day. Dick Durkee was one of them. Howard Browning was the other.

Browning and Durkee did not actually meet until more than six months later, when Browning copiloted a plane flying a special mission to Parks AFB, where Durkee is still hospitalized.

And Durkee did not lose his leg. Along the whole side of it there is a huge, hollowed-out scar, and, because vital nerves and muscles were severed, he has lost the mobility of his foot. But he hopes to fly again, and to fly jets.

Browning, who is still stationed at Luke, believes that Durkee should be allowed to fly again, injured leg or no injured leg.

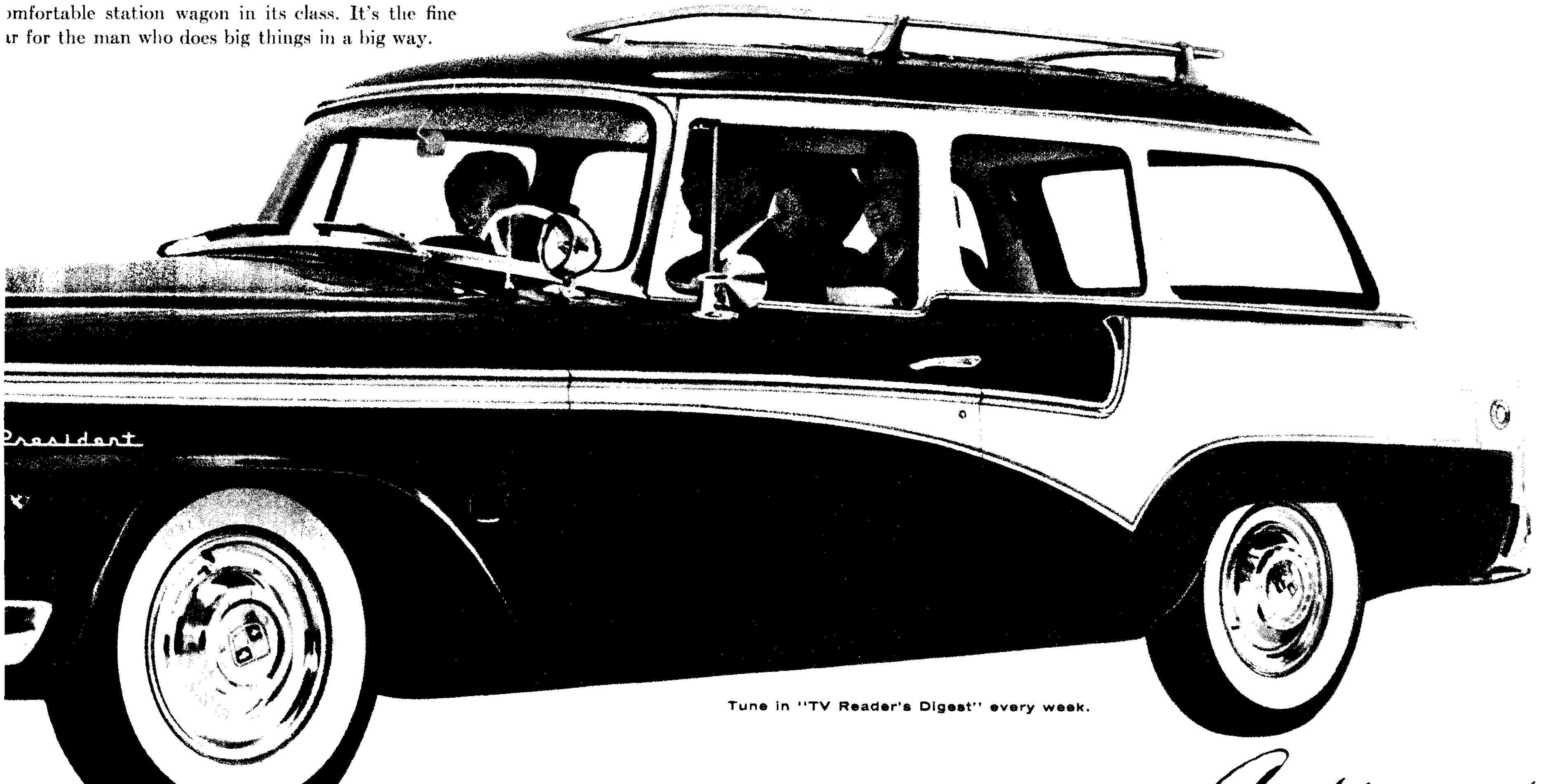
"The son of a gun," he says, with quiet fervor, "probably could fly an airplane in his sleep."

The Air Force, by way of suggesting that it felt pretty much the same way about Durkee, awarded him the Distinguished Flying Cross—a truly rare thing, for few DFCs are given in peacetime. Browning received an elaborate gold trophy for Outstanding Airmanship. Their commanding officer, Brigadier General T. C. Rogers, said their performance demonstrated "the superior flying ability of our Air Force pilots and their capability of meeting emergencies in a positive, courageous manner."

That would be, of course, the detached and military way of appraising the incident. It remained for Dr. Forman—the flight surgeon who first treated Durkee and has since returned to civilian life—to provide a somewhat different and less dispassionate summing up.

"I was in the Air Force for two years," he said. "I saw some stupidity, some goldbricking, some goofing-off, and I saw the military mind at work. But sometimes it seems that whenever the chips are down, the boys are right on the ball. Durkee was right on the ball. Browning was right on the ball. Everybody was right on the ball. It's probably the sort of thing that happens a lot in wartime.

"Anyway, I felt real proud of the Air Force after that." THE END



INEHURST V8 . . . 210 hp. . . most luxurious and
omfortable station wagon in its class. It's the fine
r for the man who does big things in a big way.

Tune in "TV Reader's Digest" every week.

Studebaker

Craftsmanship with a flair!

Division of Studebaker-Packard Corporation—Where pride of workmanship still comes first!

before your

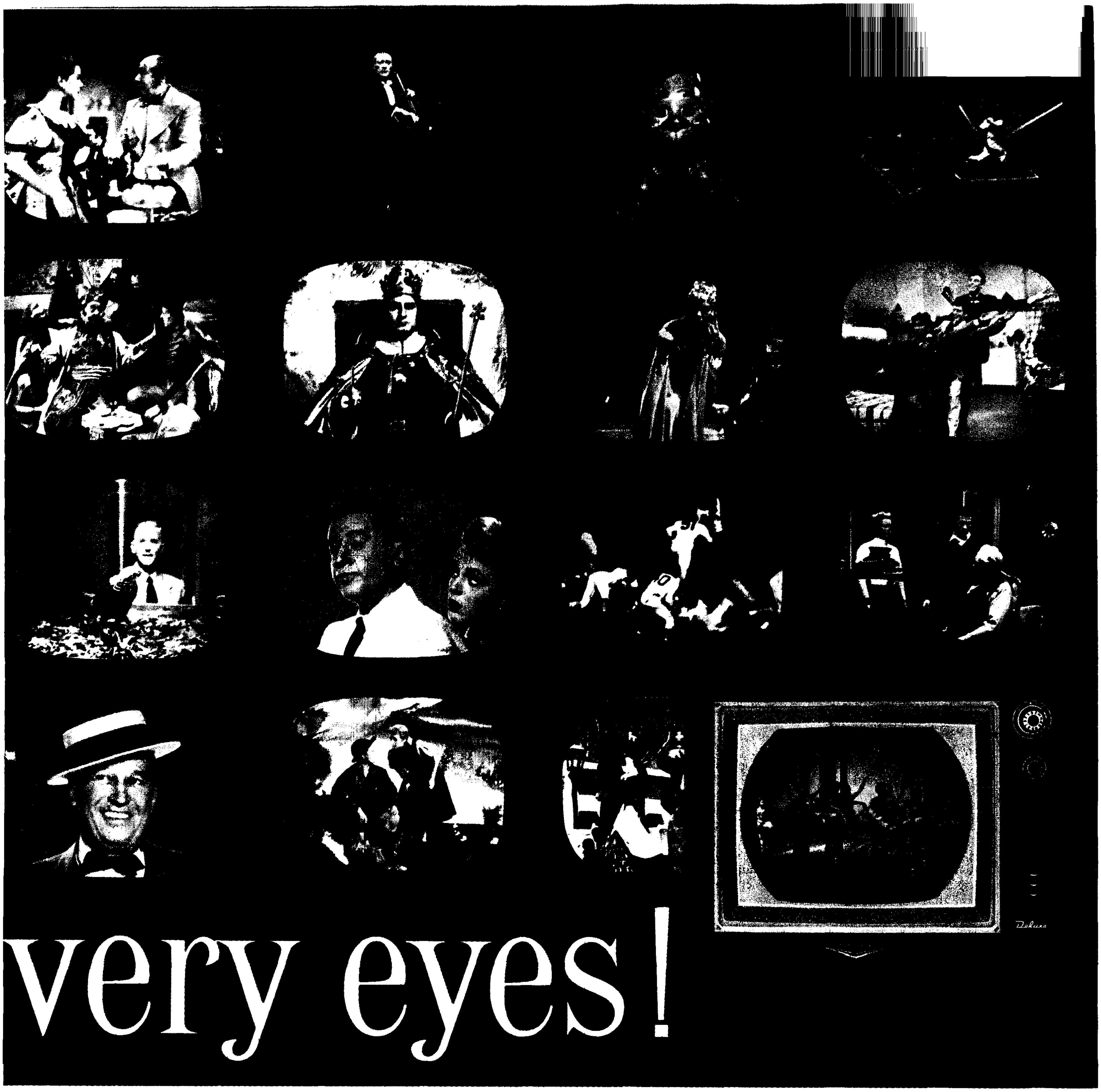
Television has become Color Television . . . *before your very eyes!*

And it's Big Color! Producers' Showcase, The Sunday Spectaculars, Max Liebman Presents, Maurice Evans' Hallmark Hall of Fame—each a lavish, ninety-minute production in which the brightest stars of the entertainment world are proud to appear. The NBC Opera Theatre, presenting the world's greatest operas in skillful English translations. NBC Matinee Theater, the hour-long dramatic show that has set new standards for daytime television. Milton Berle, who made Tuesday night a national laugh night. The American premiere of Laurence Olivier's great motion picture, "Richard III." Howdy Doody, always the merriest and best loved of all the children's programs.

Then there are special features like "Antarctica" and "Assignment India," and special events, like the World Series and the Rose Bowl Parade. Color telecasts of shows usually seen in black-and-white, like the Dinah Shore Show, the George Gobel Show, the Jimmy Durante Show, and Zoo Parade.

And more to come . . . and then more again!

By the end of the summer, another $12,000,000 in new color studios and facilities will bring you more shows and bigger shows in Color.



And wait till you see them exactly as they are planned and produced—with the bright costumes, the vivid sets, the actors and actresses in all their glowing vitality!

It's all happening right now, on NBC. Hard to believe? Sit down before a Color TV set and *see* it happening—*before your very eyes.*

Exciting things are happening on

NBC TELEVISION

a service of RCA

He knew this woman's past was the talk of two continents.

Yet he was falling in love with her, with all his heart and—

so he told himself—

WITH BOTH

By PAUL HYDE BONNER • A CONDENSED NOVEL

ANTHONY considered it an eminently successful day, but not so Malcolm McFie, the Scottish gamekeeper of Corsewall. After opening the rear door of Anthony's car to release the pair of tired black Labradors, McFie carefully laid the day's luck in neat rows on the red gravel path that led to the front door of his cottage.

Anthony counted out loud, "Four partridge, two golden plover, three pheasants, one mallard, five rabbits and two hares. I call that a fine bag, McFie."

"Aye, sir, moderate for one gun," the keeper said. "There's a fair bit o' game on the place, but to do it right, should be three guns and meself in the line."

Anthony felt a pang of his loneliness. "Well, it can't be helped," he said, rather abruptly. "I know no one in this part of the world whom I could ask to shoot with me. Besides, I like wandering about the fields this way."

"Shall I be puttin' the game in your motor, sir?"

"I'll take a brace of partridge and one pheasant back to the hotel with me. You can deliver the two plover and two pheasants to Corsewall House. Say that they are for Lady Carter-Owen, with my compliments. Do whatever you like with the rest."

"Thank ye, sir."

"Well, good night, McFie. I won't be shooting tomorrow. It's better to take it easy until I get my legs. Wednesday, then, I'll stop to pick you up at nine thirty."

"Verra good, sir. And if you talkin' to her ladyship?"

"I won't be talking to her. I don't even know her."

"She sent word to me, sir, to be tellin' you to drop by at Corsewall House for a cup o' tea any day after shootin'."

"Did she?" Anthony was nettled. The society of people was not in his immediate scheme of things. He had come three thousand miles to be alone, to nurse his anguish in silence. "That is very kind of her. Er—you might tell her that I'm very tired—er—that I'd rather postpone her kind invitation until I feel better."

"You dinna walk like a sick mon, sir."

"Sick in spirit, McFie."

"Her ladyship's verra kind and sumpathetic," the keeper said in a tone that implied that he did not approve of his mistress' being slighted.

"I'm sure she is. That's a characteristic of elderly widows."

McFie put the birds in the back of the car. "She's nae elderly," he said gruffly. "She's a bonnie fine woman."

Anthony did not comment on that. He got into his little drive-yourself car and, with a final good night, started off down the road to Portpatrick.

His physical weariness after the day's shooting lent to Anthony Gaylord the first relief from the pain of his sorrow that he had felt since the death of his wife, Emily, just one month ago. It comforted him to believe that his decision had been right—to face this trial in a far land, in the open air, trudging the fields for game. He could have gone down to South Carolina, to the Gourdin Club near Moncks Corner, but that would have been no solace, wha with the stinging realization that Emily was not beside him, riding eagerly on her little white mule, he cheeks pink in the sun, her deep blue eyes twinklin with pleasure under her jaunty shooting hat of gray green whipcord. Had her illness been a lingerin one, it might have been different, have prepare him for separation after twenty years, but she ha been stricken instantly, in one fatal stroke. Fro the fullness of life at forty-five, gay, perceptive kindly and affectionate, she had been whiske away, leaving him a half-human.

His first line of escape had been a plane fro Idlewild to London airport, not knowing where o how the walking and the shooting would be done The only key that he held to open the door of hi impulse was a letter from his friend Tom Spence to a certain Colonel Anderson in London, whos business it was to find shooting and fishing fo sportsmen.

His first meeting with the colonel, in the latter' office, had been almost aborted by Anthony's ignorance of shooting lore on the British Isles. American shooting terms seemed to convey nothing t the colonel, and finally, in desperation, Anthon said, "In my study at home I have an English print showing two men with muzzle-loaders and a pair o spaniels. One man is shooting at a rising pheasan and the other is raising his gun at a woodcock. I my ignorance I thought I might be able to fin something here of that sort—a place where I coul tramp the fields and woods with a dog or two an

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL SETTERBERG

COPYRIGHT © 1956 BY LILLY M. BONNER.

EYES OPEN

a man to guide me. Apparently that kind of simple sport has gone out of fashion."

"Ah, a rough shoot!" Colonel Anderson said, understanding at last. "Quite in the fashion, I assure you. But they are not easy to come by. However, I shall look through my lists and see what I can dig up. Would you care to drop by tomorrow?"

Anthony said he would, but he was depressed. All his life he had heard that the British Isles abounded with game and that good shooting was easy to come by if you had the means. And Anthony Gaylord had the means. He was, at fifty-four, a successful consulting engineer, with a fortune that had been assiduously accumulated with a view to an early sporting retirement for Emily and himself. Now, without Emily, the money—that portion above his modest needs—was superfluous, an unwanted burden. They should have, he thought as he walked back to his hotel, adopted that child years ago, when they first knew that poor Emily could have no children. A son (he always pictured the child as a boy) would have been a pillar to steady him at this moment.

Without hope he stopped by at Colonel Anderson's office on the following day. "You're in luck," the colonel announced. "I find that the Carter-Owen shoot in Wigtownshire is available."

"What does it consist of?" Anthony asked.

Anderson picked up a sheet of pink paper from his desk and read from it: "*Corsewall Rough Shoot. The property consists of seventeen hundred acres of rolling dairy country. Owing to the death of Sir*

Welwyn Carter-Owen the property was not shot in nineteen fifty-three. The bag for nineteen fifty-four was eighty-four grouse, five black cock, five hundred twenty-five partridge, eighty-three golden plover, one hundred sixty pheasant, sixty-two mallard, seventy-three widgeon—"

"What an astonishing amount of game!" Anthony exclaimed.

"That is why the price is high—one hundred guineas a week."

Anthony made a quick mental calculation and concluded that the price was more reasonable than he had anticipated, so he made no comment.

"Accommodation may be had at the Channel View Hotel in Portpatrick, which is about eight miles by tarmac road to the keeper's cottage," the colonel read on.

"If you would be kind enough to put in a call to the hotel in Portpatrick at my expense, you might ask them if they can put me up for four weeks," Anthony said decisively. "I will arrive this coming Sunday—that's November twenty-seventh—and the lease can begin the twenty-eighth."

Colonel Anderson appeared astonished at the speed of Anthony's decision. But then he realized that Americans were impulsive and cleared his throat. "As soon as I've booked you at the hotel, I'll get on to Lady Carter-Owen about the letting."

"Is she the widow?"

"Yes, and a very charming woman. Used to be a jolly good shot herself. You'll like her, I'm sure."

"I will not be bothering her. I would prefer to deal solely with the gamekeeper and not get involved with Lady Carter-Owen," Anthony said. "You see, this trip is—well—a means of recuperation from a rather bad nervous shock. I want to be alone. I don't want to see people—have any social obligations."

"Er—quite," Colonel Anderson said, looking perplexed. "I shall explain to Lady Carter-Owen."

"Please do. Tell her anything you like—that I'm a trifle odd, just a queer American neurotic."

Anderson laughed in a strained, forced way. "I'd best temper it a bit or she'll fancy you're not to be trusted with a gun."

"I'm a perfectly safe shot," Anthony protested, realizing that the colonel was beginning to have his doubts.

"I've no doubt that you're quite safe. I was only thinking of how to explain to Lady Carter-Owen why you prefer not to call on her. She'll think it odd because—well, because most men would leap at the opportunity."

ANTHONY remembered that remark now, driving back to the hotel at dusk. It fitted in with what McFie had said of her, that she was a "bonnie fine woman." So men leaped at the chance to meet this bonnie lady, did they? Well, he would not be among the leapers. He had come here to assuage his aching heart with air and exercise, not to be reminded of his loss by drinking tea with some bonnie widow.

The next morning it rained, but that did not deter him from putting on a mackintosh and walking the hard sand of the beach at the foot of the cliff below the hotel. He found it invigorating, buoying his spirits, until he thought with pleasure of his luck in finding a shoot that was far better than he dreamed existed. How Emily would have loved this! With that thought the buoyancy vanished, and for the hundredth time since Emily's sudden death he reviewed their life together, from the moment when he had first met her at a debutante dance at the old Sherry's on Fifth Avenue. The picture of her as she shook his hand with a strong grip and said, smiling with complete self-assurance, "So you're Tony Gaylord," was more clear in detail than the memory of her on the morning of her death. The latter was elusive, difficult to focus, but the debutante was as vivid as a Diana by Courbet.

He walked until noon before climbing the long flight of steps up the cliff to the hotel. On entering, he stopped at the desk and asked the manageress to send a double whisky to his room. She nodded and handed him a letter, unstamped and addressed merely *Anthony Gaylord, Esq.* Thinking it a presumptuous invitation from one of the other guests at the hotel, he thrust it into his pocket and went up to his bedroom. There, preparing himself for an ordeal of annoyance, he sat down by the window and lighted a cigarette before taking the letter out of his pocket and opening it. He read:

My Dear Mr. Gaylord—

Colonel Anderson has told me that you wish to be alone, having come to Scotland to recuperate from nervous exhaustion. Knowing from my own experience what that malady is like, I told McFie to let you know that a cup of tea—or a cocktail if you prefer it—is waiting for you at Corsewall House. I would not have an American returning to his shores saying that we Scots are not hospitable. Furthermore, I have reason to believe that too much introspection is not your best cure. But if you choose to remain aloof, I shall not be offended.

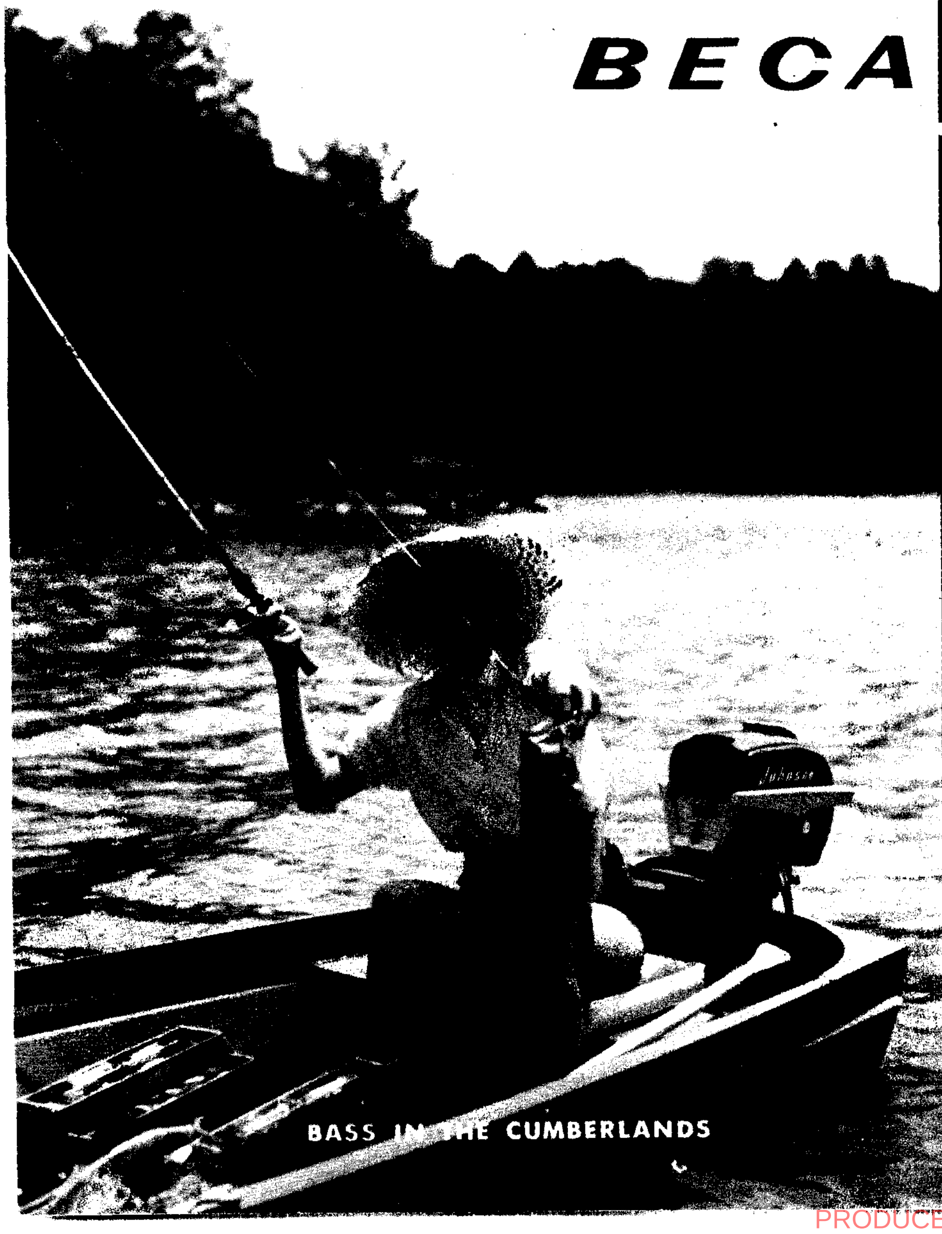
From what McFie tells me of your prowess with a gun you cannot be too badly off.

Yours sincerely,
Emily Carter-Owen

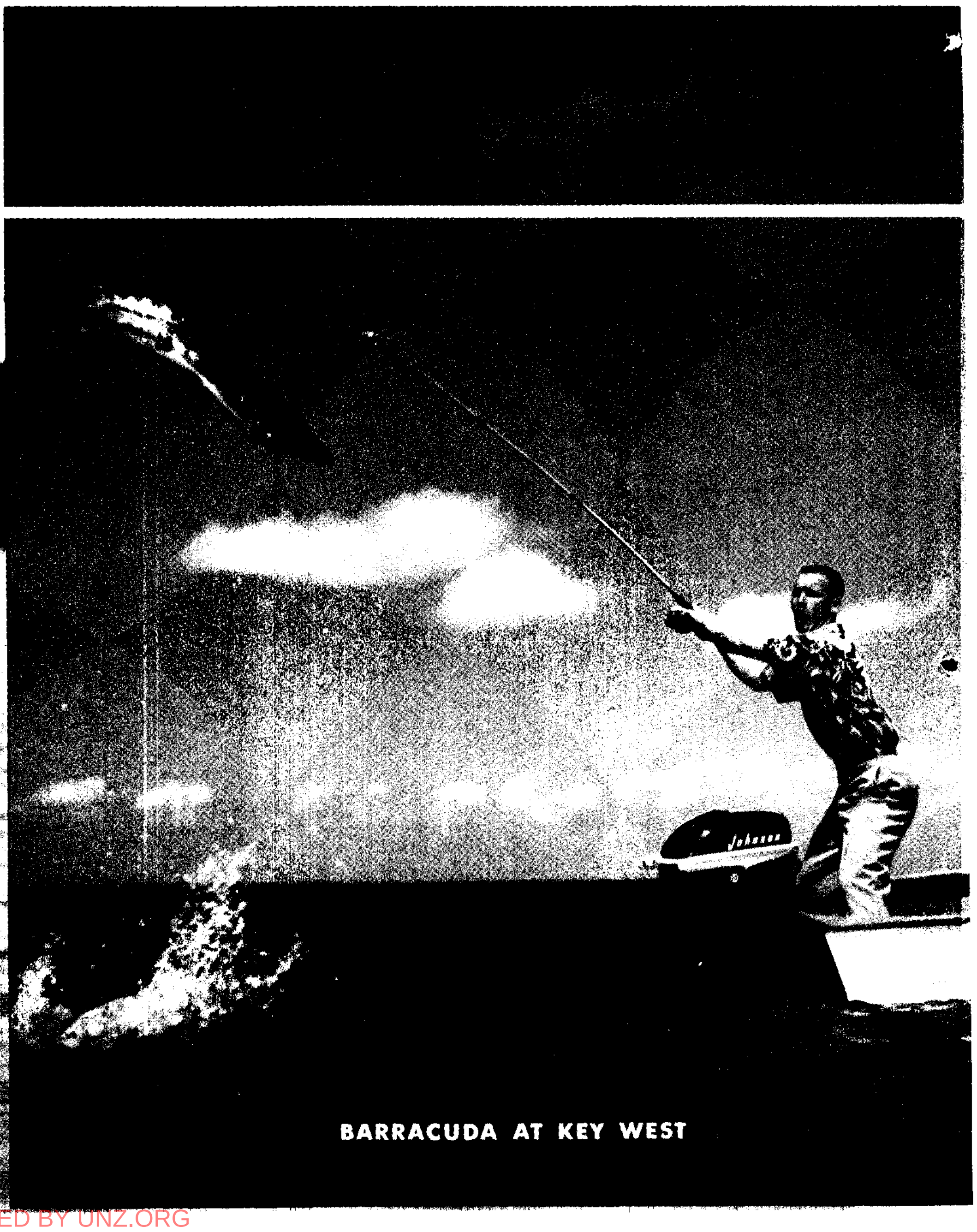
His resentment cooled quickly as he looked at the signature. *Emily.* How strange that this woman, this widowed owner of Corsewall, should carry the same name! He wondered if in other ways she was like his own dear Emily. No, that could not be. God had created only one Emily from that mold. His wife had been born Emily Graham and was "Scotch to the bone," as she used to announce with pride. The coincidence was provocative, now that chance had brought him to the Lowlands to mourn her loss.

Anthony looked at the letter again. Yes, she had written *we Scots,* yet Carter-Owen was not a Scottish name. It might be, of course, that she, and not her late husband, was the owner of Corsewall. But it was idle speculation. There were probably thousands upon thousands of Scottish Emilys, but not one could, or ever would, match his priceless jewel. Still and all, it was kind and gracious of this widow Emily to ask him to drop in for a cup of tea or a cocktail. Not that he would do it, not yet, at least.

THE following day dawned bright and clear, and Anthony felt keen and refreshed as he motored to the keeper's cottage. McFie was waiting for him by the roadside, a hulking, granitelike figure in his worn tweed suit, the two solemn Labradors sitting patiently at his feet. Anthony noticed that he carried a rolled-up mackintosh.



BASS IN THE CUMBERLANDS



BARRACUDA AT KEY WEST

"I hardly think you'll be needing that raincoat," Anthony said cheerily, waving toward the bright sky.

"There'll be rain this afternoon," McFie announced.

Anthony stroked the sleeve of his shooting suit, which was made of very hard whipcord faced with doeskin. "Well, never mind, this suit is as good as waterproof." He waited until McFie had settled beside him. "Where do we head today?"

"Glenayre. We'll have a try at the groose. 'Tis the furst turn on your right."

Anthony was uplifted by anticipation. He had never seen a Scotch grouse, though it was the noble bird of legendary fame. "Do they rise in a covey like partridge?" he asked.

"Aye, they might well," McFie replied. " 'Tis only a wee bit o' moor with mebbe fifty groose on it. If we find 'em, they'll likely all be up at once and it'll be your only chance of a shot."

It turned out exactly as McFie had predicted. Anthony was so startled by the roar of wings that he got only one shot off before they disappeared, and that was a cripple which the dogs had to trail for a half hour. Now, with the grouse in the bag, they descended again, over a wall and into the plow.

"That was a splendid show of grouse," Anthony said, still elated.

"Aye, there's a good few—too many for the ground. If they're nae shot more, they'll be leavin' for bigger moors t'other side o' Loch Ryan."

"We must have another go at them, but I'm afraid I won't be able to do much damage."

"That's it, sir, for they groose you'll be needin' another gun or two."

"Why not bring a gun yourself?"

McFie shook his head in a stern negative. "Keepers is nae given licenses to shoot game." Then he added, "Her ladyship is a right moderate shot."

"Too bad she wasn't with us when we flushed the grouse," Anthony said without considering his words.

"That's what I was thinkin'."

Anthony could have kicked himself for allowing that opening. He made a quick attempt at a retrieve. "I gather that she's not shooting, now that she's in mourning. That is why she rented me the place."

"There ain't no death as could keep a gun out o' her ladyship's hand," the keeper said.

THE reason, then, for Lady Carter-Owen's renting the shoot, Anthony thought, must be money. If so, it was a pity that a keen hunter had to forgo the sport on her own fields. Perhaps McFie had suggested that Anthony invite her to come out with him in an attempt to get his mistress some of the sport she loved. Then Anthony wondered if there might be collusion between mistress and servant.

They did not converse again until it was time to eat their sandwiches. The sky had clouded over as McFie had predicted, so they chose a luncheon spot in the door of a cow barn. It was Anthony who was the first to break the long silence.

"I suppose this property has been in the Carter-Owen family for many years," he said.

"It isna Carter-Owen land nor never was," McFie said emphatically. "The grandfather of her ladyship, ould Ronald Graham, bought it from Lord Aird. That was back in eighty-two."

It struck Anthony like a blow in the face. "Lady Carter-Owen was born Emily Graham? How very extraordinary!"

McFie looked at Anthony with surprise. "What's wrong wi' it? 'Tis a proper name."

Anthony flushed. "It's only that—well, you see, it was the name of my wife. She died very suddenly, just a month ago."

"Ah, I'm verra sorry to hear it. That is the sickness o' spirit you were talking aboot."

"Yes, McFie, that is it."

"It will nae be much help to you, shootin' alone."

"It keeps my mind off it."

"And off your gun. You shouldna missed they partridges we flushed in the roots. Easy shots they was."

By the time they had finished their lunch the rain was falling heavily, and Anthony, without a waterproof, decided to call it a day. When they reached the cottage, McFie emptied his game bag. It was a miserable show: one grouse, one pheasant and a rabbit. Anthony was ashamed of his performance.

"Take them," he said to McFie in disgust. "Give the birds to Lady Carter-Owen and keep the rabbit for yourself."

The keeper returned the rabbit to his bag, but left the grouse and the pheasant on the seat of the car where he had placed them. "You best take 'em to Corsewall House yoursel'," he said. "I nae fancy walkin' there and back in this weather."

Anthony hesitated, then said, "Very well, I'll drop them on my way to Portpatrick."

It was almost a half mile before the red gravel drive from the road emerged on a wide circle in front of a fine Georgian house of gray granite with slate roof. Anthony stopped the car in front of the entrance and, taking the grouse and pheasant by their heads, stepped quickly out to the shelter of the portico.

As he reached for the doorbell, he heard steps on the gravel behind him and a musical feminine voice say, "How kind of you to bring me another brace of birds."

Anthony wheeled about to see a slight woman entirely enveloped in a raincoat, with a hood over her head and her feet in boots. "It was too wet to ask McFie to bring them," he said. He realized at once that this was Lady Carter-Owen.

"I've been having a look at the last of my dahlias," she said, smiling. All that showed of her face under the hood was pallid, almost dead-white. "Ah, a grouse! Then you've been at Glenayre." She passed him and opened the front door. "Come in, Mr. Gaylord," she said. "It is Mr. Gaylord, isn't it?"

"Yes, I'm Anthony Gaylord. There is no need to ask if you are Lady Carter-Owen."

"None whatsoever," she said, and flipped the dripping hood back from her head.

THE rigidity resulting from his apprehension subsided. It was not his Emily at all. Nothing like her. Yet she was beautiful, strikingly beautiful with her white skin as soft and unlined as that of a child, and her gray hair in a mass of curls. Above all, there were the eyes; they were large, a dark hazel in color and infinitely sad.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," he said, embarrassed. "I only wished to leave these with your servant."

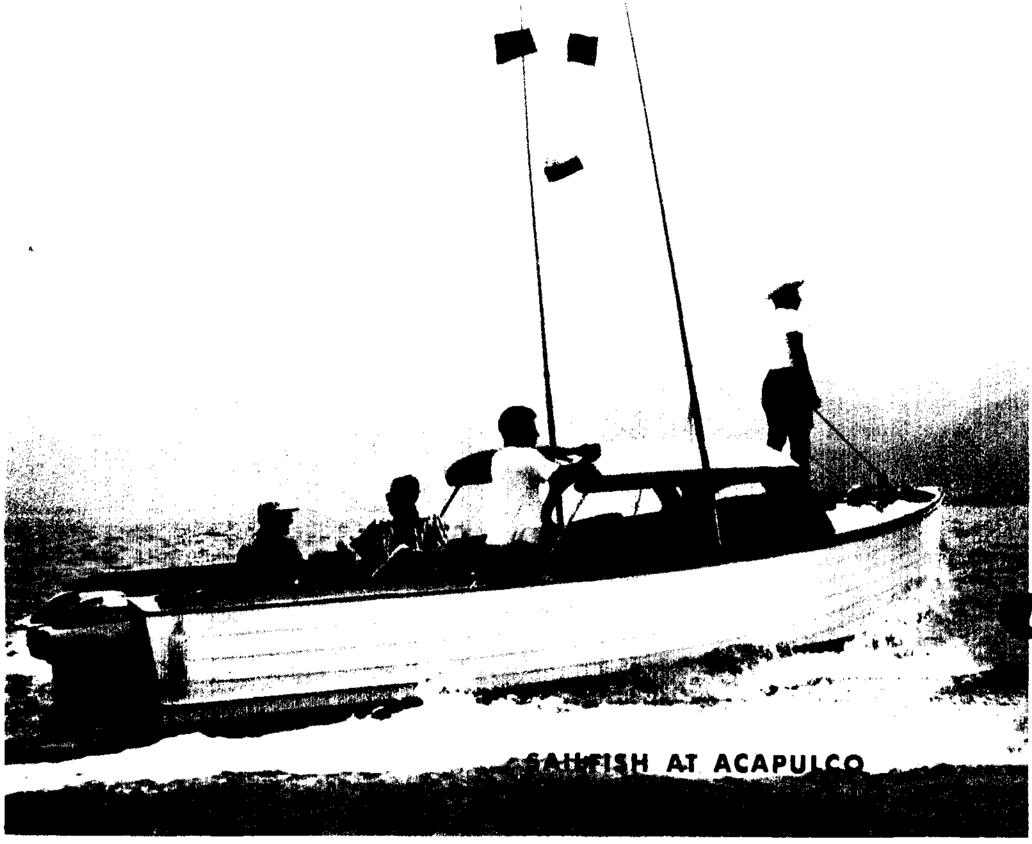
"Just put them on the table. Bunnett

DEPENDABLE

On waters everywhere, Johnson Sea-Horses are the fishin' favorites—*because they are dependable!* It's true—more fishermen own Johnsons than own any other make of outboard motor! . . . For 1956 there are *nine* models—from 3 to 30 hp.—all styled in Johnson's gleaming new Holiday Bronze—all blessed with Johnson's heavenly quiet—and featuring quicker, smoother starting than you've ever known before! In addition, the brilliant 30's give you Stall-Proof Idling while their new Cruising-Range Fuel Saver saves one gallon of fuel out of every five! See your Johnson Dealer. Look for his name under "Outboard Motors" in your classified phone book.

Free! Write for your copy of the new Sea-Horse Booklet which describes all 1956 models and features. Complete, factual, helpful.

JOHNSON MOTORS, 300 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Illinois
A DIVISION OF OUTBOARD, MARINE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
In Canada: Manufactured by Johnson Motors, Peterborough



Johnson
SEA-HORSES
FOR DEPENDABILITY

America's Most Beautiful Outboard Motors

JAVELIN*	30 hp	$582.00
SEA-HORSE 30*	30 hp	552.00
SEA-HORSE 30	30 hp	462.00
SEA-HORSE 15*	15 hp	452.00
SEA-HORSE 15	15 hp	362.00
SEA-HORSE 10	10 hp	321.00
SEA-HORSE 7½	7½ hp	241.00
SEA-HORSE 5½	5½ hp	216.00
SEA-HORSE 3	3 hp	146.00

**Electric Starting . . . Prices f.o.b. factory, subject to change . . . Mile Master Fuel System included with all models except the "3" . . . OBC certified brake hp at 4000 rpm (30's at 4500).*

will fetch them," she said, taking off her mackintosh. "It's a bit early for tea, but a dash of brandy might keep out the damp."

"Thank you, but I must be running along," Anthony said.

"Not until you've given me a report on Glenayre," she said, and walked through a doorway into a living room, leaving him no other course but to follow her.

THE room was pleasant and in perfect taste. Over the fine Adam mantel hung a portrait of a beautiful lady seated beneath a tree, with her delicate hands on a child sleeping on her lap.

"I'm afraid I didn't do Glenayre justice," Anthony said, standing in the center of the room, watching her walk to one of the sofas, trim, almost girlish in her tight-fitting tweed suit. "McFie and I were halfway up the hill when the great covey rose, and I was so startled that I got off only one shot."

"There are four coveys in that lot. They've packed up together at this time of year."

"McFie says they should be shot more, or they'll leave."

"He's right. Do sit down."

A butler appeared at the door. "Beg pardon, Your Ladyship," he said.

"Oh, Bunnett, you'll find a grouse and a pheasant on the hall table. Take them to the larder and bring the brandy and two glasses," she commanded.

The butler disappeared.

"I'm filthy," Anthony said. "We lunched in a cow barn."

"We're used to that here. Sit down, Mr. Gaylord, and don't look so frightened. I'm really quite harmless."

Anthony attempted a laugh, but it came out a silly giggle. "I'm sorry if I appear frightened." He sat down on the other sofa, facing her. "It's that I'm—well—not quite on my feet—"

"Colonel Anderson told me that you had not been well. Did you get the note I left at your hotel?"

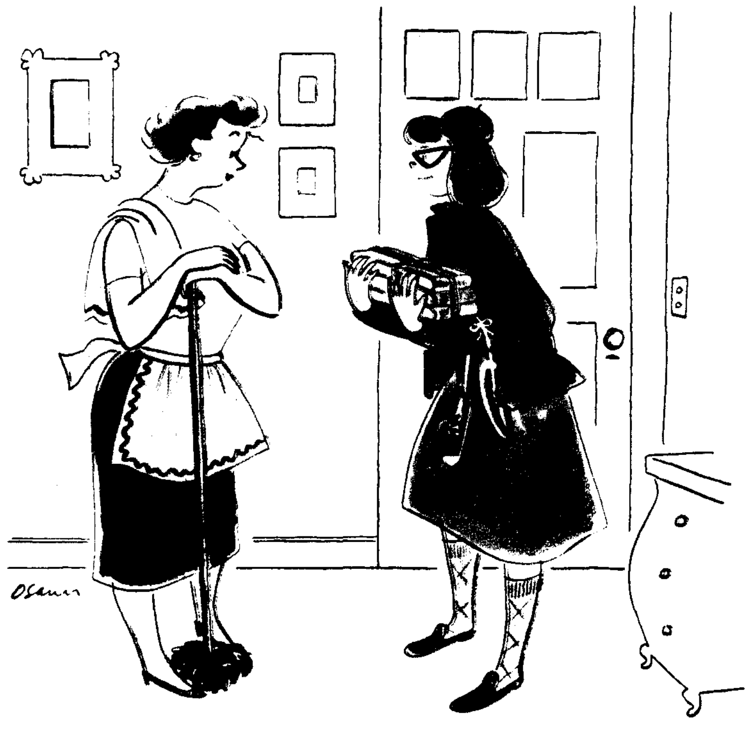
"Yes, I was meaning to—"

"You don't have to write a reply, now that I've found you on the doorstep. Being alone is the worst possible thing for one's nerves. One gets to thinking about one's troubles and sorrows until one reaches the suicidal point. That is precisely my own condition—has been for the past year. Then I made up my mind to have an end of it, go up to London, see my friends, even if I bore them to a stupor. The trouble is that going up to London costs money. Then you dropped in from the sky at the most unlikely time of the year, when everyone who is looking for a rough shoot is already booked. Now, you see, you've done a most noble deed. Your four hundred guineas are going to prevent me from blowing my brains out. Do have a spot of brandy?"

Anthony was startled to find the butler leaning over him with a tray. "Thanks, just a little," he said, and Bunnett poured a good half inch. "I'm the one to thank you. Your shooting is better than anything I had dared hope to find."

"It is good of its kind." She took her brandy, warming the inhaler with the palms of her narrow, delicate hands. "It's really altogether natural that I should prefer it." There was a trace of sadness in her voice. "I was born here in Corsewall House, Mr. Gaylord, and the first shot I ever fired was at a rabbit out there on the lawn when I was nine years old. It was with a little four-ten that my father had had made for me by Dickson's in Edinburgh."

TIZZY



"I found out the most exciting thing in American history today. Jimmy Watley is getting his *own car!*"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

"Didn't the noise and the recoil frighten you?"

"Not in the slightest. I had tramped the fields so often that I knew exactly how it would be. By the way, I killed the rabbit."

"I don't doubt it. McFie told me that you are a fine shot."

"Did he? That's more than he tells me. He always grumbles if I don't get a right and left on a covey of partridge."

"He's proud of you."

"But tell me about yourself. This is your first try at Scottish shooting, isn't it? That suit, you know."

Anthony looked down at his suède-faced breeches. "It's the sort of thing we wear for shooting quail."

"In South Carolina?"

Anthony's face brightened. "How did you know?"

"I have a friend who goes there every winter to stay at some plantation. He tells me it's a beautiful sport."

"I happen to love it—and so did my wife."

"She shoots? How nice for you, Mr. Gaylord."

"It *was*. She died only a month ago."

"You have the sympathy of one who knows—knows what it means to be suddenly alone," she said softly. "And you came here to get away from the pain of old association."

"You're very understanding, Lady Carter-Owen."

"You have the advantage, you could escape, but I have had to remain surrounded, overwhelmed with memories."

"If it is any comfort to you," Anthony said gravely, "I have discovered that there is no escape."

"Not if we insist on being alone," she said. "That is *my* discovery, Mr. Gaylord, and that is why your money will be used to gain me the distraction of people and talk."

"Perhaps you have a point." He drained his brandy glass. "Now I must be going," he said, rising. "But not before thanking you for what you have done to help a dismal stranger."

"You're quite wrong, you know. You're not as badly off as you fancy yourself. Where are you shooting tomorrow?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea. I leave that to McFie. Would you care to join me?" The invitation came from his lips involuntarily.

"Why, I should enjoy it very much," she said, without hesitation or surprise, as if it were expected. "And if you don't mind, I shall bring the lunch. You'll want a carafe of coffee, won't you? I know you Americans on that score. My cook makes it rather well."

Anthony smiled with genuine appreciation. He was a coffee addict.

HE DROVE back to the hotel in a sort of euphoria. The episode had been so extraordinary, so different from anything he could have imagined, that it left him seething with reactions that seemed to be more emotional than rational. The defense mechanism that had sprung into action the moment she had accosted him on the doorstep had, for some unaccountable reason, ground to a stop. Was it because she herself had been at ease? Or was it that her soft beauty, the very feminine delicacy of her had disarmed him? Or, again, might it not have been the fact that she too was living the life of a sad recluse? Whatever the cause, it was appallingly clear that he had behaved in a manner quite contrary to his vows of lonely meditation. And worse, he rather looked forward to their day together in the field. He felt suddenly the urge to demonstrate his prowess as a hunter.

That night he slept deeply, dreaming that he was at a picnic in a grove of longleaf pines with five women, all of whom were called Emily Graham, and all had the soft white faces and large sad eyes of Lady Carter-Owen, but the loud, jolly voices of Emily Gaylord.

The dream became a little confused, though highly stimulating.

At seven he awoke suddenly and fully, leaping from the bed to appraise the weather. When he arrived at the entrance to Corsewall House, the door opened before he could get out of the car and Bunnett appeared, carrying a gun in a brown canvas case and a picnic hamper of woven willow. "Her ladyship will be down in a moment. You'll be having a fine day, sir. The glass is rising."

Anthony experienced an acceleration of his heartbeat when she appeared. She tossed her raincoat onto the rear seat. "I'm not going to need it," she said, "but I bring it to please McFie."

As he started the motor, Anthony turned to look at her. He wondered how she could have maintained that delicate, almost exotic, complexion after years of shooting in wind and weather. She seemed much more a hothouse flower than a sportswoman.

McFIE was obviously pleased to have his mistress along. "Is it Knockmedloch Farm we're doing today?" Lady Carter-Owen asked him.

"Indeed it is, Your Ladyship," McFie replied. "'Tis nae been shot this season, and the tenant tells me there be a muckle o' partridges feedin' in the roots and on the stubble."

With McFie in the middle, the two Labradors trotting beside him, Lady Carter-Owen on his right and Anthony on the left, all about thirty yards apart, they walked slowly up the rows of turnips. The first covey to get up flew to the right and Lady Carter-Owen, swinging with a calm, unhurried motion, dropped a right and a left with her little twenty gauge. On the next downhill bite another covey flushed, this time in front of Anthony. In his eagerness to even the score he snap-shot at the first bird, which disintegrated in the air in a burst of feathers, then took his time and killed a second.

There was nothing to retrieve of the first bird and Anthony got a scolding from McFie. He apologized profusely to Lady Carter-Owen, but he was not nearly as contrite as his words implied.

For the rest of the morning Lady Carter-Owen continued to shoot impeccably, while Anthony pressed too hard trying to show off, making it a competition of male against female, which he knew was childish and unsportsmanlike but which he was unable to check. It was something he had never before experienced. Shooting quail with his Emily, they had been like two pals in the field, taking each covey rise together. Now he was behaving like a strutting turkey gobbler, spreading his feathers, making an impression, straining every muscle to show this delicate, pallid Scotswoman that he was a male worthy of her admiration. Considering his situation, his loss and grief, it was, of course, preposterous. He should be ashamed of himself, but he was not—not in the least.

At lunch, seated in the sun with their backs against a hayrick, Lady Carter-Owen turned her large sad eyes on Anthony. "It's easy to see that normally you're a rattling good shot," she said.

"I was trying too hard," Anthony explained.

"I noticed that. Why?"

"Trying to make a good impression for American marksmanship, I suppose."

"No need to, really."

"Pride is a difficult thing to control."

She smiled the sad smile. "I know, and I'm flattered," she said softly.

"You have that effect on men, don't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

"It's a quality about you. Please don't think it rude or personal if I tell you that I find it very extraordinary that you can shoot at all, let alone enjoy doing it. And you must enjoy it or you wouldn't do it so well."

"Of course I enjoy it. I love it. But why on earth shouldn't I?"

"Because you are not at all the type. When I saw you yesterday, you seemed so delicate, fragile, like something that should be kept under glass."

"You're not the first to say that." There was the faintest trace of bitterness in her voice.

"Oh, I'm sure I'm not. But you look as if you were made for chiffon, not for tweeds."

"I adjust quite readily to both. That's my ambivalence, my chameleon trait."

"There are two kinds."

"Of ambivalence?"

"No, of chameleons. There's one that changes shade according to mood, and one that changes color for protection."

"Which am I, in your opinion?"

"I wish I knew."

"You will—in time." There was nothing flirtatious in this statement. She said it simply, as if it were a patent fact, looking not at him, but at the pasture beyond the barnyard.

Anthony felt that the conversation was getting a little out of hand. But as he leaned back against the straw, he thought: I shall mark this day as the beginning of my convalescence. . . .

And there was no question about that. The long days of walking no longer tired him, and there was a notable improvement in his co-ordination with a gun, once he got over the competitive urge. But the most striking change, the one that surprised him, was in the orientation of his mind. He seldom thought back to the past. His outlook was forward now, filled with optimism and plans.

There was one note in the recovery that disturbed him. Whenever he attempted to conjure a picture of his lost Emily, an exercise he forced upon himself in the belief that it was the proper and righteous thing to do, her face and figure eluded him. It was as if her spirit, for some reason best known to itself, had vanished for good and all.

IT WAS on the second day he and Emily Carter-Owen shot together that they came to a Christian-name basis. They were motoring back to Corsewall House at sunset for tea. "Another magnificent day, Lady Carter-Owen," he had said, expansively.

"See here, you and I will have to stop this nonsense here and now," she had said. "Please call me Emily."

The name had made his muscles contract and with an effort he had said, "Gladly, Emily." Once the word was spoken, all hesitancy disappeared. It was *her* name now, passed on by the vanished spirit.

With that barrier hurdled, intimacy swiftly grew and flourished. There was no longer any question about his ever shooting alone. And tea at Corsewall House became an accepted ritual, more often than not followed by dinner, after he had returned from the hotel to bathe and change into a dinner jacket. Then one night when he rose to go back to the hotel, and it was raining hard, she looked at him earnestly.

"Anthony," she said, pronouncing it as if it had no "h," which he liked, "why don't you stay here at Corsewall House? It would be far more comfortable for you."

"Why, Emily, that's a very kind and hospitable thought," he said, quite overcome, "but I'm afraid that—"

"People will gossip," she interrupted. "Well, what of it? So far as I am concerned they've gossiped about me so much that I'm no longer an exciting topic. Of course, if it's your own fair reputation . . ."

"Lord no, Emily!"

"Then is it me you fear?"

Without thinking, he put his hands on her bare shoulders. The touch of her skin was like an electric shock. For an answer he kissed her on the cheek.

She accepted the gesture placidly, as if it were the expected thing for him to do. "When you drop by for me tomorrow at nine thirty, bring your luggage along," she said in a matter-of-fact voice. "Bunnett will unpack you while we're shooting."

Anthony sought to cover his emotion with gaiety. "I think you ought to double the rent," he said, grinning.

"Don't be silly, it's only fair. I've been your shooting guest every day now for a week. The least I can do is repay you with the hospitality of Corsewall House."

"Well, it's kind of you to befriend a lonely man."

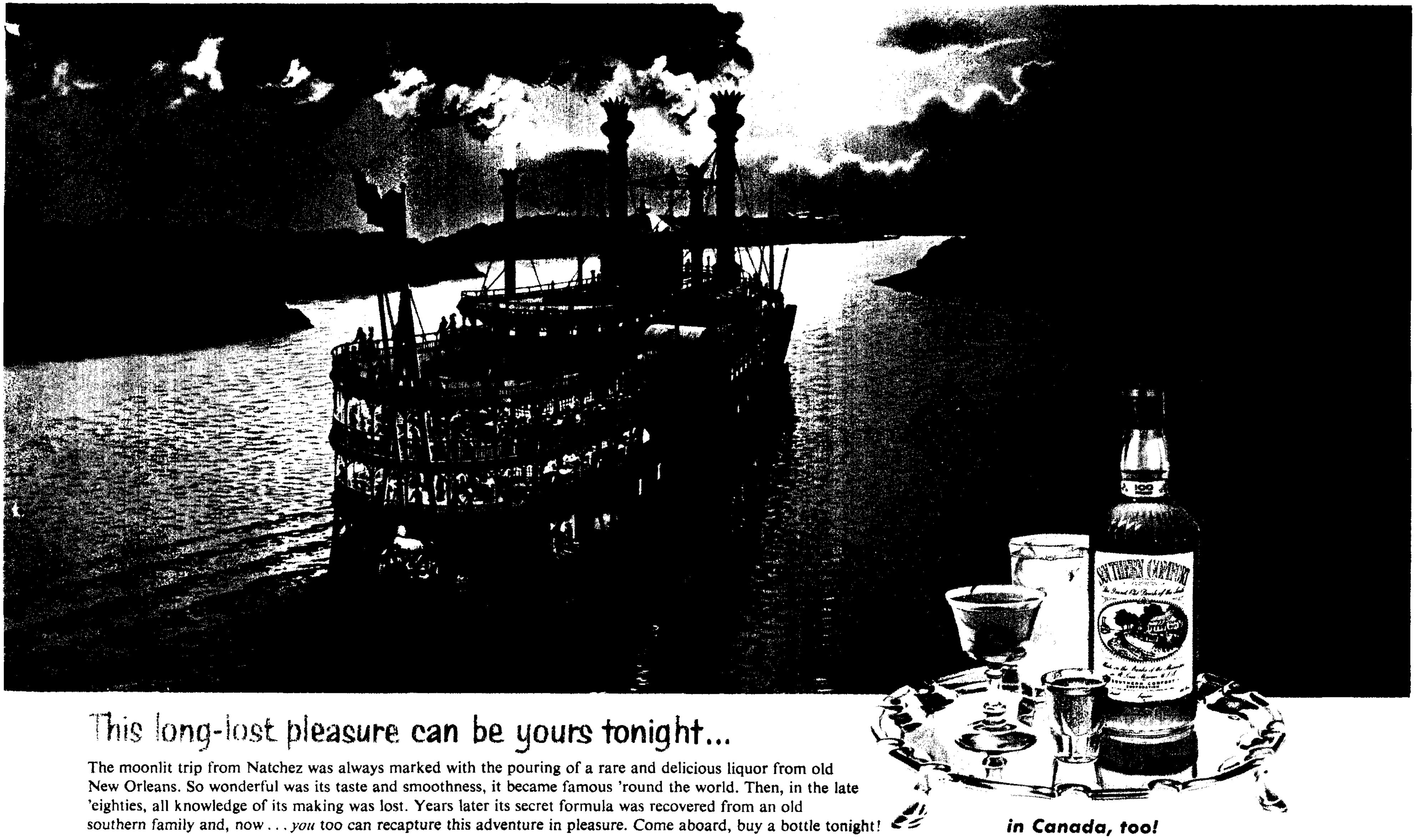
"Don't forget, Anthony, I am a lonely woman." . . .

Either Bunnett was happy to have a man around, or he was hoping for a generous tip from a rich American, because Anthony was valeted within an inch of his life. Never had his boots shone so brilliantly or his suits been kept in such perfect creases.

In the evenings, sitting by the fire in the library, he and Emily talked until ten o'clock, when she turned on the radio for the news broadcast. Promptly after that Emily said good night and he would take her by the shoulders and kiss her on the cheek, as he had the night it had stormed and she had invited him to stay at Corsewall House. Then he poured himself a whisky and soda, smoked another cigarette, and read The Scotsman halfheartedly, his mind wandering to other, more fascinating matters. These were delightful and provocative speculations that he regretfully declined to take seriously, but not because of any lack of courage. A pity, he kept reassuring himself, but if I should go further, it would alter the entire aspect of our charming relationship. It would mean an end to those restraints that are at once titillating and civilized. Now he knew almost nothing about her, other than that she was a widow—the widow of a barrister named Sir Welwyn Carter-Owen. Never, either at dinner or during the evenings in the library, had they exchanged confidences, and that was one of the things he most admired about her. Yes, it was better to leave things as they were. Besides, a more intimate relationship might lead to some binding commitment, and that, of course, was out of the question.

ONE morning when he came down to breakfast in his whipcord shooting suit, Emily said, "I have a trunk full of Welwyn's clothes; I am sure his tweeds would fit you. You are about his size and build."

That same evening, while he was changing for dinner, Bunnett came to Anthony's room, bearing three rather



This long-lost pleasure can be yours tonight...

The moonlit trip from Natchez was always marked with the pouring of a rare and delicious liquor from old New Orleans. So wonderful was its taste and smoothness, it became famous 'round the world. Then, in the late 'eighties, all knowledge of its making was lost. Years later its secret formula was recovered from an old southern family and, now . . . *you* too can recapture this adventure in pleasure. Come aboard, buy a bottle tonight!

in Canada, too!

The finest taste of the Old South lives on in SOUTHERN COMFORT® *...try it straight, on-the-rocks, and in highballs!*

SOUTHERN COMFORT CORP. • 100 PROOF LIQUEUR • ST. LOUIS 3, MO.

striking tweed suits with plus-four trousers.

"Her ladyship says for you to try on one of these, and if it fits to keep all three of them," the butler said.

Anthony slipped on one of the jackets and was surprised to see in the mirror that it did fit him perfectly, as if it had been made for him.

THE following morning he appeared at breakfast in the most conservative of the three suits. He was standing at the sideboard, helping himself to porridge, when Emily entered behind him.

"Heavens, you gave me a turn!" she exclaimed, as Anthony wheeled to greet her. "For a moment I thought it was the ghost of Welwyn."

"Emily, I'm so sorry. I'll go upstairs and take it off at once," Anthony said apologetically.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. I wanted those suits to be about again—they lend a comforting sense of continuity to Corsewall. Let me look at you. Yes, I was right; you are exactly the size and shape of Welwyn."

"I hope for your sake I don't look like him!"

"You do rather. Your hair is the same color. Your eyes, too, are the same brown. Only he had a mustache. You ought to grow one, Anthony. It would make you very distinguished."

"How horrifying that I should remind you of him!"

"You don't, really. In character he was quite unlike you, thank Heaven! I couldn't abide having another Welwyn around. He had infinite charm of the sort that was very exhausting."

"You must miss him dreadfully," Anthony said.

"I do—at times. Not at breakfast, though. He had a frightening habit of making jokes, and at breakfast jokes are intolerable."

"Was he ill a long while?"

"He was never ill in his life. An accident took him. He was putting our guns away after a day of grouse driving at Craigaffie. A loader must have left a cartridge in one by mistake. It went off as he was laying it on the table in the gun room."

"How ghastly!"

"I'm sure it was the way he wanted to go—quickly, in the full vigor of manhood."

The story impressed Anthony deeply. It seemed incredible that such a delicate, utterly feminine creature as Emily could survive that tragedy without a serious psychologic dislocation. Yet here she was, only a year after the event, living in the same house, shooting with the same guns, sleeping—presumably—in the same bed, with perfectly integrated composure. Any American woman, he thought, would be a hysterical patient of a psychoanalyst after an experience like that.

But the suits worried him, and so he asked Bunnett if they included the one Sir Welwyn was wearing at the time of his death.

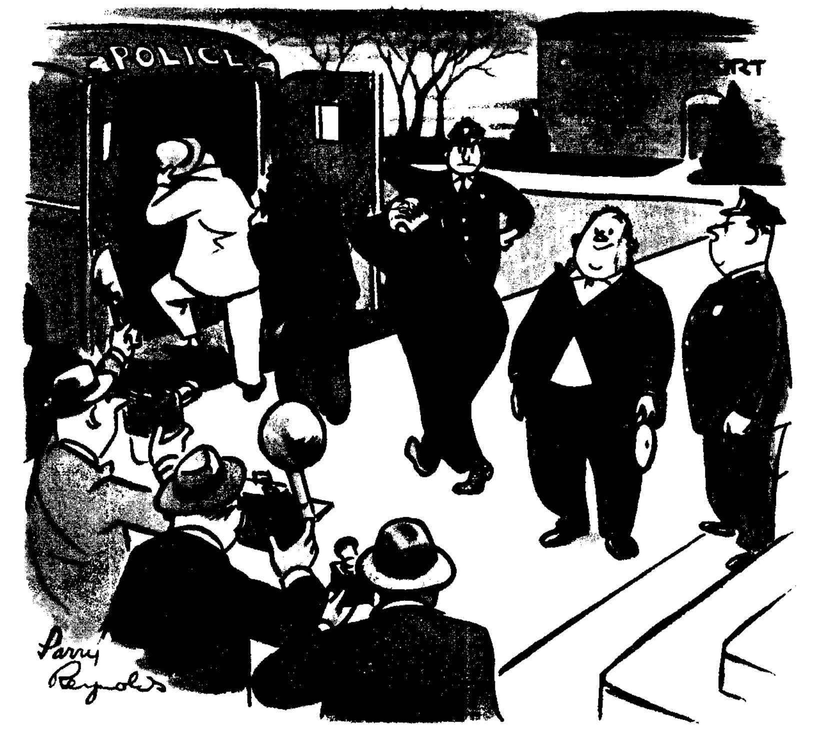
"No, sir," Bunnett told him gravely. "That one we had to burn. It had a big hole in it."

For Anthony, the idyllic days at Corsewall succeeded one another far too swiftly. His lease was to terminate on the twenty-fourth of December and he was increasingly aware of the need to return home and supervise the numerous and unpleasant details of disposing of his own Emily's personal things, and attending to the probating of her will. But a concession that he had made at Emily Carter-Owen's almost tearful entreaty was to spend Christmas at Corsewall. It was no hardship. He welcomed any excuse to prolong his stay.

But that last day was sad in spite of their efforts to make it memorable. The village Christmas service put Anthony in a somber mood, as he felt it his duty to pray for the soul of his lost Emily. Then, during lunch, it began to pour rain. In the afternoon they went in Emily's car to McFie's cottage and the six farms, delivering gaily wrapped packages. Anthony had the feeling that the farmers and their wives were looking him over as a possible new master of Corsewall, and this did not improve his spirits.

The dinner that evening was a masterpiece. And Emily wore her most becoming gown of pearl-gray chiffon, which exposed a generous view of her beautiful, pale neck, and necklace and earrings of clear aquamarines surrounded by diamonds. She was more exquisite than Anthony had ever seen her. Here, he thought, was the chameleon in a different mood. Or was it her protective color for this last evening?

BUTCH



COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

As soon as Bunnett had served the brandy in the library and the door to the hall was closed, Anthony got to his feet and said, "I want to say a few words."

"Please, Anthony, don't be sentimental," Emily warned.

"Emily, you mustn't stop me. Tomorrow I am leaving you to return to the States. I shall carry with me a very beautiful and very tender memory, which I shall cherish and preserve until we meet again. I came here a month ago a broken and unhappy man. Your kindness has overwhelmed me with gratitude." He pulled a small package from the pocket of his dinner jacket. "Please think of me, Emily, whenever you wear this. May it bring you the luck you deserve." He handed the package to her.

"Thank you, dear Anthony," she said sadly, unwrapping the package slowly. She sat holding the little jeweler's box, gazing at it, with tears forming at the corners of her eyes. "Oh, Anthony, what have you done?"

"Sent to London for a trinket for my beautiful hostess."

She opened the box. In it was a pin to wear in the field, a gun and fishing rod of gold, crossed behind a round crystal in which was engraved the picture of a black cock in full courting feather. "How beautiful!" she murmured. "Oh, Anthony, I shall treasure it. And the sad thing is that I have nothing for you."

"Oh, yes you have—your affection and understanding."

"Come here, Anthony. Kneel at my feet."

He did as she asked and she held his face with her hands. "A Merry Christmas, Anthony. This is my gift to you." She leaned slowly forward until their lips came together.

For a minute or two they did not move; then gradually his arms encircled her. Her breath came faster and the skin of her shoulders glowed under his hands as if it were suddenly incandescent. Anthony thought that he had never encountered a passion so vivid and electrifying. He started to compare it with the bland acceptance of his own Emily, but all thinking dissolved before he could arrive at any unfortunate conclusion.

WHEN his mind resumed its functioning, he discovered that her head was now resting on his shoulder.

"Anthony, must you go away?" she whispered.

"Yes, my darling, I must," he whispered back. The term of endearment had come naturally.

She raised her head and pushed him gently away as she did so. "Pour me another cup of coffee, like a dear," she said sweetly, implying that her nerves were quite shattered.

"Er—ah—yes—of course," Anthony said, gathering his wits. He rose unsteadily to his feet and walked over to the table.

"You've never really told me just what you intend doing when you return to the States," she said in her usual calm voice. "Any quail shooting?"

Anthony gave her the cup and sat down. His hands were trembling. "Yes," he said, "though I'm afraid it will seem tame after Corsewall. I've engaged a room at the Gourdin Club in South Carolina for the month of February. Emily, I wish you could be with me there!"

"A pity. I'd love it. Letitia writes that it's high time I had a look at my grandson."

"You have a daughter?" Anthony asked in surprise.

"Dear yes, she lives in Connecticut, and she'll be twenty-five in March. She's married to an Englishman—Ian Bradford. He's with some advertising firm in New York."

"And the child?"

"He's eighteen months old now. They've given him the preposterous name of Darien. It's the name of the village where they live."

"I suppose poor Sir Welwyn never saw his grandson either."

"It wasn't his grandson. Letitia's my daughter by my first husband."

"How stupid of me! But you see, dear Emily, here I am on my last evening at Corsewall only beginning to learn all these things about you."

"That's all there is to it—twice widowed, one daughter who lives three thousand miles away, and a grandson I've never seen."

"Poor dear Emily!" Anthony said with a sigh. "Why don't you fly over in January—after you've had your visit to London?"

IT WAS Emily's turn to sigh. "How I would adore it! But I'm a poor woman in more ways than one. The plain fact is that I simply cannot afford it. And I will never let Corsewall House. Until I die it will be my castle, my home, and then it will go to Darien Bradford, unless, of course . . ."

"You marry again and have a son."

"Which seems highly unlikely."

"You never can tell."

There was a silence while she gazed at the brooch in her lap.

"You say that your son-in-law's name is Ian Bradford, and that they live in Darien," Anthony said to cover the loud beating of his heart. "I suppose they are in the telephone book."

"I should imagine so."

"I shall ask them to dinner. Darien is no distance from Bedford Village, where I live."

"I shouldn't bother, if I were you."

"Why not?"

"They would bore you. Letitia's very young and silly, and Ian's too self-assured for my taste."

"I shall do it just the same. There's no use asking if your daughter is as beautiful as you. She couldn't be."

"She has a certain beauty in a gamin way," Emily said.

When they rose to go to their rooms, Anthony fully expected that the good-night kiss would be a repetition of the Christmas present, but he was disappointed. When he put his arms out to embrace her, she quickly caught his hands and held them wide apart, while presenting her cheek to be pecked.

Her room, as he well knew, was at the opposite end of the hall from his. Reluctantly, and with feverish impatience, he gave her a half hour before he quietly crept down the hall to her door, clad in pajamas and a bathrobe of maroon silk. He turned the doorknob slowly and pushed. The door was locked. He hesitated a moment, then knocked softly. No answer.

"Emily!" he called in a whisper. Still no answer. Defeated, he walked slowly back to his room.

She did not mention the episode the next morning at breakfast, and Anthony was forced to assume that she had been asleep and had not heard his knock or call. It was only when he had climbed into the driver's seat of his car that she came to the window beside him and whispered, so that her words could not be overheard by Bunnett, who was standing on the doorstep, "Be patient. The time will come."

ANTHONY had only twenty-four hours in London before his plane took off for New York, but he made a point of calling on Colonel Anderson to report on his success at Corsewall. He could not refrain from mentioning the fact that he had moved from the hotel to Corsewall House as a guest of Lady Carter-Owen.

The colonel did not appear in the least surprised. "I fancied it'd turn out that way," he said, with a wry smile. "Lucky chap you are, too. Attractive girl, Emily Carter-Owen."

"You know her, then?"

"These many years. Met her first when she was married to Dickie St. Leger. Dickie was a keen huntin' man. Pity he died like that—one minute full of beans, the next gone. After that she retired to Corsewall for a year. Man, but she was lovely in those days."

"She's still very beautiful."

"I dare say. Haven't seen her since Carter-Owen shot himself. Odd that, her losing two good stayers. There was a lot of gossip, of course. Bound to be with a girl as beautiful as that."

On the flight home Anthony slept hardly at all, his mind being preoccupied with assessments of himself and his immediate past. The primary point, which shocked him, was that the memory of his Emily had been almost completely erased. There was no use in denying—she no longer engaged his sentiment or his mind. The sorrow that had engulfed him had vanished. This new Emily had, by the sorcery of her beauty, by her kindness, wistful sadness and prowess with a shotgun, worked some strange miracle that had substituted her picture for that of the long familiar one. Had she been a replica of the first Emily, he could have explained it in terms of transference. But she was not. In fact, the only point in common was the name Emily Graham. His wife had been strong, ruddy, full of laughter and fun, with broad shoulders and a stride that was mannish, whereas Emily Carter-Owen was everything that was fragile and feminine, even though she could shoot well and walk all day; and, above all, there was that perpetual pall of sadness that hung over her.

Was it, then, contrast that had so intrigued him as to cause him to forget? Perhaps in part, but only in small part, he said to himself when he thought of that Christmas kiss and its effect on him. It could not have been love—or could it? The idea was almost blasphemous. For twenty years he had believed implicitly that love had come to him once and could never be repeated. Yet what other name was there for this urge to be with Emily Carter-Owen and, when they were parted, to think only of her?

STRANGELY, his return to the house at Bedford Village was not accompanied by the pain he had foreseen and dreaded. The more intimate evidences of his wife's long tenure had been tactfully removed and packed up by the butler and his wife, so that, had he desired to inspect her bedroom and dressing room, which he did not, he would have found every drawer and closet empty.

Almost his first act, after a long, refreshing sleep, was to call Mrs. Ian Bradford in Darien and ask her and her husband to dine with him on the coming Thursday evening. At first she seemed hesitant and wary; then, as he explained the circumstances of his having met her mother, the tone of her voice lost its defensive quality and she accepted graciously.

Had Anthony been better prepared, he would not have been so surprised at seeing Letitia Bradford. The beauty was there—strikingly so—and it was her mother's, but she was so charged with brittleness and vitality that the resemblance faded the moment she moved or talked. Her dark hair was cut in a tousled Italian bob and her gray eyes were intense, almost vindictive.

Ian Bradford was a burly young man, with a bushy head of sandy hair and a satirical twist to the corner of his mouth. His manner was completely assured and slightly supercilious. Anthony felt ill at ease with him, though he saw at once that the young man had an exceptionally bright and incisive mind.

THE dinner was lively and full of gaiety and ironic, witty asides from Letitia and Ian. Anthony's descriptions of Corsewall and McFie and the shooting were filled with mellow enthusiasm, which was tempered by the frequent interruptions of the Bradfords.

"It's clear that you've fallen for Mother," Letitia said from her corner of the couch after dinner. "Mind you watch your step, Mr. Gaylord."

"I've reached the age when I can face sorceresses with equanimity," Anthony said.

"It isn't so much a matter of age as of net worth," Ian remarked.

Anthony was annoyed. He took Ian's remark to imply that money insulated him against feminine charm.

"It's only those who have money who can afford sentiment," he said rather sharply.

"Oh, I couldn't agree with you more, Mr. Gaylord," Letitia said. "At the moment I can't afford it."

"Your mother is a very lonely person," Anthony said. "And I'm afraid I did little to cheer her up. A very recent widower is hardly a good antidote for the loss of a second husband."

"Just what the doctor ordered," Ian said.

"Ian's right," Letitia said brightly. "If you had been a gay adventurer, she would never have asked you to stop at Corsewall House."

"I had rather thought, from what I've heard of your father and Sir Welwyn, that her tastes run to gay and jolly men," Anthony said.

"Her tastes run to men, period," Ian said.

"Which is the reason for intensely feminine charm," Anthony announced defensively.

"And her ability to shoot what she aims at," Letitia added.

Anthony felt that the conversation was getting unnecessarily caustic, just for the sake of a clever phrase. He smiled genially to indicate that he, at least, considered it all harmless fun.

"A pity she's not with us tonight," he said.

"She'd come over at the drop of a hat," Letitia said.

"A hat filled with five-pound notes," Ian added.

"That gives me an idea," Anthony said. "The hat filled with money gave it to me. You see, Emily—your mother—remarked that she wanted very much to see her grandson. It occurred to me that we might arrange to have her fly over to see the child." He expected rude interruption, but there was none. Both Bradfords sat motionless, staring at him, Letitia with incredulity and Ian with amusement. "You see," Anthony explained hesitatingly, "I owe Lady Carter-Owen a debt of gratitude. Not only did she invite me, a total stranger, to stay at Corsewall House, but she made me forget my troubles. Thanks to her gracious hospitality, I am myself again."

"I should loathe that," Ian said. "The one thing I cannot abide is being myself."

"It occurred to me this evening," Anthony continued, ignoring the interruption, "that the one way I could repay this debt of gratitude would be to give her this trip—knowing, as I say, how very much she wishes to see her first grandchild. Now, if I offered her the money she could not, of course, accept it."

"She could, but she wouldn't," Letitia said, her eyes narrowed as she scrutinized Anthony. "It strikes me as rather an expensive gesture of thanks."

"Not to me," Anthony said quickly. "That is a comparative matter. By many standards—yours probably—I am a rich man. To me, a little matter of seven or eight hundred dollars is small thanks for her kindness. She need never know the money came from me."

"Mr. Gaylord, you're a perfect dear," Letitia said, springing off the couch and kissing him on the cheek.

"She adores rich men," Ian explained.

"I take it, then, that you both agree," Anthony said, smiling.

"Naturally," Ian said. "Why not? My mother-in-law gets her trip, we get the kudos, and you get . . ."

"The satisfaction of generosity," Letitia added quickly.

"That is *not* what I was going to say," Ian stated.

Anthony laughed. "What is it you think I will get?" he asked Ian.

BRADFORD opened his mouth to reply when his wife shouted, "Shut up, you idiot!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind," Ian said. "Why should I leave Gaylord with the impression that all he gets is satisfaction when he's hoping for Lady Carter-Owen?"

Anthony suddenly became panicky. "Such a thought never crossed my mind," he said severely.

"All the better," Letitia said.

That comment did not please Anthony either. "You must remember that my wife has been dead a bare two months," he said stuffily.

"Letitia's quite mad. It's a Graham trait," Ian said. "She has a fixed idea that her mother should not marry again. I don't agree with that at all. Find her the right man and she'll be an ideal wife."

"Ian, sometimes I think I could murder you," Letitia said, her eyes flashing with anger.

Ian Bradford smiled at Anthony. "That's another Graham trait. They're a violent lot."

When the Bradfords finally prepared to leave, Anthony said, "I shall mail you the tickets as soon as you hear what date would suit your mother. You might suggest the last week in January."

"So soon?" Letitia exclaimed.

"Well, she spoke of wanting to visit

Do You
REALLY FEEL
THOSE VITAMINS
You're Taking?

Feel peppier in 7 days
with high potency
Rybutol or money back

Only *you* know how much good you're getting from your vitamins. If you don't really *feel* results, you may need higher potencies of B_1 and B_2, to help correct definite deficiencies and give results you can really *feel*. One high-potency Rybutol Gelucap supplies 15 times your minimum requirement of B_1, 3 times your B_2, 100% of your C, plus many other vitamins and minerals. Vitamin Corporation of America invites *you* to be the judge of Rybutol—with this money-back guarantee!

RYBUTOL
HIGH POTENCY
IMPROVED
VITAMIN B COMPLEX
IRON and VITAMIN C

Now! This High Potency B_1-B_2 Formula With Multi-Vitamins And Minerals—as Little as 6¢ a Day!

ONLY $1.98 RYBUTOL

AT YOUR NEAREST DRUGSTORE

You Can Depend On
STRONGER Yet SAFER
ANACIN
to relieve
PAIN

Won't Upset
The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives *stronger, faster* relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also *safer*. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved *no single drug* can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. *Buy Anacin Tablets today!* At all drug counters.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That
Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain – without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all – results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

some friends in South Carolina for the quail shooting," Anthony said. "The season ends on March first."

"Then I had better cable her at once," Letitia said.

AS SOON as they had gone Anthony mixed himself a whisky and soda to calm his nerves. Emily had been right about Ian Bradford. He was indeed a very self-assured fellow, and clever, too. But Letitia was an enigma. There was something very beguiling about her, but he had the feeling that part of it was pose to cover a troubled mind. She had made a lot of cryptic remarks about her mother, some flattering and others that might or might not be hostile. One thing, at least, she had made clear: she did not approve of Emily's marrying him. Marry Emily Carter-Owen? Until this evening he had successfully prevented that thought from entering his mind.

For the time being it was out of the question. There was a propriety that had to be respected. His wife (he had ceased to think of her as Emily, since doing so was only confusing and embarrassing) had been dead for a mere two and one half months, and it would be expected of him to assume the attitude of mourning for at least a year.

The thing to determine was whether Emily Carter-Owen continued to occupy his thoughts, whether, after a period of separation, he still yearned to have her at his side. Let the next eight and one half months tell the tale. Furthermore—and the thought made him laugh out loud—she quite possibly had no intention whatsoever of taking him as a husband. More than likely her two essays, both of which had ended in sudden death, had clinched her resolve never to try it again.

When Anthony heard from Letitia Bradford that her mother was ecstatic over the prospect of flying over to see Darien at any time they chose, he at once procured a seat on a flight leaving London on January twentieth. His next move was to put in a call for Lydia Spencer at Wadloo Plantation in South Carolina.

"Tony! How good it is to hear your voice!" Lydia exclaimed. "Where are you—at the Gourdin Club?"

"I'm in Bedford Village. I'm calling you about a lady."

"A what?" Mrs. Spencer asked in surprise.

"A lady. Listen, Lydia, this is the problem—I've been shooting at her place in Scotland. She was terribly kind to me, and now she's coming over to visit her daughter in Connecticut. She's a bang-up shot, and I rather promised to show her some quail shooting if she ever came over. But I can't possibly put her up at Gourdin—it wouldn't do at all under the circumstances. And so I thought if you were not filled up with guests—I know it's a dreadful thing to ask, but . . ."

"Don't be silly, dear Tony. I'm only too delighted to do anything to help you. When does she want to come?"

"Would the first week in February suit you?"

"Perfectly. I think George Blakely will be here then. It will be nice for her, having a countryman to talk to. I take it she *is* British?"

"Oh, yes. Is Blakely the British brigadier?"

"Yes. Sir George, the one whose moor we lease in Scotland. You remember him."

"Of course, the tall thin fellow. Now, Lydia, are you sure you don't mind putting her up?"

"Not in the least. By the way, you haven't told me her name."

"Lady Carter-Owen."

"Lady Carter-Owen? Do you mean Sir Welwyn's widow?"

"Yes. Do you know her?"

"I've never met her, but I know a great deal about her."

The tone of her voice disturbed Anthony. "What's wrong?" he asked. "You sound doubtful about her."

"I was catching my breath. No wonder you don't want her at the Gourdin Club."

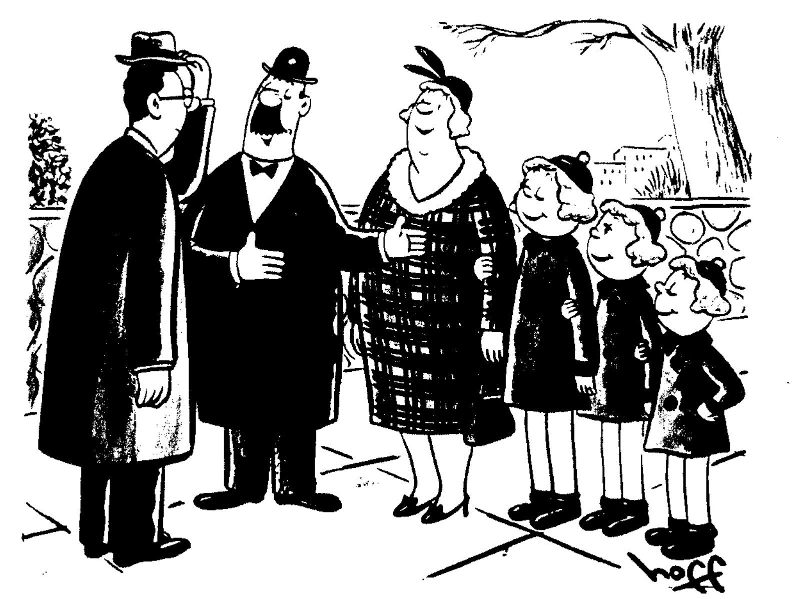
"Well, I'm very sorry—"

"Don't be a fool, Tony, I'm thrilled at the thought of having her. I know I don't need to warn you—but watch your step!"

"You have forgotten—"

"No, I haven't forgotten. But I know what can happen to a sad and lonely man."

"It won't happen to me, Lydia," he lied, knowing perfectly well that it had.



"These are the four figures my salary runs into"

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

It was inevitable, he supposed, that his friends would try to protect him against the advances of any designing woman, and it was obvious that Lydia—and even Ian Bradford, for that matter—considered Emily designing. Probably because she was sad and beautiful. The minute a pretty girl looked melancholy and in need of a prop to lean on, the world pronounced her a scheming vixen. Well, Lydia need have no fear. If it should ever transpire that he and Emily got together, it would be because of *his* initiative. He had never seen a woman make less effort to ensnare a man.

He wrote an airmail letter to Emily, saying that he had heard from Letitia that she was flying to the States on January twentieth to see her grandson. He was delighted to learn this, as it would give him an opportunity to repay, in part, her charming hospitality. It so happened that he would be at his quail-shooting club in South Carolina for the month of February. For obvious reasons it was better that she did not stay there as his guest, but he had arranged that she stay with his dear friends the Thomas Spencers, of New York, who owned Wadloo Plantation which was nearby. The Spencers were delighted at the prospect of having her as their guest . . .

He thought a long time before writing the final paragraph. He had intended saying that he would see her either in Connecticut or New York before going South, but the idea of being with her in the presence of Letitia and Ian repelled him. He couldn't face their barbs and innuendoes, not with Emily. It would be better to see her only in South Carolina. He wrote: *I shall be in the South when you arrive, but I am sure that Ian Bradford will be kind enough to put you on the train. I shall be waiting for you on the following morning at Moncks Corner to motor you to Wadloo Plantation. I cannot tell you with what pleasure I look forward to that week with you in the field. . . . P.S. I have told your daughter that you have a long-standing invitation to visit friends in South Carolina, so if I were you, I would not let on that you have not met the Spencers.*

Her reply came on the morning he was leaving for the South:

My dear Anthony—

Something tells me that you are the instigator of this delicious plot, but I ask no questions and shall do as I am told, gratefully and with a heart warmed by such kindness. As if seeing my daughter and grandson were not enough, you have to add this wonderful visit to South Carolina. Oh, blessed was the day that Colonel Anderson sent you to Corsewall!

You did not know, of course (how could you?) that it was the Spencers' plantation about which George Blakely has spoken and written so often. It is his moor that the Spencers take every season, and George and Dickie were the closest friends. . . .

IT WAS a sweet morning as Anthony stood beside the Atlantic Coast Line tracks at Moncks Corner, waiting for her train to arrive. He had been wide awake since five o'clock, his mind galloping with anticipatory speculations. Now he wondered again, as he had so many times since he had called Lydia Spencer on the telephone from Bedford Village, how Emily and the Spencers would hit it off. He had few qualms about Tom, for he had an eye for a pretty face and a trim figure. But Lydia might prove difficult.

She was not one who took to competition. Tom she held on a tight rein, and the brigadier, Anthony had been given to understand, was her particular tame cat. If Emily and Sir George turned out to be intimate and affectionate friends, it might raise the fur on Lydia's back. And they must be old friends or Emily would not have written as she did. In spite of himself, he felt the fur on his own back rise up. He was surprised by this twinge of jealousy and the fact he suddenly regretted having lodged Emily at Wadloo.

As the train ground to a stop, Anthony's heartbeat accelerated. He was standing where the porter had told him the car would be. And now, as he peered up into the door, there she was, in a gray suit, chatting with a tall, and distinguished-looking elderly man, whose case of guns the porter was lowering to the ground. She was so absorbed that she did not see Anthony until the deck was cleared and the porter waited for her to descend.

"How kind of you to meet me, dear Anthony," she said, inclining her head slightly forward, as if expecting him to kiss her.

BUT Anthony did not, fearing that the man, whose face was familiar, might know who he was. "Good morning, Emily," he said. "What sort of a trip did you have?"

"Splendid, thanks to Mr. Baring." She looked around at the tall, white-haired man. "You know Beverly Baring, of course."

So, that's who it is, Anthony thought. Beverly Baring was a banker who had a plantation on Back River. "Yes, I believe we have met," he said.

"You're a lucky fellow, Mr. Gaylord," the big man boomed, smiling at Emily. "I've known this girl for many years." But Baring was obviously in a hurry to be off. "Good luck with the birds!" He waved as he followed a chauffeur to his car.

"How frightfully hospitable you Americans are," Emily remarked, walking beside Anthony toward his car.

"I suppose Baring asked you to shoot with him," Anthony said, feeling very depressed.

The meeting had not been what he had expected. All the sweet emotion had been dissipated by the presence of Baring, and now he wondered if Sir George would create a similar atmosphere of turbulence at Wadloo.

"Oh, no, he has some very important Cabinet ministers from Washington stopping with him," Emily said. "Just as well. Now I can concentrate on *your* quail."

"And on me, I hope."

"Who else?" she asked, smiling at him with the same expression he remembered and loved.

When he was seated at the wheel beside Emily, Anthony said, "It will be nice for you, having your friend Brigadier Sir George Blakely at Wadloo."

"That depends on his behavior. He can be rather a nuisance at times."

"An old flirt of yours?"

"George would flirt with a scarecrow. He's indiscriminate. But that I don't mind. I can cope with that. It's when he starts gossiping that I have to shut him up."

"Were you pleased with your grandson?" Anthony asked.

"A bouncing boy, sturdy like his father."

"His father is a very bright young man—and very outspoken."

"Shockingly so! He even had the nerve to say that you and I were having an affair."

"It's hardly my fault that we're not."

She reached over and patted his arm. "Poor Anthony!"

"And now you're at Wadloo and I'm at a club."

"Just as well. Shall I be shooting with you today?"

"If you feel up to it."

"I never felt more keen. How do I get to your club?"

"I'll motor you there, after you've had breakfast and changed."

The house at Wadloo Plantation was an imposing Georgian building of brick, with a circular drive very like that of Corsewall House. The Spencers, in shooting clothes, greeted Emily cordially, while Sir George, hovering in the background like an ungainly crane, waited for his chance to give her a hug and kiss.

"Fancy you in South Carolina!" the brigadier exclaimed. "I've been telling Lydia and Tom what a clever shot you are." Emily gave him a quick, frowning look.

Lydia Spencer was busily taking in Emily from head to foot and finding it difficult to believe that this dainty little creature could ride and shoot. "I'll have breakfast sent up to you," she said.

"May I show you to your room?" Tom Spencer asked gallantly, offering his arm to Emily. It was obvious from his face that he found his new guest a pleasure to behold.

Sir George took Anthony's arm as they followed Lydia into the dining room. "I hear you took Corsewall for December. Did Emily shoot with you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"She's a useful gun. Strange that she insists on living at Corsewall House. Gloomy, all those ghosts about."

Lydia had reached her chair at the head of the table. "What ghosts?" she asked. "Those of her husbands?"

Sir George chuckled. "I suppose they're among the lot."

Lydia turned to Anthony. "I am really delighted to see how well you look. I may as well tell you that you looked quite dreadful at the funeral. We were worried about you. Tom said to me, 'I hope Tony doesn't do something foolish.' "

THERE was a silence before Anthony said, "I went through some bad moments."

"Of course you did," Lydia said. "Your trip to England seems to have been a wise decision, Tony. But, tell me, how did you happen to take Lady Carter-Owen's shoot?"

"It was your friend Colonel Anderson who recommended it," Anthony answered.

Mrs. Spencer heaved a deep sigh. "Poor Tony, it must be awful for you, having to take her shooting at Gourdin. Let me see, how many years did you and Emily shoot there together?"

"Oh, about fifteen, I should say," Anthony mumbled, frightened by the memories that Lydia was forcing open.

"Try it today, and if you find it too painful, I shall see that she gets some sport here," Lydia said. "Tom would love to take her out, I'm sure."

"Or I will," Sir George said.

"You'll shoot with me, George," Lydia said decisively.

Tom Spencer, a round, jovial man with pink cheeks, entered the dining room. "Well, George, she's everything you said she was," he announced. "A beautiful orchid without a sense of humor."

"No woman has a sense of humor at eight in the morning, George," Mrs. Spencer said.

"Emily has none at any hour," the brigadier said.

"Emily?" Lydia said, surprised. "Why, Emily had a wonderful sense of humor."

Sir George pointed his fork toward the ceiling. "Emily Carter-Owen—the one upstairs. Mind you, it's quite comprehensible after all she's gone through."

"Losing a brace of husbands?" Tom Spencer asked.

"The way she lost them," Sir George said. "Dickie St. Leger went out in a rowboat off the shore near Corsewall and was never seen again. The empty boat was washed ashore near Portpatrick."

"Had anyone seen him take it out?" Lydia asked.

SIR GEORGE answered. "Oh, yes, Emily did. They were having a picnic together on the beach—just the two of them. According to her story, he said he was going to troll for mackerel. She told him she would walk home. When he did not appear at teatime, she went back, but there was no sign of the boat on the channel. She ran back to Corsewall House and telephoned the constable. There was quite an excitement in the papers about it at the time. The inquest went on for days, but she was finally exonerated."

"Did they suspect that she had—" Tom Spencer started to exclaim.

"Gossip, my dear chap, gossip," Sir George interrupted. "You see, it was not altogether a happy marriage, and a lot of people knew that Dickie loved horses and didn't give a hang about shooting. He was forever dragging her off to race meets, where he lost more money than he could afford—or *she* could, rather, as it was her money."

"Poor girl!" Tom Spencer said.

"Quite," Sir George went on. "And one can hardly blame her for not laughing at jokes. It was not long after that tragic episode that Welwyn Carter-Owen came along—another extrovert, full of pep, as you say. Just as Dickie loved horses, Welwyn loved pretty women, and that was—"

"That was a quick change!" Anthony almost shouted in order to drown out the brigadier's words. From where he sat he had seen Emily come to the door of the dining room. She looked very smart in her leather-faced breeches and high-laced boots. But her face was whiter than usual and her large eyes looked brooding and sullen.

"George, have you been gossiping again?" she asked, as if addressing a naughty child.

Sir George blushed a deep crimson. "Not gossip really, Emily," he stammered. "Just a bit of biography."

"I shouldn't bore my hosts with such dull stories, if I were you," she said calmly. "Anthony, are you ready to take me shooting?"

"This instant," Anthony said, jumping to his feet.

"Remember, Tony, that you're expected for dinner at seven," Lydia called after them.

Emily was quiet in the car, and Anthony felt that Sir George's words, the last of which she must have heard, had filled her with sad memories. Nor was his own mind as unclouded as he had hoped it would be. The conversation at breakfast had ignited sparks of doubt and fear. Was the sight of this new Emily, riding beside him over the familiar savannas, going to unlock the door of his sorrow, so successfully closed by her at Corsewall? It had been unkind of Lydia to bring up the subject of his wife, just as it had been cruel of the brigadier to recite the tragedies of Emily's life.

Anthony had not known the story of St. Leger's drowning. It was a weird, disturbing tale, so like the one of Sir Welwyn's death in the gun room, which left one balancing the odds of accident or suicide. All the joy of this day, to which he had looked forward with such anticipation, had been smothered by the dark clouds of tragedy.

A jeep was waiting for them when they reached the stable yard, with two liver-and-white pointers in a wire cage in the back of it and the lunch on the front seat. The club superintendent told them where the handler would meet them. Anthony, filled with misgivings, drove faster than usual in the hope that, once they were in the field, with the dogs quartering before them, his mind would be diverted. Emily sat silently beside him, preoccupied.

Harry Webster was the best of the three club-handlers. He got up from where he was waiting and walked over to greet Anthony.

"Good morning, Harry," Anthony said. "I want you to meet Lady Carter-Owen, who will be shooting with me today."

Harry put out a big rough hand, which Emily shook. "Pleased to make your acquaintance, lady," he said, without expression on his solemn face.

Anthony sensed immediately that Harry had misgivings about the ability of this frail lady to handle a gun, let alone kill a quail.

Harry slipped Anthony's guns from their cloth cases and took them over to the horses, which a Negro boy was holding. He saw at once that the twenty gauge was the one that the late Mrs. Gaylord had always used. "Sid," he said to the Negro boy, "put this one in Maud's holster and the sixteen in Ginger's."

IT WAS then that Anthony saw with a shock that Harry had brought out Maud, the white jenny mule that his wife had ridden for the past three seasons. He had meant to tell the superintendent that Lady Carter-Owen would ride the bay pony, but he had forgotten. Now he must endure the painful sight of another Emily riding Maud.

When Emily's stirrups had been adjusted, Sid released the pair of pointers, who bounded out. Anthony and Emily followed Harry in single file, Anthony placing himself in front of her, so that he might avoid the distressing sight of her on the white mule. The colored boy brought up the rear. They hunted for a half hour through open woods of scrub oak, finding nothing. Then they emerged on a cornfield, and the dogs raced across it, as if eager to reach the next cover. Suddenly Harry reined in and raised his left arm.

"Spot is on a point over yonder," he said as Anthony and Emily rode up beside him. Spot stood at the edge of the field, frozen rigid before a small patch of broom sedge. The other dog, Belle, was still quartering the field.

They dismounted and Emily, taking her cue from Anthony, pulled her gun from the saddle holster, opened it and slipped two cartridges in the barrels. The moment Belle had seen them dismount she ran in until she saw Spot; then she stalked toward him cautiously and froze.

"Take the left side," Anthony said to Emily. "Ready?"

"Quite," she said calmly.

"They'll likely fly toward them saplin's," Harry said, walking behind them. "Steady, Belle. Steady, Spot."

Anthony was tense now, put off by Emily's apparent lack of excitement. His wife had always been on edge walking up to a covey, and he had had to reassure her, the way Harry reassured the dogs.

Before they reached the patch of

IMPORTANT FOR EXTRA LARGE OR EXTRA TALL MEN!

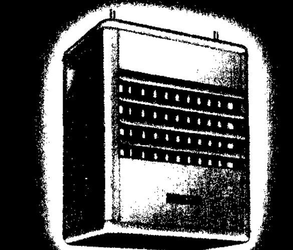
IMPERIAL WEAR caters to the LARGE SIZE MAN. We carry a complete selection of fine clothing and haberdashery in your size.

SIZES TO **66**
NECK SIZES TO **22**
SLEEVE LENGTHS TO **38**

SEND NOW for our illustrated catalogue - C - "Apparel for Large Men Exclusively." Shop by mail, and when in New York, visit our store.

IMPERIAL WEAR
555 Ave. of the Americas New York 11, N.Y.

the world's largest-selling GAS UNIT HEATER



REZNOR

Completely automatic packaged units produce and distribute a controlled amount of heat at the point of use. Nine sizes. Basic system or supplemental heating for commercial and industrial buildings.

write for information on unit heating
REZNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY
66 UNION STREET • MERCER, PA.

YOU'D NEVER KNOW I HAD PSORIASIS (S. D.*

As hundreds of thousands of users have learned, Siroil tends to remove psoriasis crusts and scales on outer layer of skin. Light applications help control recurring lesions. Siroil doesn't stain clothing or bed linens. Offered on two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. 23 years of successful results. **Write for free booklet.**

*S. D. means Skin Disorder.

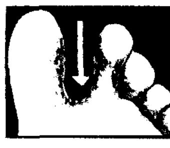
My thanks to— SIROIL

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories Inc., Dept. CR-121, Santa Monica, Calif.

How To Hold FALSE TEETH More Firmly in Place

Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today, at any drug counter.



STOPS FOOT ITCH

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX relieves itching of Athlete's Foot . . . kills fungi of the infection on contact . . . helps heal red, raw, cracked, peeling skin between toes and on feet. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. Insist on Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

broom a single bird rose on Anthony's side, swinging to the right. As he fired, the covey exploded with a roar of wings and Anthony, dazed, tried to pick one, firing too quickly.

"Nice work, lady," Harry said. "You got two. Hunt dead, Belle. Fetch."

"May I see one of them?" Emily asked Harry, to whom the dogs were retrieving the dead birds.

Harry handed her a cock bird.

"Pretty little thing," she said, handing the bird back to Harry. "They look rather like our partridge, only smaller."

"Partridge is what we call 'em around here, lady," Harry said. It was obvious that he had changed his opinion of Emily as a sportswoman. "Did you see any of 'em down?" Harry called to Sid.

"Yassir," Sid called back. "They's over there by them pines."

"We might take two more out of that covey," Harry announced. "It's a big one for this late in the season. You kin ride over or walk it, as you please."

"I should like to walk," Emily said.

Harry led Anthony and Emily through the broom sedge, toward the pines that Sid had indicated, making the dogs work near to him.

Belle was the first to find a single. "You take it, Emily," Anthony said, curious to see if she could perform as adroitly with one bird as she had with a covey.

"Jest follow the dog's nose, lady," Harry advised.

AS EMILY reached Belle's tail, the quail jumped, darting away on a curving flight. Emily swung her gun easily, gracefully, without hurry, and dropped the bird stone-dead on a crossing shot to the left.

"You sure can shoot, Mis' Emily," Harry said admiringly.

The calm perfection of her performance made Anthony nervous. Here on his own home territory, hunting a game bird she had never seen before, she was shooting better than she had at Corsewall, better than he had ever shot.

They found two more coveys before lunch and Emily's shooting continued deliberate and flawless. On each covey rise she got a clean right and left. Anthony was black with chagrin, annoyed that she handled the little twenty gauge far better than his wife ever had. He shot miserably. But Harry was jubilant. He became Emily's ardent admirer, clucking with pride at every shot she fired. He proclaimed her the finest shot—man or woman—that had ever come to the Gourdin Club.

They ate their lunch sitting on the ground in the sun, leaning against the wall of a tobacco barn. Harry and Sid had taken the jeep back to the club for lunch and a change of dogs.

"You're off your form, Anthony dear," Emily said.

"Never shot worse in my life," Anthony growled.

"You haven't been yourself since breakfast."

"I don't know what's wrong with me," he said.

There was a silence.

"Could it have been those stories that George told?" she asked, with a voice that was hard and unlike her.

"It could be," Anthony said, grasping at the chance to put her off the scent of his real malaise. "I don't see why he had to dig up all of your tragedies."

"But you'd known of them, hadn't you, Anthony?"

"Not about St. Leger. It must have been an awful experience for you."

"It was."

"Was his body ever found?"

"No. But why talk about it? This should be a moment of happiness, Anthony. Here we are, the sun shining, shooting quail in South Carolina, something I've always dreamed of."

"I've been looking forward to it for weeks."

"Yet you're sad."

"Just a mood. I'll get over it."

"It was that idiot George Blakely." She shuddered. "Oh, I could—tear his hair out!"

There was another, longer silence.

"Tell me, Anthony, what do you intend doing with yourself?" she asked sweetly. "Go on working?"

"No, I've given it up. I have all that I need."

"Will you come to Corsewall again this year—as my guest?"

"I may. It depends."

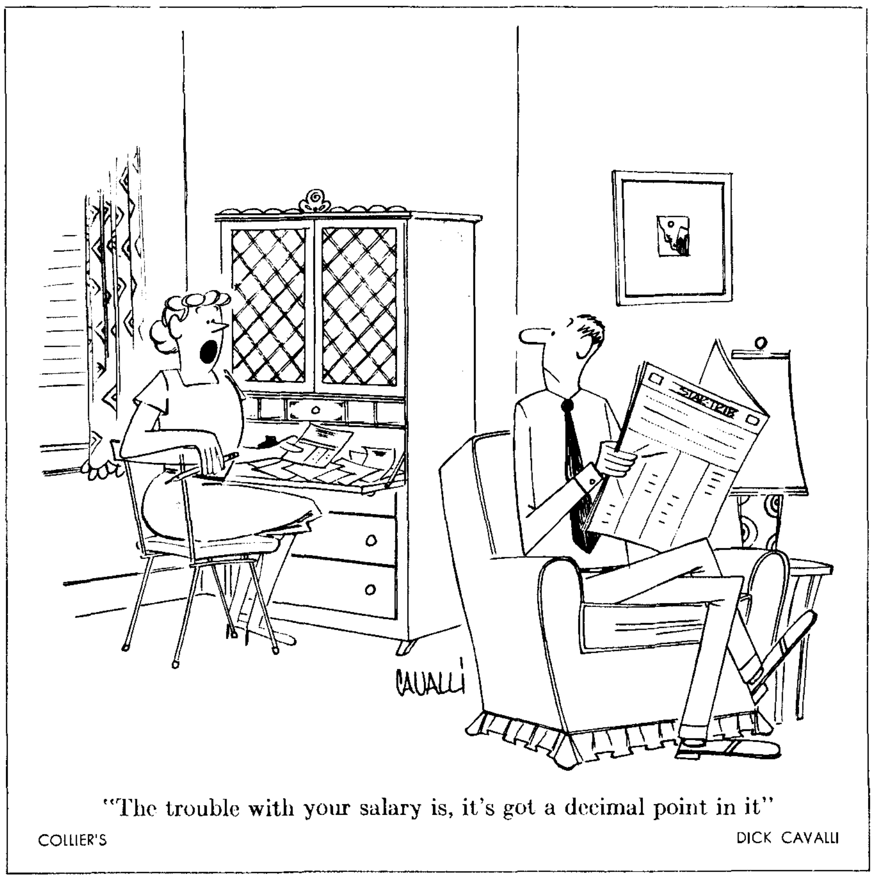
"Why are you hesitant?"

"I suppose I don't trust—"

"Me?"

"Myself. I can't make decisions yet. Give me time, Emily."

She turned her head and looked at him thoughtfully. "Something has changed you, Anthony," she said slowly. "You are no longer the same as you were at Corsewall. You no longer feel about me as you did."



"The trouble with your salary is, it's got a decimal point in it"

COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

"That's nonsense, Emily. I still—I'm as fond of you as ever. The proof of that is my asking you to come down here and shoot with me."

"You *were*—even when you met me at the train this morning. I could see it in your eyes. Confess, it was what George told you about Dickie and Welwyn that put doubts in your mind."

He would have liked to tell her the truth, that it was not that at all, but again it seemed wiser to let her think so. "Not doubts exactly," he said hesitatingly.

"It made you wonder if there may be some curse on me which brings death to those I love, didn't it?"

Anthony laughed feebly. "Such a dreadful thought never entered my head."

"Then why have I lost you so suddenly? I knew that you were ashamed to face it, that you thought it a reprehensible weakness so soon after the death of your wife, but you were in love with me, Anthony. Don't deny it. I know."

"Emily, please believe me, but I am still in love with you—desperately!"

"Sweet Anthony, there is no sin in that confession."

"Maybe not sin, but a profound uneasiness—"

"Because your sense of honor requires that you add a proposal to the confession, and that you cannot bring yourself to do."

"Not yet."

"Let me ease your conscience. Let me tell you that I never expected or hoped that you would at this time."

He reached across and took her hand. "I'm glad you understand, dear Emily," he said.

"I shall expect you at Corsewall on the first of September."

Anthony sighed. "I shall be there."

"Why should it make you sad? Because you're afraid I'm setting a trap for you."

"Because I'm so eager to be trapped."

"Kiss me, my dear Anthony, before your keeper comes back."

He took her in his arms. The touch of her soft lips rekindled the fire that the morning had all but extinguished.

ANTHONY was having breakfast when old Jim, the club steward, came to tell him he was wanted on the telephone. His heart missed a beat, fearing that Emily might be ill.

"Oh, Tony, this is Lydia," the voice on the telephone announced. "The most dreadful thing has happened. George Blakely died in the night."

"Heart?" Anthony asked, relieved to learn that it was not Emily.

"We have no idea. The doctor from Moncks Corner is on his way over. In the meantime we're all terribly upset. Tom has tried to telephone the British Embassy in Washington. So far as we know, George has no relatives in this country. Lady Carter-Owen says she believes there's a sister living somewhere in Shropshire."

"I'm sure his embassy will see to the arrangements," Anthony said.

"We've already alerted the local undertaker, but he says he has to wait for a death certificate from the doctor. Oh, it's all so complicated and distressing. He was such a dear—just like a member of the family. Last night he was in such good form, so full of naughty stories—as gay as a lark."

"He was getting a little high when I left."

"That may be what did it. Instead of going to bed when we did, he stayed up talking to your friend Lady Carter-Owen. She told us this morning that she tried her best to make him stop drinking but he *would* have another whisky. She finally left him. I heard him upstairs around midnight."

"Poor chap, his heart couldn't take it," Anthony said.

"Yes, and I wanted to tell you, Lady Carter-Owen will not be shooting with you. She feels that she shouldn't. After all, George was an old friend of hers."

"Naturally. I understand," he said, with disappointment. "I'll cancel the shooting and come over to Wadloo."

"That's kind of you, Tony. Tom needs you. He's quite out of his mind, he's so upset."

ALTHOUGH he knew it was wicked and chided himself for it, Anthony couldn't help being annoyed at Blakely for upsetting his plans by dying at such an inconvenient moment. The old fellow should have had more sense than to get tight at his age—he must have been close to seventy. Now that he thought back on the evening he remembered that the brigadier had looked very flushed and glassy-eyed at dinner, sitting across the table on Emily's left. And Emily had not been too pleased to have Sir George beside her. She had spent most of her time talking to Tom Spencer, and whenever the brigadier interrupted them with some bit of gossip, Anthony had seen a frown of anger cloud her brow. Naturally Lydia, placing Sir George next to Emily, had not been aware of the fact that Emily was cross with the old boy for having put, as Anthony had let her believe, doubts in Anthony's mind about the deaths of her husbands.

But Lydia had been particularly tactless throughout dinner, telling Anthony how beautiful she thought Emily, but what a pity the poor woman was so lacking in humor. No wonder she had lost two husbands, Lydia had said—so pointedly that Anthony was furious; any normal man would jump in the ocean, or blow his brains out, after a few years of living with those sad, doe eyes. All during the meal Lydia had kept up these accusatory warnings, as if Anthony were on the brink of committing some shocking crime against the memory of his former Emily.

By the time Anthony reached Wadloo Plantation the hysteria had subsided into whispering gloom. Everyone was tiptoeing about, as if the noise of heel on floor might awaken Brigadier Sir George Blakely from a pleasant dream. Tom Spencer took Anthony into his study and closed the door before telling him in a low voice that the British Embassy had crashed through nobly and was sending an assistant military attaché down to accompany the body to Washington, where the funeral services would be held in the Cathedral, after which the body would be flown to Scotland for interment.

The doctor, Tom went on, had taken one look at the body, said he'd been afraid of something like this, and promptly made out a certificate stating that death was due to heart failure. An empty bottle of salts in Sir George's bathroom and a glass at his bedside attested to the fact that the old soldier had imbibed more than was good for him. The problem, Tom said, was, of course, Lady Carter-Owen. If she wanted to, she could stay on at Wadloo, but he and Lydia would have to go up to Washington for the funeral. Anthony promised to sound out Emily, though he gathered from the tone of Tom's voice that Lydia would prefer it if Emily left when they did.

HE FOUND Emily in the garden. She seemed pensive, but not sadder than usual. "My poor Emily," he said, "why did this have to happen to you?"

She looked at him with surprise. "What a strange question, Anthony! It happened to George, not to me."

"What I meant was that you should once again be subjected to death." He knew it was the wrong thing to say the minute the words were uttered.

She stood silent for a while, lowering her eyes to the camellia bush in front of her. "Lovely, aren't they?" she said finally.

"Lydia is very proud of her camellias. I suppose she has told you that she and Tom feel that they should go to Washington for the funeral."

"And I shall go, too."

"I thought you would probably wish to. It is sad to think that we've had only one day of shooting together."

"But I shall never forget it, Anthony. The thought of it will keep me going until September."

"When will you be flying back to England?"

"As soon as possible after the funeral. Will you be staying on here?"

"Yes, until the club closes on March first; then I shall write and let you know where I will be."

"I will hunger for those letters. They will be your cardiographs."

"Showing a violent diastolic disturbance."

"Dear Anthony," she said.

"Emily, there is a condition. In all fairness to you I should tell you now. If you don't accept it, you can withdraw the invitation."

She frowned. "What is it?"

"When I come back to Corsewall House, it will be with a proposal—a proposal that will *not* be open to a negative answer. Do you still want me?"

"On September first, and were it not for your friends, the Spencers, I would kiss you here and now."

LATER, when riding the fields with Harry, he wondered why she had never mentioned Sir George during that last conversation. Perhaps the death of an old friend was too painful a subject for spoken words. Yet she had not seemed unduly sad. He shrugged off the speculation, saying to himself that the tragedies she had experienced had probably inured her to an outward show of grief.

Anthony did not reach Bedford Village until mid-April. Once a week since her departure he had written Emily a letter, and with equal regularity had received one from her. His were journals of his activities, hers were sad, poetic letters, containing phrases so poignant and rhythmic that he committed them to memory. The constant reiteration of them slowly, firmly sealed his love for her against all attack.

And there were attacks. The determined one came from Lydia Spencer. After she and Tom had returned from the funeral, they had asked him often to dinner. But on the second evening Anthony lost his temper—a rare thing for him—when Lydia implied that Emily might well have been the cause of Sir George Blakely's death.

He rose to his feet. "I will not listen to such outrageous talk!"

"Hah!" Lydia laughed derisively. "You've fallen for that Scottish Mona Lisa. What you imagine is saccharin is more like to be strychnine."

"Really, Lydia!" Tom protested.

"I mean every word I say," Lydia persisted. "I shall never forgive myself for not having had a chemical analysis of the contents of that glass on George's night table!"

With that, Anthony strode out the door, grabbed his hat and drove away in a towering rage, promising himself he would never return to Wadloo.

Having thus eliminated the influence of Lydia Spencer, he had been free to nurse his tender thoughts of Emily Carter-Owen alone, without interference, carrying her letters about, reading and rereading them until she had taken complete possession of his mind.

Anthony knew that he should call the Bradfords and invite them for dinner or Sunday lunch, but he kept putting it off, fearing that Letitia would renew her attacks against his determined plan. Not that her arguments would be those of Lydia Spencer, but it had been made clear to him that one time he had seen her that she was firmly against her mother's marrying again.

AT THE end of May he became suddenly fearful that Emily might take it amiss if he made no effort to see her daughter before he left for the Gaspé and his salmon fishing. So he screwed up his courage and called Letitia, suggesting lunch in New York on the following day. Letitia accepted with alacrity, though Ian could not join them. The date was made for one o'clock at the quietest and most comfortable of the good restaurants near his club.

Letitia arrived ten minutes late, looking flamboyantly chic in a very *outré* dress. Anthony was suddenly embarrassed to be seen lunching tête-à-tête with this young and strikingly handsome creature.

After they had ordered a Martini, she turned to him. "Mummy was frightfully disappointed at having her shooting interrupted," she said brightly.

"Yes, it was very sad that her old friend Sir George Blakely had to die," Anthony said.

"A great nuisance. I suppose the shock of finding her there in the same house was too much for the old boy."

"Why should that be a shock to him? They *were* old friends, weren't they?"

"For years. He was desperately in love with her. That's why he never married. But Mummy found him a crashing bore. He and my father were both after her, but she took Daddy, and that was an awful blow to old George. Then, when Daddy died, he came bounding after her again, but she simply could not bear the sight of him. It was when Mummy married Welwyn Carter-Owen that he went into a sort of retirement."

"She has never told me about that."

"Nor will she, unless you ask her. You should have noticed by this time Mummy never likes to talk about disagreeable things." She paused. "You know, it's nice that you're in love with her," Letitia said, matter-of-factly.

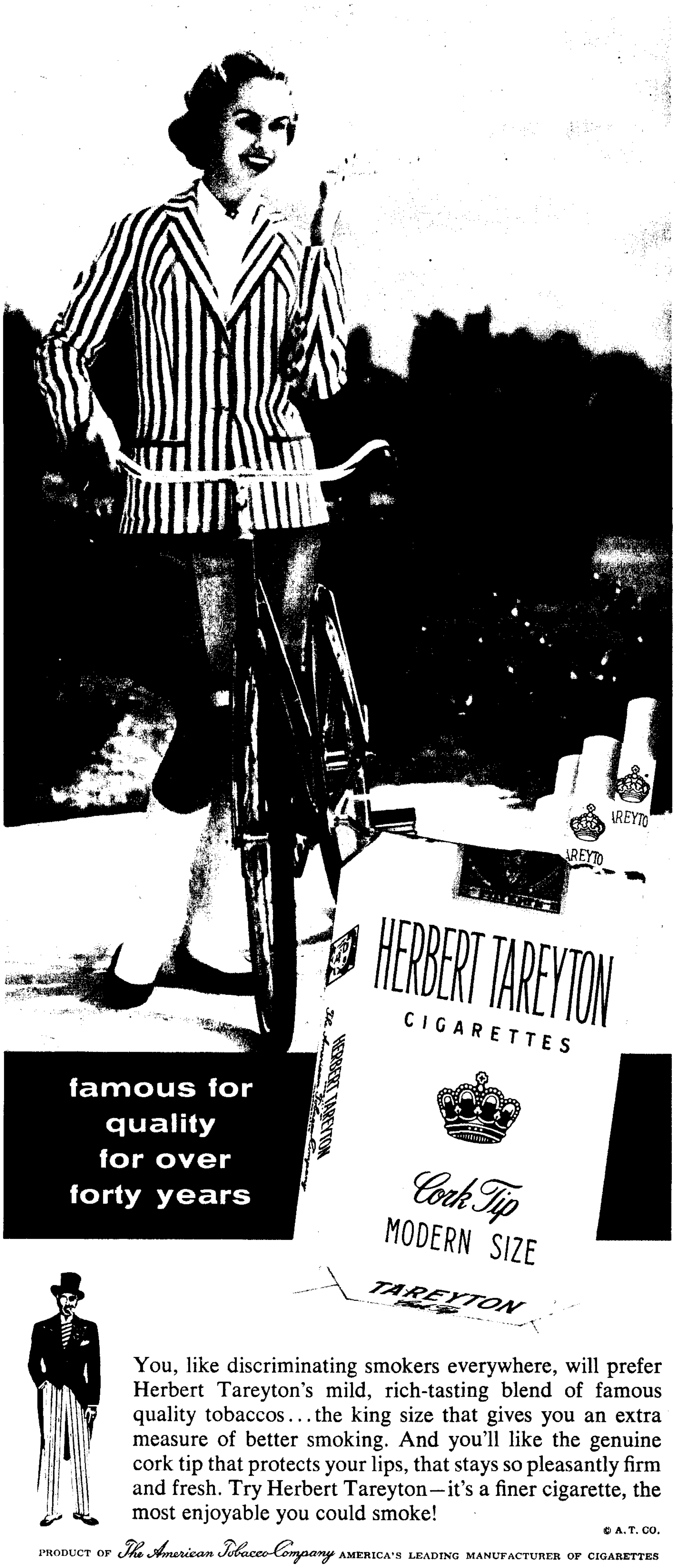
Anthony smiled. "What makes you think I am?"

"It's quite obvious. I only hope

discriminating smokers prefer

HERBERT TAREYTON

with the genuine cork tip



You, like discriminating smokers everywhere, will prefer Herbert Tareyton's mild, rich-tasting blend of famous quality tobaccos...the king size that gives you an extra measure of better smoking. And you'll like the genuine cork tip that protects your lips, that stays so pleasantly firm and fresh. Try Herbert Tareyton—it's a finer cigarette, the most enjoyable you could smoke!

© A. T. CO.

PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES

Collier's PARTY Pickin's

Party Pickin's are easy Pickin's in your favorite Super Market.

Today the party planners' paradise is the Super Market with its exciting variety of all of the old favorite party foods *plus* a big variety of new quick-fix items which cut down on the work—make a party fun even for the hostess.

Whether it's a birthday party for the small fry—a platter party for the "platter" set or a buffet for the "sit around and talk" set, here are main dish recipes guaranteed to make 'em ask for more.

Katherine Wellingbrook
Home Economics
Consultant
American Bottlers
of Carbonated
Beverages

Frankfurter Pie-lets

16 frankfurters
4 packaged pie crust sticks (2 boxes)
Bottled carbonated beverage
1 egg

Parboil frankfurters; chill. Prepare two pastry sticks at a time using carbonated beverage as the liquid. Roll out one batch to a 9" x 18" rectangle. Cut into eight 4½" squares. Put frankfurter in center of each; bring parallel edges together; pinch to hold. Roll second batch into 10" x 20" rectangle. Cut into eight 5" squares. Place frankfurter diagonally in center. Turn corners over ends, bring opposite corners together, press, fold over and pinch. Place on greased baking sheet. Brush with egg beaten with 1 tablespoon of carbonated beverage. Bake in oven pre-heated to 500° F. for 5 minutes; reduce to 350° F.; bake 7 minutes more. Pie-lets may be baked and refrigerated; re-heated in 500° F. oven before serving.

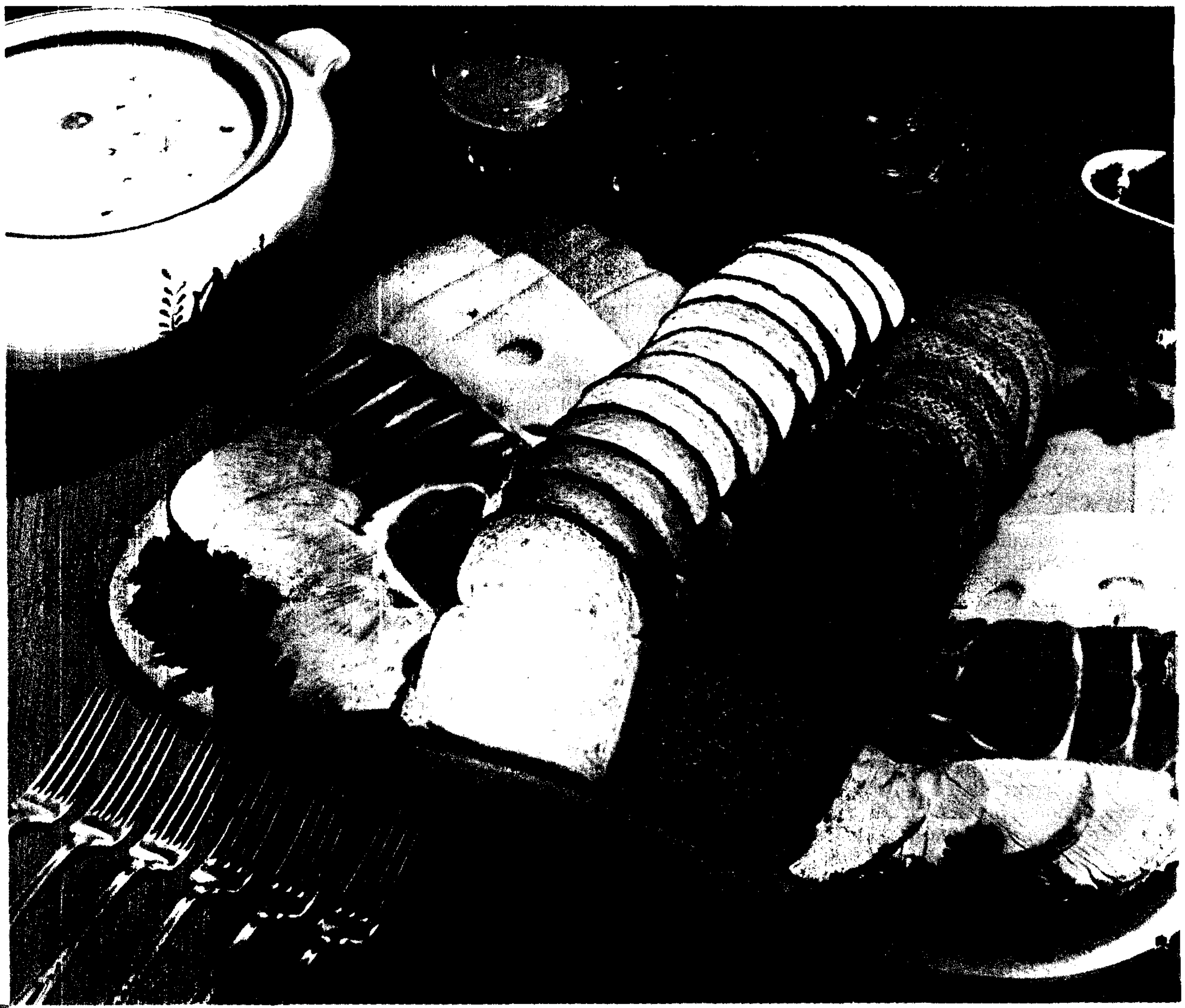
Ginger Ale 3 from 2 Cake

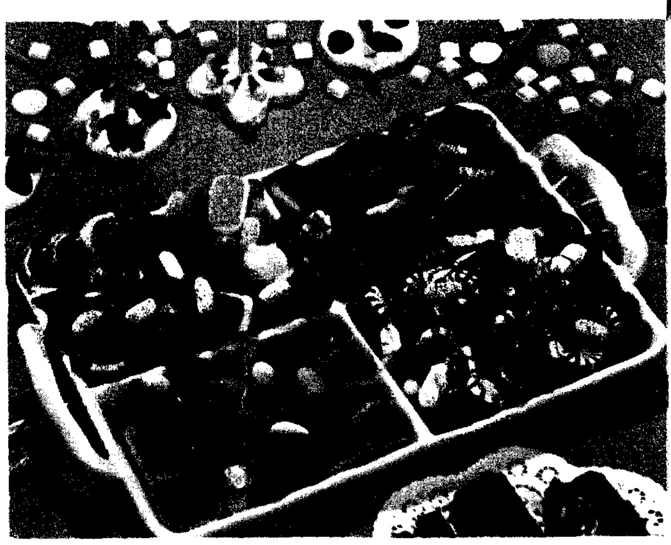
You'll get a luscious, tender-textured THREE-layer cake from a box of 2-layer cake mix by using ginger ale for the liquid. Combine peanut cake mix with ginger ale for this one. Mix and bake according to package directions but reduce baking time by about 5 minutes.

Quick 3-layer frosting: Put into mixer bowl 4 cups confectioners' sugar, ⅓ cup peanut butter, ½ cup ginger ale. Beat to spreading consistency.

Added attraction: Sprinkle coarsely grated bitter or semi-bitter chocolate over frosting between layers, and on top of cake. Stud with salted peanuts; garnish base with maraschino cherries.

Esther W. Easton
Home Economics
Consultant
National
Confectioners
Association





Mushroom Corn Soup

2 slices bacon
½ cup chopped onion
1 cup cream-style corn
1 can milk
1 can cream of mushroom soup

Crisp bacon in saucepan; remove and break into 1-inch pieces. Cook onions until soft in bacon drippings. Add remaining ingredients. Garnish soup with bacon bits.

Ellen H. Semrow
Director of
Consumer Service
American Institute
of Baking

And here is the list of
Super Markets that will feature
Collier's Party Suggestions—
with complete Party Menus—
during the month of April.

PLAN A PARTY SOON!

ALABAMA

Union Supply Company
Yellow Front Stores

ARIZONA

Basha's
Consumer's Markets

ARKANSAS

Home Owned Black & White Stores
Howard's Piggly Wiggly Stores

CALIFORNIA

All American Markets
Better Food Markets
Clark Markets
Kory's Markets
Lee Bros. Markets
Lucky Stores
Market Basket
Mayfair Markets
McDaniel's Markets
Shopping Bag Food Stores

COLORADO

Arapahoe Stores
Busley Super Markets
Furr's Food Stores
Miller's Super Markets

CONNECTICUT

Kelley Food Stores
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets
Popular Markets

DELAWARE

Acme Markets

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Acme Markets

FLORIDA

Publix Super Markets

GEORGIA

Buehler Bros.
Winn-Dixie Stores

INDIANA

Goldblatt Bros.
Jay C. Stores

ILLINOIS

Buehler Bros.
Goldblatt Bros.
Kroger Stores

KENTUCKY

Champion Stores
U-Tote-Em Grocery Stores

LOUISIANA

Howard's Piggly Wiggly Stores

MAINE

Columbia Markets
Elm Farm Foods
Mohican Stores

MARYLAND

Acme Markets
Eddie's Super Markets

MASSACHUSETTS

Blood's Super Markets
Buehler Bros.
Clover Farm Stores
Elm Farm Foods
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets
Popular Markets

MICHIGAN

Larose Food Markets
Polly's

MINNESOTA

Famous Stores
Quality Food Stores

MISSISSIPPI

Ellis Stores
Sunflower Stores

MONTANA

Buttrey Foods
Sawyer Stores

NEBRASKA

Hinky Dinky Stores

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Champagne's Super Market
Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets

NEW JERSEY

Best Markets
Mohican Stores
Universal Food Markets

NEW YORK

Central Markets
Diamond K. Markets
Kollner's
Michael's Fair-Mart
Mohican Stores
NuWay Supermarkets
Oneida Markets
Waldaum's

NORTH CAROLINA

Piggly Wiggly Stores
Winn-Dixie Stores

OHIO

Century Food Markets
Foodtown
Gershow Super Markets
Homewood Stores
Liberal Markets
T & A Saveway

OKLAHOMA

Furr's Food Stores
Puckett's Food Stores

OREGON

McKay's Markets

PENNSYLVANIA

Acme Markets
Best Markets
Cotzel's Stores
Century Food Markets
Champion Stores
Empire Super Markets
General Department Store
Mohican Stores
NuWay Supermarkets
Pittsburgh Mercantile Company
Quaker Markets
Shaffer Stores
Star Markets
Union Supply Company

RHODE ISLAND

Mohican Stores
New England Food Markets

SOUTH CAROLINA

Piggly Wiggly Stores
Winn-Dixie Stores

TENNESSEE

Cooper & Martin Stores
H. G. Hill Stores
National Tea Company
U-Tote-Em Stores

TEXAS

B & B Parkway Stores
Biel Grocery Stores
Brookshire Bros.
Cabell's
A. L. Davis Food Stores
D. & H. Super Markets
C. P. Evans Food Stores
Food Mart Stores
Furr's Food Stores
Jones Food Stores
Parker's Food Stores
Pietsch Piggly Wiggly Stores
Piggly Wiggly Stores
Pipkin Piggly Wiggly
Puckett's Food Stores
U-Tote-Em Stores

VIRGINIA

Acme Markets
Blue Jay Stores
C. J's. Stores
D. D. Fitzgerald Stores

WASHINGTON

Campbell's Super Markets
Hogan's Fine Foods
Piggy Bank Stores
West Dependable Stores

WEST VIRGINIA

C. J's. Stores
Champion Stores
General Department Stores
Jones & Spry Stores
State Food Stores
Union Supply Company

WISCONSIN

Farmer's Stores
Kroger Stores
Kuebler's Frozen Foods
Marachowsky Stores

WYOMING

Boyd's Super Markets
Casper Commissary

you're not going to be silly about it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean marry her."

Anthony laughed. "I haven't got that far in my thinking," he lied. "But why shouldn't I if I wanted to?"

"Because she's dangerous."

"Dangerous? How?"

"I don't blame you for asking. You think her a delicate, trusting, grief-stricken widow, don't you? Men always do. Ever since I can remember, men have been wanting to comfort her. Only it isn't comfort she wants—that is, not en masse. She wants it from one man. She's a one-man woman."

"More power to her!"

"Oh, now look here, Mr. Gaylord, you have no idea how insanely jealous Mummy is! When Daddy flirted, which he couldn't help doing any more than I can, she went quite out of her mind."

"Hysterics?"

"Oh, no, nothing like that. She just crouched and brooded and growled softly, like a leopard about to leap, until poor Daddy couldn't stand it any longer."

"You don't think that he—"

"Committed suicide? I doubt it. My theory is that he hailed some passing ship and was taken on board. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that he's training thoroughbreds in Australia. But mind you, don't tell Mummy I said that."

"Have no fear. We don't discuss her late husbands."

"Hasn't she told you about Welwyn? He was even more of a chaser than Daddy."

"I feel sorrier than ever for your mother."

"If you look at it that way. I don't happen to. That terrible adrenaline-making jealousy of Mummy's has brought her nothing but grief."

"It's a sign of truly intense devotion," Anthony argued.

"Intense sense of possession," Letitia corrected. "She's the same way about Corsewall. She feels really fiercely about that place. Daddy loathed it, but she insisted on living there. Welwyn was bored to tears there, but she made him give up London, which he adored. That's one of the reasons, I'm sure, that started him making passes at me."

"At you?" Anthony asked, quite shocked.

"And why not? Am I so unattractive, Mr. Gaylord?"

Anthony laughed. "I can see that you might have been a temptation."

"I was and am, but forget about it, if you're really determined to have Mummy. It's not healthy to kiss me in a grouse butt if you're married to her."

"Is that what he did?"

"Yes, the day he died. It was on the second drive at Lord Aird's. Mummy was with our host in the next butt. When Welwyn sent his loader for another bag of cartridges, I sensed what he was up to because the bag the loader left in the butt was full up. But I didn't protest; I rather egged him on. He was a very attractive man. We were in the middle of a most delicious embrace when Mummy walked into the butt. She never said a word—just turned round and walked slowly back to Aird's butt. But I saw the look on her face and knew that Welwyn was in for it."

"Did she blame you?"

"Never. She's never even spoken of it to this day. And that is so typical of her. I've never known her to blame another woman. It's always the man who is the sinner."

"From what you tell me, she's had every reason to think that."

Letitia shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Perhaps—but don't ever say I didn't warn you."

AFTER lunch he put Letitia in a taxi and walked to his club. In the lounge, which was empty, he picked up an English sporting periodical and sat down in a deep armchair by the window, thinking of Letitia's warning. So Emily was a one-man woman. Well, that didn't bother him, nor did the fact that she was incurably jealous. Jealousy was the usual attribute of a one-man woman. And that intense sense of possession she had for Corsewall—it made sense too, and was admirable. Corsewall was her own, left to her by her father, and she loved every stone and tree of it, because she had been born there, grown up there, learned to shoot there.

For the rest—the deaths of St. Leger and Carter-Owen—whether accidents or suicides, the fact was plain that both men had been fickle libertines who, disliking Corsewall, had tried to keep her away from it. He tapped the magazine, which was lying on his knees, to emphasize the logic of his analysis. A quick vision of a man lying dead in the gun room, a hole blown through his chest, flashed through Anthony's mind. He shuddered. Poor Emily, he thought, she probably never had the opportunity to give him the dressing down he richly deserved. The real pity was that she had had to wait so long for a mate who was steadfast and who could readily learn to love Corsewall.

It would appear, he said to himself, that McFie and I are perhaps the only two who see Emily's tragedy in its true perspective. He smiled, thinking that the camp on the Gaspé would be a convenient place to grow a mustache. He opened the magazine and started to read an article about the joys of a rough shoot.

—PAUL HYDE BONNER

Beginning in COLLIER'S—Next issue

THE KEAN LAND

A violent and colorful tale of the Old West

By Jack Schaefer, author of SHANE

When a syndicate of land-grabbers moved into the district, Sheriff Hammon wanted to ease them out peaceably. Then they jumped the claim of fiery old Brent Kean—and Hammon got ready for bloodshed

Don't miss this action-packed serial

TINA

A debutante from Manhattan becomes TV's newest eyecatcher in sultry siren roles

THE art of mesmerizing an audience merely by walking through a scene has seldom been practiced to better effect than by twenty-two-year-old Tina Louise, a Manhattan ex-debutante who has given up high society for low-life TV dramatic roles. Her first part, on Studio One last January, cast her as a gangster's moll, with lines like: "Hit me again if it makes you feel better, Johnny." Far better than her lines were Tina's curves, which so impressed the staid New York Times that it said, of all the performers Tina "commanded the most attention . . . saying nothing." Directors immediately began giving her other siren parts.

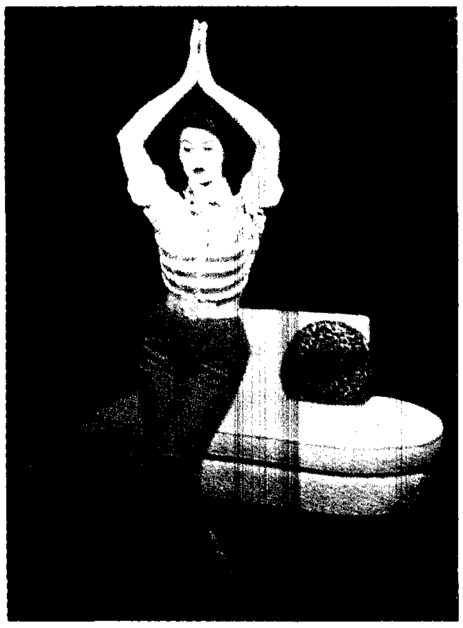
Tina made her acting debut in summer stock at seventeen, did bit parts on Broadway, made her society debut in 1952, later sang at Ciro's night club in Hollywood. But her greatest ambition is play-acting. To achieve stardom, she is taking dramatic lessons, recently turned even to hypnosis. "I might get a posthypnotic suggestion," Tina explains, "telling me that tomorrow night at nine I'll be the world's greatest actress."

Relaxing after TV rehearsal on her 42-square-foot bed with poodle named Jacques, Tina, who measures 37-24-37, says: "I never get sweet roles. I guess I'm too big"

wo baths at once are accomplished when ıcques hops into tub with Tina. Dog was birthday gift to Tina from her mother

IOTOGRAPHED BY JACQUES LOWE

At home, Tina works on night-club song routines. Here, singing a tune written for her, Mean Old Devil in Me, she's barefoot because, "Singing gives me a cramp in my foot." Tina wears pants so tight she can't tie her own shoes



"FOR VARIETY, spice your life with MYERS"

The right rum for real refreshment

MYERS

Jamaica Rum

"Planters' Punch" Brand

not too heavy . . . not too light . . . but just right

97 Proof

General Wine and Spirits Corporation, Dept. D-4, 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Corns and Callouses Lift Right Out!

FAST-NERVE-DEEP-RELIEF!

Never before anything like it

No waiting for relief when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They stop pain at its *source* . . . ease new or tight shoes . . . stop corns, callouses *before* they can develop . . . remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science. New skin-matching color; worn invisibly. Try them! At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

THE Littlest BIBLE QUIZ!

(1) Why did our Lord give so much importance to LOVE in Mat. 22; 36-40? (a) Do you think your church gives more importance to one teaching than to another? (b) If yes, please identify the teaching.

• We will send one dollar for what we think is the best short answer. Each month we will select a different winner. Include name, address, denomination. All answers will be treated confidentially and none returned.

HIS KINGDOM COME, Inc., Box 92, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Quick Relief of TIRED, SORE, ACHING MUSCLES

Thousands who suffer pains of tired, sore, ACHING MUSCLES and FATIGUE are turning to STANBACK'S multiple ingredient formula for comforting relief. Because STANBACK'S several ingredients work in combination . . . they bring faster, more complete relief from pain . . . quicker relief than ordinary one ingredient pain relievers . . .

Test STANBACK Against Any Preparation You've Ever Used

Snap Back with STANBACK

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

ESHELMAN TWO PASS. ADULT SPORT CAR MODEL 6 HP

70 Miles Per Gal. Gas
UP TO 30 MILES PER HR.
1/5 the cost of most other cars. Ideal for golfers, industrial plants, farms, etc. Also Child's 2 pass. cars.
Free Literature Write:
ESHELMAN CO., Dept. MC-74, 109 Light St., Balto. 2, Md.

Patented

Shipping Points: BALTIMORE • CHICAGO • RENO

Now! Get rid of Athletes Foot ...and block its return!

Quinsana Powder heals raw, red cracks between toes, painlessly!

Kill the fungi that cause itching, peeling Athletes Foot with painless, effective Mennen Quinsana. This amazing powder gets rid of Athletes Foot. Used regularly, Quinsana actually *blocks its return!*

Quinsana's gentle powder-action goes to work instantly, *painlessly* . . . even in raw, red cracks between toes. Its germ killing powder barrier soothes as it protects. Peeling, maddening itch disappears. Hot, tired, aching feet become cool and comfortable again! Your feet feel wonderful! *At all drug counters* 50¢ *tax free.*

MENNEN
QUINSANA

TINA *continued*

On Appointment with Adventure, Tina plays a sultry model. In rehearsal she turns look of "curiosity and fear" on John Cassavetes (as ex-con hiding in her room)

Tina is the toast of a servicemen's luncheon at a mid-town Manhattan restaurant where she hobnobs with boys after entertaining them with a medley of her songs

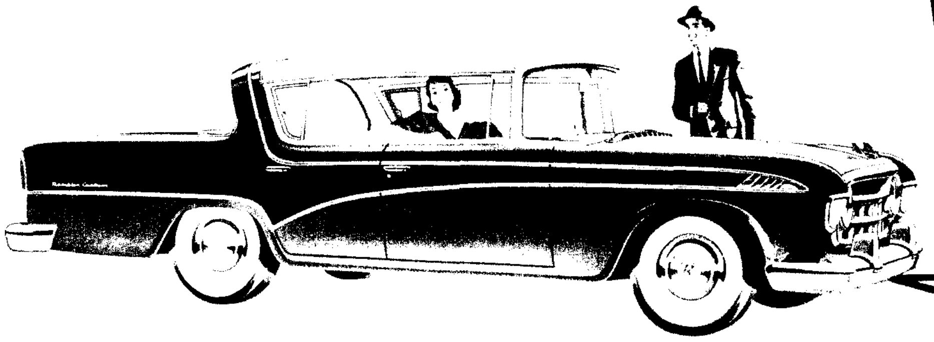
SEE YOUR NASH DEALER FOR FREE ENTRY BLANK!

SEE YOUR HUDSON DEALER FOR FREE ENTRY BLANK!

1/4 MILLION

$25,000 Cash 1st Prize

1140 OTHER PRIZES



IT'S EASY!

Just give us a name for the biggest difference in cars today, American Motors' SINGLE UNIT CONSTRUCTION. So strong, so modern, so safe, you get a total of **$25,000** Personal Automobile Accident **INSURANCE*** against fatal injury—divided equally between husband and wife—at No Extra Cost!

30 AIR CONDITIONED CARS

RAMBLERS!
HUDSON V-8's! NASH V-8's!

Completely Air Conditioned Custom 4-door station wagons, sedans, hardtops—with every accessory, including power assists, automatic transmissions

[illegible] CONVERTIBLES

(or hardtop, if winner desires)

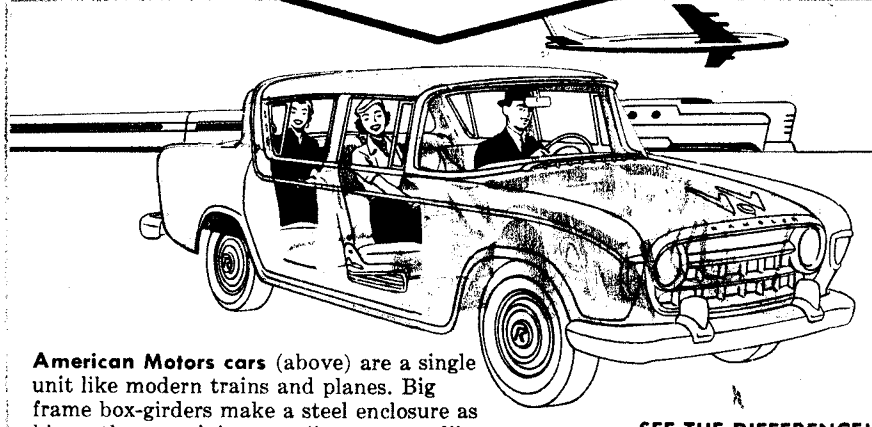
[illegible] APPLIANCES

including Fabulous Foodaramas, Freezers, Ranges, Washers, Dryers

[illegible] *of $10 each*

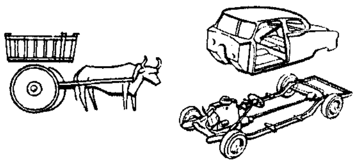
Plus $40,000 CASH BONUSES

Appraisal of your present car is worth $1,000 cash bonus, if you're a new car winner. Also, car winners who buy a new Rambler, Nash, Hudson or Metropolitan during the contest period, will get double the retail price of the car won, in place of a car.



American Motors cars (above) are a single unit like modern trains and planes. Big frame box-girders make a steel enclosure as big as the car, giving true "wrap-around" protection. It's welded, twice as strong, twice as safe, twice as long-lasting.

SEE THE DIFFERENCE!



Other cars (right) still bolt the body to a separate, flat frame . . . the same basic construction principle used in building oxcarts.

IT'S FUN! THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN ENTER!

HOW TO WIN—Here's why American Motors offers these wonderful prizes for a simple name in the easiest contest ever!

Leading business magazines report the biggest automobile companies will soon change over to a new, advanced way to build cars—single unit, welded construction.

Every Rambler, every Nash, every Hudson, every Metropolitan, has it now!

With competitors racing to copy it, we need a simple, descriptive name we can use in advertising to establish that it's another great American Motors "first".

Help us name it and win a big prize!

The first name that pops into your mind can be the $25,000 winning name.

A simple name (one to four words) like "Modernweld" or "Double Safe Single Unit" may win you $25,000 cash!

FREE! "Facts To Help You Win"

See your Nash dealer or your Hudson dealer for FREE Entry Blank and folder, "Facts To Help You Win", with rules for winning. Please read rules carefully, especially Rule #4, which explains how contest will be judged. In event of ties for any prize, tied contestants will be asked to write a simple 25 word statement which will be judged to break ties, if any. Hurry! Enter Today!

*INSURANCE DETAILS—Husband and wife (if members of same household at time of purchase) each get insurance providing for payment of $12,500 to beneficiary or estate of either—thus providing total of $25,000—if either or both should be fatally injured while driving or riding (separately or together) in their new private passenger American Motors car anywhere in the world during first year of ownership, if fatality results within 100 days after accident. Applies to privately-owned new cars bought in U. S. and Alaska, where state insurance laws permit.

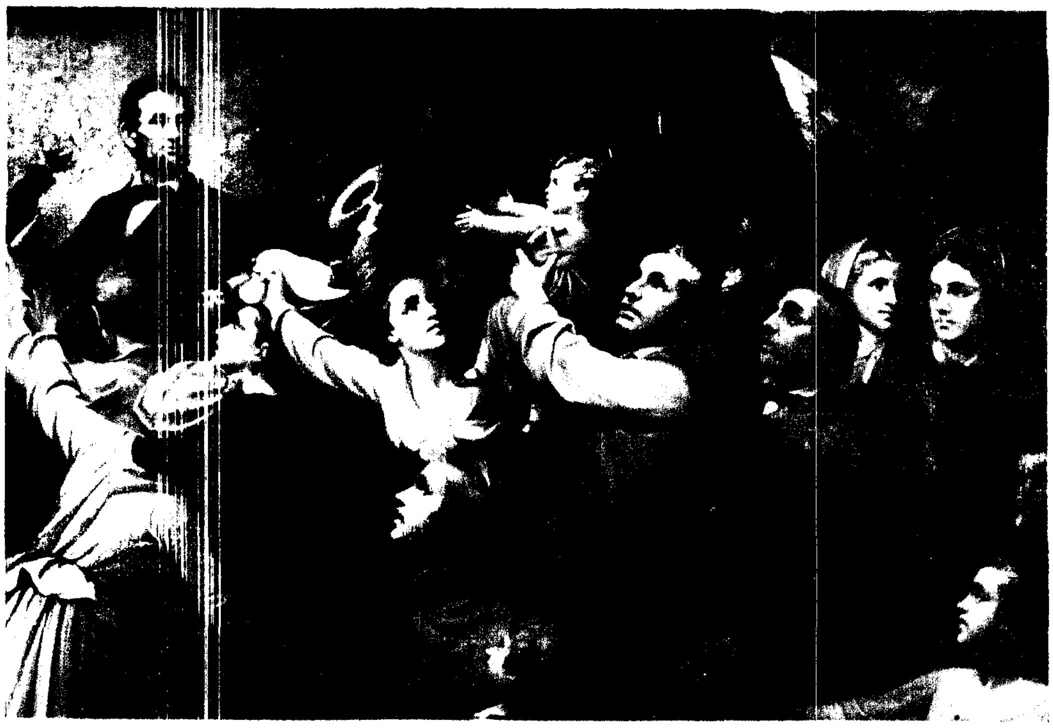
Tune in Disneyland on ABC-TV. See TV listings for Time and Channel.

GO TO YOUR
Nash
DEALER

GO TO YOUR
HUDSON
DEALER

American Motors Means More For Americans

Collier's Comment



LINCOLN AT RICHMOND *From a painting by Dennis Malone Carter*

To Pause, Now and Then . . .

IN THIS HIGH-VELOCITY WORLD of ours, so many new things demand knowing that it is seldom anyone except the dogged historian, the duty-ridden student or the professional researcher who deliberately pauses to look back.

In the series The American Tradition, which begins in this issue with Philip Van Doren Stern's story of Lincoln's poignant journey through Richmond, Collier's invites you to look back. They are not—this and the others of the series which will follow from time to time—stories to be bolted like a commuter's breakfast. They are stories to be read in an easy chair, when there is quiet and time to ruminate and savor, and flesh out the images brought into the mind's eye.

For there is much to be had from these stories, read in this way.

There is excitement, to be sure; no greater drama is written than can be found in Mr. Lincoln's walk through the fallen city of Richmond—a city no humbler in defeat than was Lincoln in victory; or in the handcart trek of the Mormons—through incredible suffering borne with incredible courage—westward to Utah; or in the clatter of cannon and oak and tearing sail as Captain Hull's seamen fought and whipped the proud Guerriere. But there is more than excitement to be had from these stories, told in this way. There is truth, and in truth, inspiration.

For these stories are fact, not legend. The series sets out to be a study into the sources of America's greatness, and that greatness derives from human beings, not flattering portraits hung on a wall.

There have been—as Professor Commager suggests in his introduction to the series—many authentic heroes in our story, men like Washington and Jefferson, Lincoln and Lee, who "can hold their own in any Valhalla." But there have been no demigods, no supermen, no Caesars or Alexanders or Napoleons. Washington, far from serene self-confidence, was plagued with fear of his own inadequacy; and it was Lincoln who said in all sincerity at Gettysburg: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here . . ."

It remembered those words, certainly, but it elevated almost to holy writ the words he spoke a moment later, enshrining the doctrine of "government of the people, by the people, for the people . . ."

Here was the essence of the drama, the greatness, the miracle of America—that it could set and maintain in motion a system in which every man was a leader, and every leader a follower.

This is the American tradition—of uncommon men discovering in their union a strength far greater than the sum of their strengths; and of these uncommon men keeping faith with their doctrine, generation through generation, across two centuries.

This is a tradition worth recounting, worth reliving through those moments, rich in excitement, deep in human drama, in which this unique entity of America took form. The stories will not always be of fife-and-drum quicksteps and crackling gunfire; that part of the American foundation that was built in the frozen quiet of Valley Forge is quite as strong as that part built at Cowpens or Yorktown.

But throughout will run the magnificent drama of people, marching through triumph, plodding through misery and tragedy, forever conscious, as Commager notes, of a peculiar destiny. The story has meaning, today, for all those millions in the world who, moved by the same impulses that moved our forefathers, are reaching for freedom and dignity.

And the story has special meaning for Americans. For in the desperate confusion and peril of the atomic age there is a risk that we may lose sight of this destiny, that we may forget something of its meaning and its worth. There is no better way to recall it to mind than to look back, to walk with the tall man through the desolation of conquered Richmond, to stand with Hull on the Constitution's pitching deck, to plod with the heroic Brothers as they pushed westward past the fresh roadside graves of their loved ones—and to reflect how many hands have borne the torch it is now ours to carry, and to pass along still burning bright.

Speaking of History . . .

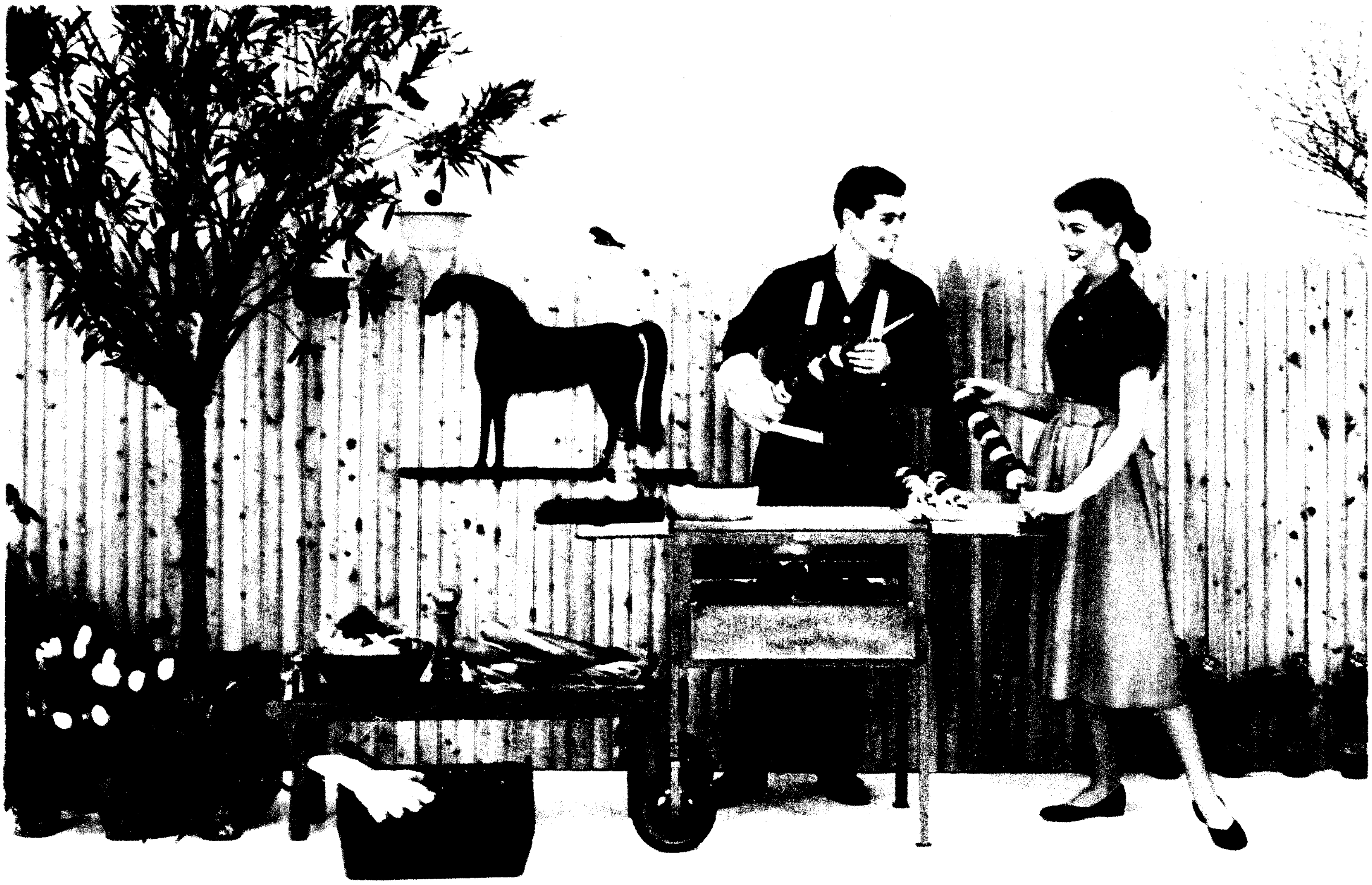
AMIDST THE WIDESPREAD denunciation of Joseph Stalin by his former aides and colleagues, one may wonder what Ivan Ivanovich—the man in the Moscow street—makes of it all.

For a whole generation there was, in all Russia, no other god but Lenin, and Stalin was his prophet. During this time the gospel of the near divinity of Stalin was preached on every street corner, and the wishes of the Great One were accepted and enforced as law by a band of dedicated followers who were ready to deal sudden death to any heretic. Not least among these followers were Nikita Khrushchev and Georgi Malenkov.

Now come these same Khrushchev and Malenkov declaring, according to valid authority, that Stalin was a villain, a terrorist, a devil incarnate. It is easy to guess why they take this tack; the practicalities of their current situation require that Stalin's one-man-rule type of regime be discredited in order to make easier going for the new committee-type regime.

But even in Russia there must be certain collateral results of the turnabout which put the committee in a curious light. Ivan can hardly help wondering what kind of leaders are these, attached to what kind of principles, who served Stalin slavishly while he lived, even to participating in mass murder at his behest, and now tear his memory apart like wolves over the carcass of a fallen bear.

The truth is, of course, that Stalin, Khrushchev and Malenkov were all prisoners of the conspiracy they helped foster, and those who live will go on being its prisoners until the conspiracy itself is renounced and somehow dissolved. At the moment there are no indications that Malenkov and Khrushchev are any more inclined to undertake this than was Stalin.



For the taste of your life

..."Go First Class"

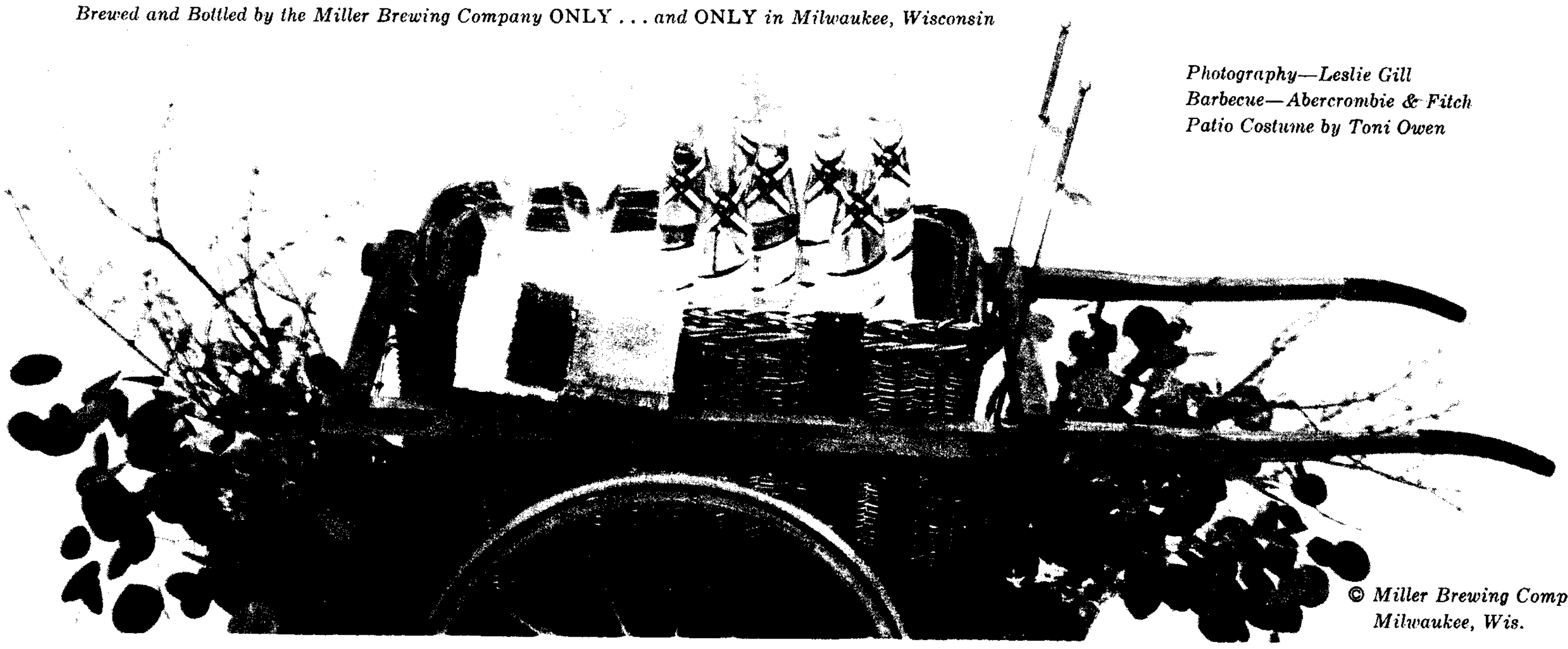
with Miller High Life!

Miller
HIGH LIFE

THE CHAMPAGNE OF BOTTLE BEER

Brewed and Bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY ... *and* ONLY *in Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Photography—Leslie Gill
Barbecue—Abercrombie & Fitch
Patio Costume by Toni Owen



© *Miller Brewing Company,*
Milwaukee, Wis.

LIGHT UP A LUCKY

IT'S LIGHT-UP TIME!

Great outdoors. When you're out in the air, why does a Lucky always taste so doggone good?

Because Lucky Strike gives you fine tobacco—light, mild, naturally good-tasting tobacco—that's TOASTED to taste even better. Outdoors, indoors, you'll say a Lucky is the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked!

"IT'S TOASTED"

to taste better!

Luckies taste better

CLEANER, FRESHER, SMOOTHER!

©A. T. Co. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES